

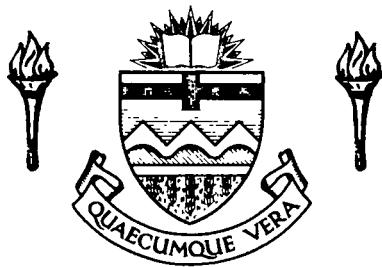
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As The WORLD WAGS ON

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**As The
WORLD WAGS ON**

As The WORLD WAGS ON

ARTHUR R. FORD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE LONDON FREE PRESS

Foreword by

FRED LANDON, LL.D., F.R.S.C.



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Foreword

ARTHUR R. FORD, the author of this volume, was recently described by a prominent Canadian newspaper man as "a reporter's editor." That was a high compliment. What he meant was that Mr. Ford had never lost a reporter's sense of news values and apart from editorial duties could still find great satisfaction in actually reporting news for the readers of his paper. This, after a long career in the journalistic field, he is still doing.

Like many another good Canadian, Mr. Ford is a son of the parsonage. His father, a veteran Methodist minister, served in many places under the old itinerant system and the son had a variety of schools and schoolmasters before he went to Victoria College. When he received his Bachelor's degree he immediately entered the newspaper field and again moved about, gaining experience in Stratford, Ottawa, New York and Winnipeg. He entered the Parliamentary Press Gallery at Ottawa during the session of 1907-1908, representing the *Winnipeg Telegram*, and became a permanent Gallery correspondent at Ottawa after the election of 1911. In 1920 he was appointed Managing Editor of the *London Free Press* and is today Editor-in-Chief and vice-president. In London he has taken so prominent a place in the community's life that it has been said of him that he could have any civic office he desired. He has long been a trustee of the Public Library. From 1927 to 1947 he was a member of the Board of Governors of the University of Western Ontario and since 1947 he has been Chancellor of the University. In 1949 the University of Toronto conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Mr. Ford is no recluse editor, occupies no ivory tower. He visits the Ottawa Press Gallery so frequently that he is like a resident

member. He is almost as familiar with the Congressional Press Gallery at Washington through his successive visits there during the war years. In that same period he was one of three Canadian journalists sent by the Government of Canada to Australia on a goodwill visit and to observe the Australian war effort.

Since the close of the war Mr. Ford has made it his business to follow closely the efforts towards world peace. He attended the first meeting of the United Nations held at San Francisco and the second meeting in New York. He was present as official Canadian delegate at the World Congress on Freedom of Information, called by the United Nations at Geneva in April, 1948, and in May of that same year attended as an observer at the Congress of Europe held at The Hague. He was President of Canadian Press Limited, Canada's great news gathering service, during the years 1942-1944.

In 1931 he was asked by the Premier of the Province of Ontario, Hon. George Henry, to visit Europe as a member of a Commission inquiring into the treatment of cancer, and in 1944 was appointed a member of the Ontario Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation. He is presently Chairman of the Foundation.

These facts with regard to Mr. Ford's career are perhaps less important for this volume than the long and intimate relations which he has had with many phases of the public life of this country and with men prominent in public life. He has himself been a participant in affairs that materially affected the nation, and some of these episodes will be revealed in the pages of this book. He was closer to Sir Robert Borden than any other newspaper correspondent during the formation of Union Government in 1917 and in other crises in Canadian public affairs he has likewise been at the very centre of events. His long experience and wide contacts with men and events have provided him with a rich store of illustration and anecdote to illuminate his writings.

I first met Arthur Ford when we were both newcomers to the Parliamentary Press Gallery at Ottawa during the session of 1907-1908, and the friendship which there developed has continued without interruption, enhanced, no doubt, by our common association with the University of Western Ontario and with other activities in London.

FRED LONDON.

*University of Western Ontario,
London, Ontario.*

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Chapter I

Apprenticeship in journalism — Stratford *Herald* — Interlude in New York — Introduction to Winnipeg — *Telegram* and party politics.

ON GRADUATION from Victoria College, Toronto University, in 1903, my immediate concern was to secure a job. I thought of law and teaching, but these called for extra education, and for more money, which was not available. Through the influence of my father, who was a Methodist minister, I secured a summer reporting position on the Stratford *Herald*, of which the publisher was W. S. Dingman, a prominent Methodist layman. I had no particular yearning to be a newspaperman, but that summer settled it. The idea of paying a person money—even if it was only \$6 a week—to do something which a person liked, and was actually fun, was a novelty, and I decided then and there my career was in the newspaper “game.”

The staff consisted of Mr. Dingman, who was editor as well as manager and publisher; George Maitland, today editor of the Toronto *Star*, who was city editor and city hall reporter, writing editorials on the side, and myself, who covered the city generally. When the summer was over Mr. Dingman wanted me to remain on the *Herald*, but I had in the meantime secured a position on the Ottawa *Journal*. There I first met P. D. Ross, the editor and publisher, although I will confess that, as a very junior reporter, I had only a nodding acquaintance with him. It is doubtful if he even inquired as to my name. On those two papers, where in those days hours were long and salaries ridiculously low, I learned the fundamentals of newspaper work and learned them the hard way.

After a year on the *Journal*, on the suggestion of an uncle who had an interest in a Wall Street financial paper, I went to New York. I roomed for a time in a typical old-fashioned Brooklyn boarding-house on Brooklyn Heights. Amongst the boarders was a Finn called

Gustaf Amanoff, who said he was a count, and I never had reason to doubt him. He was a tall, handsome, soldierly looking man, with military moustaches and bristling hair, which stood straight on end.

At that time Finland was a part of Russia and the Czars ruled it with an iron hand. There was continual ferment and threat of revolution. Amanoff's story was that he had been exiled from Finland. He had a sister married to a member of the aristocracy in Sweden, and she kept him supplied with funds.

When he first landed in New York he knew very little English, and he learned it by conversation with the boarders and by poring over an old dictionary. The dictionary is full of quaint old words which have long since gone out of style. His proof that he was right was always the dictionary, and he was constantly coming out with extraordinary words and phrases. For example, he insisted on using the word "wold" for "wood," although it has probably not been in daily use since the days of Shakespeare or even Chaucer.

He was very secretive about himself and at nights would join fellow-Finnish conspirators in dark places in New York. Amanoff was convinced always that the Russian secret police were on his trail. His intense patriotism was an obsession with him, and he would draw himself to his full height and dramatically declare that he would put a dagger in his breast if it would help the cause of Finland.

My father was stationed at the time at Forest. Naturally, I wrote him full accounts of this mysterious count. One night Amanoff came to me very excited and said that the Russian police had located him and that he must leave. I had often told him about Canada and the quiet town of Forest. He was insistent that he should depart for Forest and that my father might find a place for him, where he could remain in concealment for the time being. I doubted the move, but said I would write to my father. The next day, before my father could get my letter, he announced that he had purchased a ticket for Forest and was leaving that night. I had to wire my father and explain the situation as best I could.

And so the striking Finnish count landed in Forest. It was in the late spring, and my father obtained a position for him on a farm of one of his parishioners on the shores of Lake Huron. He swore my father to secrecy in regard to himself, which was not easy in a town like Forest in those days. He worked hard on the farm and with his rather stately manners endeared himself to the farmer, his wife and family. Coming in to church in Forest every Sunday, this strange

foreigner created a sensation. He wore a semi-military long coat which he said was his magistrate's garment in the Finnish town from which he came.

After church he invariably had dinner with my father, who would save all the daily papers for him for the week. One Sunday my father said, "I have exciting news for you. The Russian Governor of Finland, Bobrikoff, has been assassinated." Amanoff drew himself up and excitedly remarked, "You know, I volunteered to do that job."

He remained on the farm near Forest until the early fall. Then one day he came to my father and informed him that the Russian police had located him. He had to leave at once. His life was in danger. He left the next day for parts unknown, and though he promised to write that was the last my father or I ever heard of Count Gustaf Amanoff.

The year I spent in New York was a delight, and there I first learned a love for the theatre. But I decided I did not want to become an American citizen and I would head for the growing Canadian West. I gave up my job and returned to Toronto. By good fortune Sanford Evans, editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram*, happened to be in the city and looking for reporters. Someone told me about him, and after a brief interview he hired me to go West. Some six months later Mr. Evans retired, to be succeeded by M. E. Nichols, at the time managing editor of the *Toronto World*.

The *Telegram* was a bitterly partisan paper, the organ of the Roblin-Rogers Government. There was not only a political feud in progress between the *Telegram* and the *Free Press* owned by Sir Clifford Sifton and edited by John W. Daffoe, but there was intense rivalry between the staffs of the two papers. The day I joined the *Telegram* the city editor, Ferguson by name, peppery and red-headed, who later became a court stenographer, took me into his private office and instilled into me that it was an ill-spent day that a *Telegram* reporter did not scoop the *Free Press*, and that it was perfectly legitimate to commit about every deed, except murder, to accomplish this end. Ferguson may have belonged to the old school of journalism, but there was never a dull moment when he was on the job.

When I joined the staff of the *Telegram*, all the talk of the reporters off hours was in regard to a famous coup the *Free Press* had pulled on the *Telegram* a couple of years previously. The police

reporters of the rival papers were "Tank" Stevens of the *Free Press*—called "Tank" on account of his ability to hold liquid refreshments—and Wilson Blue of the *Telegram*. Blue had scored some smart scoops on Tank and Tank decided to square the score. Late one night he blew into the bar of the Mariaggi Hotel, opposite the *Telegram* and the hang-out of the newspapermen. He found Blue there as he anticipated. Hinting that he was tired out from working on a big story, he bought a drink. Blue's ears pricked up and he proceeded to treat his rival. Little by little Stevens dropped his story—a big murder in St. Vital, then a rather isolated French district not far from Winnipeg. As Stevens became apparently drunker and drunker Blue finally obtained the whole story with all the horrible details.

It was midnight when Blue rushed into the *Telegram* office. Stevens by this time was apparently incapacitated. Blue excitedly told his city editor how he had outwitted Stevens. There was a chance the *Telegram* had a scoop. It was impossible at that hour to verify the story. There were few telephones in St. Vital. Blue went ahead and wrote up the murder with all the names and horrors. In the meantime Stevens had returned to his office and notified the *Free Press* staff of what had occurred. About half the *Free Press* night employees wandered over to the *Telegram* to wait for the appearance of the *Morning Telegram*. What a "hee haw" went up when they found that the *Telegram* had swallowed the story, lock, stock and barrel, and had played it up with a big heading!

Both papers published morning and evening editions. The morning staff of the *Free Press* forgot to warn the evening staff that the *Telegram's* story was a fake. When the city editor of the evening edition reached his desk there was a howl over the apparent scoop of the *Telegram*. John Appleton, later financial editor of the *Free Press* and secretary until his death of the Canadian Mortgage Association, was rushed off to St. Vital with a team of horses—this was before the days of automobiles. He spent all day trying to locate the murder. When he was not heard from at noon the *Free Press* was preparing to rewrite the *Telegram* story for the early afternoon edition when fortunately Stevens, who had risen at noon, appeared in the office. He was immediately questioned as to the scoop the *Telegram* had put over on him. He screamed with laughter, and the *Free Press* was saved from the humiliation of publishing the fake scoop of the *Telegram*.

The *Telegram* had for a time as city editor a cultured Englishman, Ernest Beaufort, a capable newspaperman, but lacking in knowledge of Canada. It will be recalled that in the early part of this century a New York cleric, Bishop Potter, advocated socializing the churches. He proposed that they should be made community centres, where youths and adults could obtain recreation. He would have bowling alleys, and he even suggested serving beer. Mr. Beaufort thought that this was a fine idea and he sent out a reporter to interview some of the city clergymen. Rev. Hamilton Wigle was the pastor of a downtown Methodist Church. He was amongst those interviewed and he endorsed the idea—apparently overlooking the beer proposal. Any city editor, who knew the Methodist clergy, would realize that they were staunch enemies of spirituous liquor in any form or shape, and would question the story. But the *Telegram* came out with a streamlined heading to the effect that Mr. Wigle endorsed beer in the churches. Mr. Wigle was horrified. His telephone started ringing from indignant Methodists. There was no time for a denial in the *Telegram* before Sunday. Naturally, Mr. Wigle contacted many of his fellow clergymen, and the *Telegram* was denounced from many pulpits. It gave the *Telegram* a reputation as a yellow journal which it did not deserve, but did not live down. That ended Mr. Beaufort's career as city editor. He was made dramatic critic—drama was something he really knew. He was an excellent amateur actor and took a leading part when Winnipeg first won the Earle Grey dramatic trophy. Later he joined the Christian Science church, became for a time the Ottawa correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* and worked on the *Monitor* in Boston until his death.

Those were the days of extreme partisanship, when the country was still divided into Guelphs and Ghibellines. The parties were almost states within states. The *Telegram* as a party organ could see nothing good in the Liberals. Vernon Knowles, public relations counsel for The Canadian Bankers' Association, who was on the staff of the *Telegram* and its last editor before its demise, told a story several years ago at a dinner in honour of the late Col. G. C. Porter, who was for many years the very able news editor and later editor of the *Telegram*. Porter came down to the editorial room with a lot of proofs in his hand.

"Who wrote this heading?" he shouted, swearing vociferously as he could at times.

Vernon confessed to be the culprit.

"What is wrong with it?" he asked. The heading read: "Laurier cheered by his followers," or something like that.

"Don't you know," fumed the colonel, "that no Grit is ever cheered in the *Telegram*?"

Someone on the *Telegram* once made a somewhat similar mistake and allowed an item to slip in the *Telegram* praising the Liberals. There was a third paper in Winnipeg, the *Tribune*, owned by R. L. Richardson, at one time Liberal member, who had quarrelled with Hon. Clifford Sifton. He was publishing one of those strange compositions in those days, an independent paper, and took great delight in poking fun at both the *Free Press* and the *Telegram*. The *Telegram* was running as one of its chief features one of the early comic pages concerning the doings of Maud, a mule. The *Tribune* had christened the *Telegram* "Maud," and its editorial page usually referred to the *Telegram* as "Maud." When this break appeared in the *Telegram* the *Tribune* ran the next day a cartoon depicting Maud, the mule, kicking high into the sky from the editorial windows of the *Telegram* the offending editor, who had allowed the article to appear praising the Liberals.

The *Telegram* seemed to be unfortunate. It is not the first paper which has been the victim of breaches of release, but not many others have had their mishaps aired in Parliament. The Conservative member for Selkirk in the Dominion House, elected in 1908, was George F. Bradbury, later elevated to the Senate. In the Selkirk district was an Indian Reserve, and Mr. Bradbury made it his particular duty to champion the rights of the redmen, whom he felt had been badly treated by the Indian Department. He prepared a long blast against the department and against the administration, and in particular against Hon. Frank Oliver, the minister in charge. He sent the speech to me and I had it set up ready for release when he rose in the House. It made a full page, and the usual slug line was added, "Hold for release." However, Mr. Bradbury did not get around at the time to making the speech, and the type lay for a long time in the composing room. The slug line was lost, and one night the foreman in need of a page of type hurriedly seized Mr. Bradbury's speech.

This was bad enough, but in the course of the story which Mr. Bradbury sent to the *Telegram* there were references to a reply by Mr. Oliver, which said that he did not advance an argument in

rebuttal and had simply made bold and reckless statements. A few days later, after Mr. Bradbury's speech appeared in the *Telegram*, much to my embarrassment, and to that of the member, Hon. Frank Oliver arose in the House and protested against the words put into his mouth which he had not yet uttered in reply to Mr. Bradbury's speech not yet delivered.

Mr. Bradbury explained sadly that he was unfortunately the victim of circumstances. He did not think that he was the first man in the House who had been the victim of similar conditions. He claimed that the criticism to which Mr. Oliver objected referred to a speech which he had made last year. He was simply following the footsteps of greater men in giving his speech in advance. Certainly the speech read as if Mr. Bradbury had written a reply for Mr. Oliver.

For a couple of years I covered the railways. It was one of the most important beats in Winnipeg because immigration at the time was at its height, and every day trains were pouring into Winnipeg with new settlers from every nation in the world. These incoming trains were filled with human interest stories. My chief source of information at the Canadian Pacific Railway was D. C. Coleman, later president of the C.P.R., who was secretary to the general superintendent at the time, Sir George Bury. Mr. Coleman had started life as a newspaperman on the Belleville *Intelligencer* and had a fine sense of news.

There was one occasion, which Mr. Coleman has probably forgotten, when he let me down badly and it resulted in confusing entanglements for me. It will be recalled that after the Russo-Japanese war ended a Peace Conference was called by President "Teddy" Roosevelt at Portsmouth. The Japanese envoy was Baron Komura, who travelled across Canada from Vancouver on a special train. I was assigned to meet the Baron in Winnipeg. I called up Mr. Coleman, who assured me that the Baron's special train would arrive in Winnipeg at nine o'clock in the morning. I was on hand bright and early at a quarter to nine to meet the train and, to my horror, found that the train had arrived at eight o'clock and departed. I made inquiries and learned that the reporters of the *Free Press* and the *Tribune* had been on hand at eight o'clock. I was in a state of jitters, fearing a scoop.

I recalled that the Baron had stopped off on the way at Banff, and I figured that the Vancouver papers would have time to reach Winnipeg with stories of the Baron in that city. I went over to the

Royal Alexandra Hotel and found to my great relief on the news stands a copy of a Vancouver paper with a fine interview with the Baron. I returned to the office and with this interview and the aid of my imagination succeeded in writing a good story, which Colonel Porter, then news editor, played up with an eight-column headline on the front page. The other papers came out announcing that Baron Komura had been asleep when passing through Winnipeg and had seen no one. Either the colonel felt that I had beaten the other papers and obtained access to the train and seen the Baron, or else he did not worry over a little stretch of the imagination—probably the latter. In any case, he did not question my story.

However, the story was wired East and when Baron Komura reached Ottawa he found the interview being featured. He wired back to the *Telegram* an indignant denial of the interview, adding that he had given no interview any place in Canada. Apparently the Vancouver story was a fake. I was then on the carpet. I had to explain to Colonel Porter and Mr. Nichols, my managing editor, just what had happened. I was told not to be quite so enterprising in future.

On the railroad beat I had an opportunity of meeting many of the big railroad men of the west—and they were big men. One of the most interesting interviews I ever had was with James J. Hill, the pioneer American Western railway builder, who was associated in the early days with Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen. It was with their assistance that he first entered the railway business and ultimately controlled the Great Northern Railway and the Northern Pacific. When the C.P.R. was first started Hill joined forces with these two men, but early withdrew. Mr. Hill, as a Canadian, born at Rockwood, near Guelph, was always interested in the development of Western Canada.

Before the railroad days Hill ran a line of steamers on the Red River to Winnipeg from the head of navigation. He was a frequent visitor to Winnipeg and made his headquarters in that city for two years. Sometime about 1910, in his old age, he re-visited Winnipeg, which he had not seen for 25 years. I was assigned to interview Hill and ran him to earth in the sacred precincts of the Manitoba Club. He talked freely. He had a fund of stories of the early days. During the course of the interview the club steward came, and with apologies, said that there was an old French-Canadian from St. Boniface who insisted on seeing the railway magnate. Hill had him ushered

in and remembered the old Frenchman well. They spent several minutes chatting and laughing about the old days.

"You sold me a horse once," said Hill suddenly.

"Oui," added the old man.

"An old grey mare and its name was Marie."

"Oui, oui," responded the Frenchman.

"It developed a spavin, too, later on," said Hill, and the Frenchman's answer was lost amidst the roars of laughter of those present.

I knew as well as most newspapermen could, Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Daniel Mann, the creators of the Canadian Northern Railway, better known in these days as "Bill" and "Dan." They were a remarkable pair of men, who made their early fortune as contractors for the C.P.R. It is not generally known, but Sir William, who was born in Lindsay, ran in a by-election against Sir Sam Hughes when he first entered politics in the early nineties. Sam won and that ended Mr. Mackenzie's ambitions for a political life. He turned then for good to the railway business. Mackenzie was the financier and the lobbyist of the pair and Mann, who was a huge man, was the driving railway builder. One of the fabulous stories told of Mann is that at one time he was engaged in railway construction in Russia. He became involved in a controversy with a Russian who challenged him to a duel. As the challenged Sir Dan had the right to the choice of weapons and he announced that he would meet his opponent with Canadian broad axes. That rapidly ended the challenge to a duel. The Russian did not relish the idea of being chopped to pieces by the broad-shouldered muscular Canadian.

If they had confined their efforts to the West they might have succeeded, as the original Canadian Northern Railway was surveyed through the most fertile part of the Prairies. However, their ambitions were to build a national railway and the first war ruined any chances of succeeding. It was impossible to finance the project and finally the road was taken over by the Government and merged with the Grand Trunk and the Intercolonial to form the Canadian National Railway.

I recall one time when Mackenzie was in Ottawa, seeking more aid from the government, H. E. M. Chisholm, Ottawa correspondent of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, received a wire from his paper asking him to interview Mr. Mackenzie, and the telegram added: "Make him tell the truth." Mr. Chisholm admitted that was a tough assignment.

The *Telegram*, with all its faults, was enterprising and well edited, and was a veritable school for journalists. It had a series of able editors: Sanford Evans, Mr. Nichols, Edward Beck, Knox Magee, Col. Porter and Mr. Knowles.

Chapter II

"The Winnipeg Liar" and other newspaper characters —
A Kentucky Colonel at the city desk — A pioneer newspaper-
woman — Tragedy on the editorial page.

I DOUBT whether any city in Canada had as many interesting newspaper characters as Winnipeg in the first decade of this century. There was a combination of American, English and Canadian newspapermen. Among the most extraordinary figures was Reginald Robinson, who was known as "The Winnipeg Liar." He worked on and off the Winnipeg papers, but his chief source of income was free lancing for the American press. In those days there was no Canadian Press and the American papers depended largely for their news of the West upon special correspondents. The West was still to the American papers a wild pioneer country with Indians, Mounties and cowboys as the chief feature of its life. Robinson fed them what they wanted and when news was short manufactured it. So fantastic were some of his yarns that he won the epithet of "The Winnipeg Liar."

One extremely cold and stormy winter in the West he sent to American papers a story about the snow being so deep that the homesteaders built roads under the snow from house to house and drove their teams under the snow. Whether American papers believed the yarn or not they published it as a whopper. Another tale was in regard to a springtime flood in Winnipeg. He pictured a deer caught in the intricate steelwork of one of the bridges on the Red River and found hanging there when the water receded.

His most famous story was the sinking of a steamer in Lake Winnipeg with four hundred people on an Icelandic Sunday School picnic. He had sent out to his papers a legitimate query relative to the death of four hunters in one of the northern lakes. Through a mistake of the telegraph operators the query read "four hundred"

instead of "four hunters" when it reached the desk of the American editors. He got back frantic wires asking for columns on this terrific disaster. Robinson did not turn a hair. He decided to give the American papers what they wanted. He sunk a steamer in Lake Winnipeg loaded with a gay Icelandic Sunday School picnic crowd. He wrote all night. He had interviews with the survivors and gave all the horrible details.

The first the Winnipeg newspapermen knew of Robinson's great disaster was when the correspondent of the Montreal *Star*, the city editor of the *Telegram*, received a wire the next morning asking why he had not sent a story on this terrible catastrophe. A few inquiries showed that it was one of Robinson's imaginative tales.

He was always in trouble with the authorities in Winnipeg, who felt that his stories were not good publicity for the then growing West, looking in particular for American settlers. J. Obed Smith, commissioner of immigration in Winnipeg, was always on his trail and at one time threatened his arrest. Robinson retaliated by sending to one of the Minneapolis papers a story about a Galician in Winnipeg named Obed Smithsky, who had gone crazy and cut off his wife's head with an axe. The story was played up on the front page. It created a lot of amusement in Winnipeg. Smith threatened to bring a libel suit against the paper in question, but finally decided that if he was wise he would forget the suit.

During most of my sojourn on the *Telegram* I worked either under or with Colonel Garnet Clay Porter, who died in the winter of 1945 at the age of eighty. He was one of the last of the pioneer editors of the days when the West was still a raw, young and booming country. He was the best news editor I ever knew, having a marvellous sense of news values and unusual capacity to organize his staff to handle a big story. How he revelled in a sensational or mystery story! He kept in his drawer the cut of a smoking revolver to use in the opening paragraph of a good shooting yarn. As an editor-in-chief he was not a success. He was superficial in his knowledge; he lacked the background of Canadian affairs; he was careless as a writer. He was active until his death, free-lancing largely for American papers. He never lost his enthusiasm for a good story, and the last time I saw him, only a few months before his death, he was chasing down the details of a story which involved a Nazi spy suspect.

The Colonel was born in Kentucky, and there is a lot of tradi-

tion and romance connected with his life in the Blue Grass State and why and how he came to Canada. He seldom talked about his life in his beloved state, but the story goes, and he never denied it, that it was an escapade in shooting a rival feudist that sent the United States law department on his trail. The Colonel fled to Mexico. When the trail cooled off he went to Deadwood, South Dakota. He was accumulating material for an article for *McClure's Magazine* on the bad men of the West when the war with Spain broke out. "Seth" Bullock, the pioneer Western sheriff, was organizing a company for Roosevelt's famous Rough Riders and Porter was invited to join. As he could both shoot and ride he did not need a second invitation. The Colonel carried all his life a scar on his forehead where a sniper's bullet nicked him in the assault on Fort Sidsboney. He always explained with a laugh: "My thick skull saved me that time."

The Spanish war over, his adventuresome spirit led him to join the Yukon trail. There his skill at poker and his ability to make friends made him a popular figure in Dawson City. However, he did not strike it rich and he returned for a time to the peacefulness of Kentucky to edit a weekly paper. He gave vigorous support to a successful candidate for governor, who rewarded him with a place on his staff as aide, which carried with it the title of colonel, which he bore proudly the rest of his life. He told me that Kentucky's numerous colonels chiefly came by their titles this way. Later he lived a short time in Omaha.

What brought Colonel Porter to Canada he never made clear, although it is said that some over-zealous official started on his trail again for the old feud shooting. In any case, he landed in Toronto and joined the staff of the old Toronto *World*, edited by that famous newspaperman, "Billy" MacLean. He soon became the star reporter of the *World* and old-timers will recall some of his feats and his resourcefulness in reporting. There was his graphic coverage of the famous "man in the well" story. A young well-digger, Jud Stamford, was entombed at the bottom of a well near Paris. He was there for days and was finally dug out alive. The story lost nothing in its telling by the Colonel. That winter saw the appalling Christmas wreck at Wanstead when twenty-eight people were killed. Colonel Porter covered the story for the *World* and beat all the crack newspapermen who flocked to the scene.

He was still full of wanderlust. The owner of the Calgary *Herald* persuaded him to go to Alberta as editor. Calgary was a cow-town

of only 4,000 people. He was in his element with the ranchers, the cowboys, the Mounted Police and the remittance men of the district. He could hold his own with the best of them in poker. This did not hurt his reputation as an editor amongst the pioneers of Calgary.

He became in Calgary the bosom friend of "Bob" Edwards of the Calgary *Eye-Opener*. The Colonel had many amusing tales to tell of that almost legendary Western figure, and some of the best were on himself. On one occasion he and his wife were travelling back to Calgary after a trip to the East. Mrs. Porter was entertaining some ladies in her compartment when, in an unwary moment, she stopped the newsboy and bought the Calgary *Eye-Opener*. She wanted to show her new-found friends something of the colour of Alberta life. Spreading out the *Eye-Opener*, she was horrified to find on the front page a picture of her husband and beneath it lines stating that the Colonel was a candidate for the Legislature for the constituency of Hootch. The *Eye-Opener* went on to predict his election by an overwhelming majority "because every bartender, poker player, cattle thief and prostitute in the riding is whooping it up for the Colonel as his supporters." It is not on record what the Colonel's wife said to him in the privacy of their compartment that night, but she failed to find any humour in the incident.

M. E. Nichols, who recently retired as managing director of the Vancouver *Province*, in 1905 took over the editorship of the Winnipeg *Telegram*. He had worked with the Colonel on the Toronto *World* and knew something of his genius as a news editor. He persuaded him to shift his allegiance to Winnipeg.

All the newspapermen who worked under and with him over the years had a lasting affection and regard for the Colonel. His old boys always looked him up when passing through Winnipeg, and he was extremely proud of any success they made. The Colonel in one capacity or another remained in Winnipeg until his death. He had had his ups and downs and more than his share of trials and tribulations.

In later years he wrote detective yarns for sensational crime magazines based largely on cases on which he worked up and down the world. He tried hard to solve the Ambrose Small murder case. He failed, although he had his own theories.

Few men have packed as many thrills into a restless life as Colonel Porter. He was a newspaperman every inch of his sturdy

figure. He will become, like "Bob" Edwards, a legend of the pioneer days of the West.

One of the most interesting figures on the Winnipeg papers was Miss Cora Hinds, for years agricultural editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. It was my privilege to know her well. Miss Hinds probably did as much, or more, than John W. Dafoe to build up the reputation of the *Free Press* as the mouthpiece of the West. Her annual reports and estimates on the Western crops were so accurate that she gained world-wide renown. To the Western farmers she was an oracle.

One year in her early days of crop-reporting the *Winnipeg Telegram* decided that Cora and the *Winnipeg Free Press* should not have the field all to itself. For reasons beyond understanding, because I was a town and city man, who could hardly distinguish a field of oats from a field of wheat, I was assigned to emulate Cora. It was a rare opportunity, at least, to see the growing West, and I travelled over a large part of Manitoba and Saskatchewan writing expert articles on the crop situation. Apparently I was hardly a success as an agricultural editor—it was the last time I was given this assignment.

One summer I was sent by the *Telegram* to Brandon to cover the Brandon Fair, which even in those days was an institution in Manitoba. I was handicapped in describing the livestock exhibition as compared with Cora, who was covering the Fair for the *Free Press*. During the course of the Fair there was a sensational robbery in one of the jewellery stores. I dropped the Fair and turned to covering the robbery, but Cora, who disdained such lowly news, went coolly ahead writing up the fine points of the big bulls and the livestock. The mundane telegraph editors of the *Free Press*, though, were not so happy over her failure to cover the robbery.

Mr. Nichols brought West with him as an editorial writer Roden Kingsmill, a well-known and brilliant Toronto newspaperman. Like too many of the profession of that day he was addicted to the bottle on occasions. I recall one night before a holiday—I have forgotten whether it was Christmas, New Year's or Easter—he dropped into the office and asked Col. Porter, then night editor, if he had a poem for the front page. It would never do not to have a poem. As he had been celebrating Col. Porter in rather sulphurous language told him that if he wanted a poem go and write it. He lumbered off to

his desk and about a half-hour later returned with a poem, which was so good we ran it on the front page.

While I was on the *Telegram* there occurred a street railway strike which assumed ugly proportions. I was assigned to cover the strike. One day when looking out of the *Telegram* office towards Main Street I saw a big mob gathering. The city editor told me to rush down and see what was happening. I met Mr. Kingsmill and an American on the staff, named Leggett, calmly walking towards the *Telegram* office. They were both big men, dressed in blue. Having a few drinks under their belt they had proceeded to remove the piles of paving stones which the strikers had placed on the tracks. The strikers naturally took them for private detectives working for the company. I had enough presence of mind to prevent them entering the *Telegram* and suggested the Mariaggi bar across the way. By this time the howling mob was becoming ugly and we had to run for it to the Mariaggi, and once inside the doors were barred. A few windows were broken, but no other damage was done. After a half-hour of howling the mob grew tired and disappeared. Later the strike became so serious that the Mayor, Tom Sharpe, a North of Ireland Irishman, had the military called out and a square formed on Main Street in the centre of which the Mayor read the Riot Act. There was a reporter from each of the three papers in the square. We were all nervous, but nothing happened.

The end of Mr. Kingsmill on the *Telegram* was rather a sad one. It was the night of the San Francisco earthquake and fire. It is not hard to picture the excitement and the confusion on the paper that night. Mr. Nichols went home between eleven and twelve o'clock satisfied that everything was under control. He took for granted that Mr. Kingsmill had taken care of the editorial page.

Around midnight the night foreman came down to inform us that there were no editorials for the morning paper. The excitement was too much for Mr. Kingsmill and he was gloriously drunk, asleep in his office. I called up Mr. Nichols and told him the situation. He grimly said, "Wake up Mr. Kingsmill. Surely he can write some editorials yet." I explained that it was hopeless, but went back and made a try. The only answer I obtained was, "Tell Eddie to write his own damn editorials." I had to give Mr. Nichols the message a little modified. Mr. Nichols rushed down to the office and succeeded with scissors and paste to hurry a makeshift editorial page in shape. Instead of one of the first pages to press it was the last that morning.

Next day Mr. Kingsmill was fired. He was given a pass to Toronto and told to make tracks for the Queen City. However, he sold the pass and a couple of days later appeared in his office. The indignant Mr. Nichols had not cooled down and he was adamant that Mr. Kingsmill was to go. He secured another pass and Mr. Beaufort and I were given the assignment of depositing him on the Eastern Transcontinental and of placing in the hands of the porter sufficient money to pay his meals back to Toronto. It took considerable manipulation on our part, but the last I saw of Mr. Kingsmill he was on the tail end of the Eastern express melancholily waving good-bye to us and to Winnipeg.

Chapter III

Bob Edwards and the Calgary *Eye-Opener* — McGonigle and his dog — Lord Strathcona and libel — The end of Bob Edwards.

THE newspaper field in Western Canada had many colourful figures, but the most picturesque was "Bob" Edwards, editor and publisher of the Calgary *Eye-Opener* for nearly thirty years. He is today almost a legendary figure in the West. He was emblematic of the old West which is now a matter of history.

I first met "Bob" Edwards when I was a reporter on the Winnipeg *Telegram*. A libel suit which he brought against Dan McGillicuddy, who was publishing the Calgary *News*, led Bob to move to Winnipeg for a year. McGillicuddy had formerly published a paper in Goderich. He was noted for his bitter pen and his Liberal partisanship. He and Bob Edwards at once clashed. McGillicuddy had been accused of plagiarism by an Eastern paper, and Bob published the account with his own satirical accounts. McGillicuddy was supposed to be financed by Sir Clifford Sifton, who had always been a mark for the attacks of Edwards. Shortly before the 1908 election McGillicuddy published a vicious article on Edwards, in which he likened him to all the worst characters of history. Edwards took action at once and swore out a warrant for the arrest of McGillicuddy for criminal libel.

There followed a famous Calgary trial before Mr. Justice Beck. "Paddy" Nolan, a noted Calgary lawyer and a close friend of Edwards, who was supposed to have read the proofs of the *Eye-Opener* to make sure he had not overstepped the law, acted for him. Dan McGillicuddy brought from Vancouver E. P. Davies, a noted lawyer, who was assisted by a lawyer from Brandon, the personal counsel of Sir Clifford. Davies made a two-hour dramatic appeal to the jury in which he described Edwards as "a scamp and a scoundrel," who had attacked everyone.

The jury brought in a double verdict, finding McGillicuddy guilty and adding a rider that he should be checked in the character of his writing. A nominal fine was imposed upon him. Edwards was warned by the judge to be more careful what he wrote in future. Bob took the decision very hard. He felt humiliated, and decided to shake the dust of Calgary off his feet. This was when he went to Winnipeg, where he published his paper for a year. However, he was not at home in Winnipeg. It was too Eastern. He was lonesome for Calgary. He returned, and there continued to publish his paper until his death.

I expected to find Edwards a rough, tough, hard-swearing, two-fisted fighting man. To my surprise he was a mild, cultured, well-educated, soft-spoken gentleman, always immaculately dressed. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. His grandfather on his maternal side was Robert Chambers, the famous Scottish publisher. He came to this continent in 1893 and first went to the ranch of a friend in Nebraska. He began his writing on a paper called the *Boomerang*, edited by the noted American humorist, Bill Nye, at Cheyenne, Wyoming. He admitted he secured his idea of the *Eye-Opener* from Bill Nye's publication and modelled the *Eye-Opener* on the *Boomerang*. From Cheyenne he drifted to Winnipeg, then a pioneer town, and was proofreader on the *Winnipeg Free Press*. Then he headed for Alberta. The first issue of the *Eye-Opener* was around the close of the century, and was printed in a livery stable at Wetaskiwin, next to the hotel where Bob boarded. In the livery stable he set up an old hand press. The *Eye-Opener* at once became popular, with its quips and jibes at prominent people, its quaint philosophy and its often risqué stories. From Wetaskiwin he went to Calgary, which was then a growing pioneer town. It was an atmosphere he liked. The *Eye-Opener* was not always published in Calgary, but no matter where the paper was printed it was always *The Calgary Eye-Opener*.

The *Eye-Opener* never had a large circulation, probably 10,000 at most, but it went all over the world. For example, James J. Hill, the Canadian-born American railway magnate, was always on the mailing list for two copies. One copy was for himself and the other to slip to wealthy friends in Chicago and New York. Bob insisted on cash payment for his paper, and he himself was particular about paying his bills. If he did not have the money on hand to issue a

paper it just did not appear. His occasional sprees would mean the *Eye-Opener* would miss publication.

Bob created an interesting character in Peter McGonigle, the editor of the equally mythical paper, the *Midnapore Gazette*. There was a village near Calgary of that name which consisted of a few rough shacks, but it never reached the glory of a paper. Edwards made McGonigle and Midnapore famous with his imaginary tales. He peopled Midnapore as a flourishing town. Peter was its chief public character, a dangerous individual in his cups, who shot up the town on the slightest provocation. He was always having battles with the Mounted Police.

McGonigle fell in love with a widow. Edwards finally brought the romance to a sad end when he told how McGonigle called on the widow one evening. McGonigle's dog was waiting on the doorstep when a dog fight started several blocks down the street. The dog left the widow's home to participate in the hostilities. In the meantime McGonigle left. The dog returned, lay down and went to sleep. In the morning people going to work saw McGonigle's dog still waiting. It created such a scandal that the widow had to go East for a holiday and McGonigle went on a terrible drunk.

One of his most famous stories was when he had Peter arrested for horse theft—a serious crime in those days in the West. He was sent to the penitentiary for two years. He was pardoned, and on his return Edwards told of a great banquet given in his honour in Calgary. All the leading citizens of Calgary turned out to celebrate his release from jail. Telegrams and cables were read from notables all over the world congratulating Peter on his vindication, amongst them one from Lord Strathcona. Names of the most prominent people in Alberta were printed as being present and making speeches. Chief Justice Arthur Sifton, who was supposed to have sentenced McGonigle, was chairman of the mythical banquet, and when he rose to introduce his guest of honour he admitted with tears in his eyes that he now realized he had put a bar sinister on an innocent man, for, as Peter had argued at the trial, he was charged with stealing a horse when it was a mare, and besides it had died before the charge was made.

The banquet had an unusual windup. After numerous speakers had praised the guest of honour, the victim of such astonishing injustice, Peter was called upon amid riotous cheers. Peter was carrying his huge revolver with its notches marking his many victims.

By this time Peter was in his cups. He said he had intended to kill the chief justice who had sentenced him and likewise the attorney-general who prosecuted him. There was something of a panic at the banquet. However, Peter broke up the affair by shooting out the lights. That ended the banquet.

There was an anti-climax which Bob Edwards had not figured upon. Lord Strathcona was at the time high commissioner in London. He was growing old and touchy. When he picked up his morning *Times* he was amazed to read of an alleged cable that he had sent congratulating a horse thief back in Calgary upon his release from the penitentiary and praising him as a scholar and fine type of British subject. Lord Strathcona nearly choked when he read the dispatch. He rang for his secretary, roused the *Times* editor out of bed and cabled Sir John Willison, Canadian representative of the *Times*, for an explanation.

It seems that some wag had sent a clipping of the story to Sir John, then editor of the *Toronto News*, without stating that it was from the *Calgary Eye-Opener*. Sir John took it seriously. It was a good story and he cabled 300 words to the *Thunderer*, including the alleged cable from Strathcona. The High Commissioner was so wrathful that he instructed his solicitor in Calgary, Sir James Loughheed, to start suit for libel against Edwards and the *Eye-Opener*. It cost Loughheed several hundred dollars in cables to explain to Strathcona that he would only make himself the laughing stock of the West if he sued Edwards and, what was more, no Calgary jury could ever be found to convict him.

Edwards killed off McGonigle twice. The first time was on October 15, 1910. The *Eye-Opener* of that date, a copy of which is to be found in the archives of the library of the University of Western Ontario, contains an account of his death. It is such a rich item that we publish it in full:

It is with unalloyed grief that we record the untimely death of Mr. Peter J. McGonigle, editor and proprietor of the *Midnapore (Alta.) Gazette*. This also means the demise of the *Gazette*. While examining an ivory-handled revolver which the bartender of the Nevermore House had accepted, during the editor's absence in Port Arthur, from a stranger in lieu of payment for a two-day drunk, the weapon unexpectedly went off and lodged a bullet in Mr. McGonigle's abdomen. A physician was hastily summoned from Calgary. In the meantime Jimmy, the bartender, summoned help and had his old friend gently raised from the floor and stretched out on the bar with his head comfortably resting on the slot machine. Mr. McGonigle

regained consciousness, but complained of great pain. A tumbler of brandy eased his sufferings somewhat, but he whispered to Jimmy that he feared he had been sent for at last. The tender-hearted mixologist thereupon threw another tumbler of brandy into him, after which, as soon as it percolated through his system, Mr. McGonigle declared himself as feeling much better.

Pending the arrival of the doctor from Calgary, nine miles distant, Jimmy did all he knew to staunch the flow of blood. Ripping open the shirt and locating the spot where the bullet entered, he took the glass stopper from a Gooderham and Worts flask and inserted the blunt pointed end into the hole, keeping it pressed down with his thumb to stop the rush of blood. The contents of the flask he absent-mindedly poured down his own throat from time to time. No one was allowed to enter the bar except a few specially favoured friends, one of whom was dispatched over to the *Gazette* office to ease Mrs. McGonigle's mind with regard to her husband's absence. This friend admirably performed his errand, informing the lady that if she didn't see her husband for a few days she was not to worry or feel the least bit anxious, as he was only off on a bit of a whizzer. Mrs. McGonigle thereupon indulged in some sarcastic remarks about the Port Arthur Jagoureatorium where P.J. had recently blown in a couple of hundred dollars, but finally wound up by asking the messenger to try and prevail on Mr. McGonigle to make it a three-day jag this time instead of a two-week one as heretofore.

* * *

On being informed of the success of his messenger the great editor smiled and said he thought they ought to have a drink on the strength of it. One of the men thereupon took Jimmy's place holding the glass stopper, while that worthy prepared the round. No one took a cigar. At someone's suggestion the slot machine was taken from under the wounded man's head, as being too uncomfortable, and the cash register substituted. In lowering Mr. McGonigle's head on to the keyboard they rung up \$14.65, but P.J. said it was a great improvement on the slot machine and added that he hoped the Doc wouldn't be too long as he felt himself getting awful weak.

* * *

An auto suddenly pulled up in front of the Nevermore House and out jumped the long looked-for doctor, carrying a small black case.

"What room is the man in who was shot?" he curtly inquired of the men gathered in the office.

"He's in the bar." was the response.

"In the bar?" ejaculated the doctor, wondering if he had been the victim of a hoax.

A head was poked through the bar-room door, revealing the weatherbeaten countenance of Jimmy, the mixocographer.

"Step this way, Doc."

"How is he?" whispered the doctor before going in.

"I'm afraid he's a goner, but I've been throwing the booze into him to keep up his nerve till you came."

"Quite right, quite right."

Mr. McGonigle, on the approach of the doctor, turned his head, ringing up \$1.40 in the effort, and greeted the doctor with great cordiality, insisting upon his having a drink before making his examination. Then everybody but Jimmy was ordered to "get out and stay out."

* * *

As the doctor bent down to examine the wound he could not keep back a smile when he ran on the glass stopper stuck in the bullet hole. Jimmy gave a pathetic little grin and explained that it would have taken too long to whittle a cork into shape. Then the doctor's face grew grave.

"The bullet must be located and extracted," said he, "and he will have to be taken to the hospital in Calgary by the first train. You can stretch him out comfortably in the baggage car and I'll be at the depot with the ambulance when the train pulls in."

"I'd better go along, eh, Doc?"

"I shall certainly like you to accompany him to Calgary, if you can possibly get away."

"Oh, that part of it will be all right. I can get one of the boys to run the joint."

"Have you any one here you can trust?"

Mr. McGonigle stirred slightly and rang up 15 cents.

"We can trust 'em all round here. Can't we, Jimmy?"

"Sure we can," said Jimmy, "but not for drinks."

"No, not for drinks," acquiesced McGonigle.

"Then that is settled," said the doctor. "I will hurry back in my car and arrange for a ward in the Holy Cross. Then, ha, ha!—we'll do the chloroform stunt, Mr. McGonigle, cut you open, dive into your poor old guts, slosh around in your bowels for the bullet and then—ha, ha, ha!—sew you up again and send you back here right as a trivet."

The doctor threw a peculiar glance over to Jimmy, and Jimmy understood.

"Ha, ha, ha!" croaked that worthy, with a lump in his throat. "As right as a trivet, as right as a trivet, ha, ha, ha!"

McGonigle, whose eyes were fixed on the ceiling, said feebly, "Doc, you better have another drink before you go. Have one yourself, Jimmy. You two nuts can't fool me with your 'ha, ha, ha.' This will be the last time I ever set 'em up to anybody on this earth. I'll have one, too, Jimmy."

Two days later word arrived at Midnapore that Peter J. had breathed his last on the operating table. The operation itself was declared to have been entirely successful, but it seems that Mr. McGonigle's heart, storm-beaten as it was by many a gale of booze, had failed to rise to the occasion when the supreme call was made

on it. The physicians in attendance were unanimously of the opinion that the rather unfortunate and awkward circumstance of his heart stopping beating had not a little to do with his death. In fact, on calm reflection they were sure of it.

* * *

Before being taken to the operating room, Mr. McGonigle, on the advice of the Sister in attendance, executed a will. He directed that the printing plant of the *Gazette*, on which he had only two payments, should, in the event of his death, be shipped back to the Toronto Type Foundry. The bunch of mares, which only last year he was tried for stealing from the Bar U (being triumphantly acquitted on a technicality) he directed to be sold for the benefit of his wife, who also was left the house and lot in Midnapore. Some minor bequests followed. The will, which was quite brief, Mr. McGonigle not having much to leave, ended with the earnest and expressed wish that, should the worst happen, Jimmy would marry his widow, Mrs. Janet McGonigle, after a decent interval of mourning. Say, a week.

* * *

Thus passed away a great spirit. The body was shipped back to Midnapore and interred in the little garden back of the printing office. The defunct Midnapore *Gazette* gave comfort, pleasure and instruction to many in its days, its contents being always of an edifying and uplifting nature. McGonigle now belongs to history and the *Gazette* is a thing of the past.

* * *

The obituary was illustrated with crudely drawn line cuts and a picture of Mrs. Janet McGonigle was included. It was that of an Indian girl, probably from a patent medicine advertisement.

However, Mr. Edwards must have been lonesome for McGonigle. In the *Eye-Opener* of May 20, 1911, he reported the "recrudescence" of McGonigle. His widow had been agitating for exhumation, and finally on the grave being opened he was found to be only in a trance. For several more years his exploits appeared in the columns of the *Eye-Opener*. I have not the copy of the *Eye-Opener* of his second demise, but the late Colonel Porter told me the story. Edwards had finally decided that McGonigle had run his course, so he had his famous character visit Calgary. Amid blazing guns six Mounties arrested him when he became drunk, took him to jail and confiscated his weapons. He was so humiliated that he allowed himself to be arrested by a mere force of six Mounties that he cut his throat with a rusty butcher knife he found in the rubbish in his cell. Then as a climax Edwards printed a picture of his friend, Colonel Garnet Clay Porter, with an underline, "Poor Garnet Clay Peter McGonigle."

When the colonel, at the time editor of the Calgary *Herald*, slightly annoyed at the liberty with his picture, spoke angrily to Bob about it, he replied: "Oh, come now, Colonel, those who know you realize it is a joke and those who do not know you—well, it does not matter."

That was the end of the mythical Peter McGonigle. This is the story as told to me by Colonel Porter.

When I was at Victoria College, Toronto University, I roomed for a year with "Bob" Pearson. His home was on a farm in Huron County, and although he was a theological student he was a great lover of sport. He was the finest specimen of a man I ever saw. He must have stood six feet five and was built accordingly. He had such a powerful physique that the University rugby coaches persuaded him to try out for the Varsity team, and he became one of the stalwarts of the line.

When he graduated he went West as a missionary and was first located at Banff. "Bob" Edwards was a patient at the Banff Sanitarium getting over a spree, and Pearson called on him in his rounds. Edwards grinned when he told him who he was, but it was the beginning of a lifelong friendship. Pearson became almost as much an Alberta character, as a parson and later as Y.M.C.A. secretary in Calgary, as did Edwards. When Pearson left Calgary for Edmonton for a few years there appeared a note in the *Eye-Opener* in which Bob apologized for chronicling church affairs, but explained why he made this exception, and wound up by saying, "Bob Pearson being a total abstainer will find it very lonesome in Edmonton."

Bob Pearson tells a story that on one occasion he was taken to the hospital with a severe case of tonsillitis and was put in a room adjoining Edwards. The doctor who was treating him said: "Do you know who is in the next room?" Bob looked up, and the doctor continued, "Bob Pearson." He looked greatly puzzled, and then said, "Is he on a bat, too?"

In 1921 Bob Edwards for the first time was a candidate for the Provincial Legislature. Pearson was also running. They were Independent candidates and were both elected. They roomed in the same hotel in Edmonton and were desk mates. Bob leaned on Pearson to keep him sober. His only speech in the Legislature was one favouring the repeal of the Prohibition Act. He was heartily congratulated by all the members, and that night, according to Pearson, he said, "What wouldn't I give to celebrate the event."

When Edwards found that he was seriously ill he asked Pearson to take charge of all the funeral arrangements; he wanted no one else to take part in the ceremonies. When he died the first plan was to have the funeral from the undertaking parlours, but so many notables were coming to the funeral, including the Lieutenant-Governor and the Premier, that it was decided a larger place was required. As Bob did not attend church it was decided to secure the Veterans' Memorial Hall. Six members of the Legislature acted as honorary pallbearers. Mr. Pearson gave the funeral oration. This was the end of the most unique character in the history of Alberta.

Chapter IV

Manitoba politics — Roblin and Rogers — An historic telegram — Tragic end of Bob Rogers.

FOR several sessions I covered the Legislature in Manitoba for the *Telegram*. Hon. Rodmond Roblin—later Sir Rodmond—at that time was firmly entrenched in power. He was a hearty, robust individual and was a power on the stump in the days when tub-thumping oratory was popular. No man could wrap himself in the Union Jack with more effect upon his audiences.

Sir Rodmond came from an old U. E. Loyalist strain in Prince Edward County. In the early days there were Roblins in the Legislature of Upper Canada representing the Reform Party. Roblin was brought up in the Liberal faith and his oldest son was named Wilfrid Laurier Roblin after the great Liberal Prime Minister, which was sometimes an embarrassment to him in later days when he became Conservative leader in Manitoba.

He went West ahead of the C.P.R. and became a successful farmer and grain dealer on a large scale at Carman, Manitoba. He never lost his touch with the rural community and he knew half the farmers of the Province by their first name. He was never happier than when chinning with his farmer constituents. The last time I saw him was only a couple of years before his death in 1937. His son, Wilfrid Laurier, was operating a large Winnipeg garage and I found the ex-Premier sunning himself in a huge armchair surrounded by a few old buddies. It was the nearest he could find to the company of a cracker barrel in Winnipeg.

There was no side or no airs to him. He left the social side of public life to his political partner, Hon. Robert Rogers, who was the politician of the party. I recall on one occasion there was a Provincial conference at Ottawa shortly after the return of the Borden

Government. The Governor-General was entertaining the Provincial dignitaries at Rideau Hall. That evening I found Sir Rodmond in the lobby of the old Russell House dry-smoking a big cigar—he chewed cigars and seldom smoked them.

"Why are you not up at Rideau Hall?" I asked.

"Oh, I leave that to Bob," he replied, "he likes it."

Roblin was forced out of power as a result of charges of corruption brought against his government in connection with the building of the new Parliament buildings. I was in Ottawa at the time and was not familiar with the particulars, but I always thought personally he was more sinned against than sinning.

He was a great campaigner and was best when he was on the defence and had his back against the wall. In the election of 1908 he was being hard pushed and he proceeded to make a whirlwind campaign throughout the rural districts. He probably saved his party almost single-handed in that election. He was a phrase maker, and in 1912, when the women were pressing for the suffrage, he said he was being opposed "by all the short-haired women and the long-haired men in the Province."

William Allen White in his autobiography described Mark Hanna as "a tender-hearted brigand." One might use the same epithet in regard to Hon. Robert Rogers, who was "the bad boy" of the Conservative Party for many years. He was kind-hearted, and those who worked for him never had a harsh word to say about Bob. Any politician who is known by his first name always has a very human side. No one ever dreamt of referring to Sir Robert Borden as "Bob," and no one was ever heard calling William Lyon Mackenzie King "Bill." The late President Roosevelt was intimate enough to call him "Mackenzie." In his early days his nickname was "Rex," but that is today a matter of history.

Rogers went into politics when he was very young. He was only thirty-two, when he first ran for the Dominion House in 1896. Despite the Liberal landslide he was elected for the Manitoba seat of Lisgar. He was at the time a country storekeeper at Clearwater. Three years later he ran for the Manitoba House, and when the Roblin Government was formed in 1900 became minister of public works, holding the post until his retirement in 1911 to enter again Ottawa politics.

There is no question that Roblin and Rogers had considerable influence in 1911 in persuading a wavering Conservative Party at

Ottawa that it should oppose the reciprocity pact. The reciprocity movement had its birth in the West and it was expected that the Prairies would swing solidly behind the Laurier Government's agreement. It was cheering news to Ottawa Conservatives when Roblin and Rogers appeared at the Capital and advised Borden and his lieutenants to fight the measure.

Rogers organized the party in the West and was naturally rewarded with a portfolio. He wanted the portfolio of railways, but he was given first the portfolio of interior and later was assigned a portfolio much more to his liking, that of public works. He came to Ottawa with the reputation of being an astute political manipulator. It was to him that the boys who wanted patronage and political favours looked. He was a dull, dreary and monotonous speaker and was wise enough not to take much part in debates. The Art Gallery and Museum came under his administration as minister of public works, and there was a great laugh in the House when Bob read a learned dissertation on the art plans of the director. Rogers was not noted for his knowledge of literature or the arts, in fact, one of his colleagues told me once that he doubted whether he had ever seriously read a book through.

This may be a canard, but the story was current in Ottawa that Bob's technique was to play poker with his political opponents and lose heavily shortly before his estimates were to be presented. In any case, despite many threats of exposures, when his estimates were before the House he always succeeded in passing them without much difficulty. When attacked his strategy was to drag out of his desk some old Liberal scandal—a good red herring.

Rogers was a great host and at Ottawa entertained wide and handsomely. The story goes that when he first went to Ottawa he and his wife took lessons in etiquette in order to make no social *faux pas*. Bob let his hair grow fairly long and brushed it in the style of Laurier's plumes. It at least gave him the appearance of a statesman.

When Union Government was formed the Liberals in negotiations with Sir Robert Borden were adamant that Rogers was not to be included in the cabinet. Mr. Rogers, who was himself opposed to the Union ministry, retired at that time. He once had ambitions to be leader of a reorganized Conservative Party. He was the guest of honour in Toronto of some of the old guard Tories. Many of them were present with complimentary tickets. I was not present at the dinner, but newspapermen who were there are authority for

the story that when a padre was asked to say a blessing he repeated the very brief one: "For what we are about to receive, we thank God." An inebriated guest at the back of the room misunderstood the blessing and shouted out, "Good old Bob."

Rogers' swan-song politically was at the Conservative convention in Winnipeg in 1927. He seriously thought he had a chance to win the leadership. He looked to the West and to Quebec to support him.

But Rogers had been out of active politics since the formation of Union Government. A new generation had arisen and the older politicians who did know him were aware that he had none of the qualities of a party leader. His nomination speech, part of which was delivered in well memorized, but halting French, ended any chances he might have. In a field of seven he ran sixth and this vote almost disappeared on the second ballot. Mr. Rogers was returned to the House in 1930 at the time of the Conservative landslide, but Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett passed him over, and as a member without office his influence was gone.

Mr. Rogers was intensely jealous of Arthur Meighen. It was an obsession with him. He realized that this rising young Manitoba member had intellectual qualities, debating skill and capabilities which he could not match. I represented at one time at Ottawa two papers in which Mr. Rogers had influence and probably money. I discovered that stories which I sent in regard to Mr. Meighen, who was very apparently the rising star of the party at that time, never appeared. Cautious inquiries on my part revealed that Mr. Rogers was responsible for the killing of these stories.

At the time of the famous Liberal convention of 1919 when Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King was chosen leader, a resolution was moved by W. T. R. Preston, former Liberal organizer and the man responsible for the famous "hug-the-machine" telegram, after a West Elgin by-election in which the Liberal Party won, denouncing manipulation of soldier ballots in the War Time election of 1917. Probably realizing that Mr. Preston's skirts were not altogether clean and that charges of corruption coming from him would not carry much weight, a number of Liberal leaders endeavoured to prevent him from moving his resolution. Mr. Preston tells about it in his volume of reminiscences. The resolution was seconded by J. A. Adamson, a Winnipeg lawyer, who was later made a judge in Manitoba. Mr. Adamson, in the course of his speech, read a telegram which Mr.

Meighen was supposed to have sent to Sir Robert Borden and which created a sensation at the time. The telegram, dated Winnipeg, Dec. 1, 1917, read as follows:

Robt. L. Borden, Ottawa, Ont.

Would like one thousand soldiers' votes at large for Manitoba of which 300 for Selkirk, balance divided between Provencher, Macdonald and Springfield, or same proportion of division no matter what your allotment may be.

Arthur Meighen.

Here is the story of that telegram. When the Union Government Party Organization was formed for Manitoba, it was decided naturally to form one organization with a Liberal Unionist and a Conservative Unionist joint chairmen. It was felt that in the interests of harmony the new organization should have its offices apart from the headquarters of either of the old parties. This was done, but the furniture in the Conservative headquarters was transferred to the Unionist offices for the campaign.

The Liberal Unionist chairman was a well known Winnipeg alderman and the Conservative Unionist chairman a prominent senator. The wire sent to Mr. Borden signed with the name of Mr. Meighen was actually dispatched by the Conservative chairman, who used Mr. Meighen's name, feeling that it would have more influence. As a matter of fact, it was impossible under the act to manipulate the votes as was imagined. When the election was over the furniture was cleaned out and sent back to the Conservative headquarters. However, in the cleaning up process one drawer was missed which contained duplicates of wires sent during the campaign. In looking through the furniture after it was returned the drawer full of telegram carbon copies was found by a Conservative ward heeler, a close friend of Rogers. He turned them over to Rogers and he made certain that this particular telegram, reflecting on Mr. Meighen, found its way into Liberal hands. This is how it came to be read at the Liberal convention.

Rogers died in 1936 in Homewood Sanatorium. His fortune was lost in the depression; his Winnipeg home, where he entertained once so lavishly, was torn down, and his wife died a sad death. It was a tragic end to a curious political career.

Chapter V

Sir Frederick Haultain and the establishment of the
Prairie Provinces — Election frauds — Conservative handicaps
in the West.

ONE of the chief builders of the West was Sir Frederick Haultain, whom I met on a number of occasions and whom I followed in his campaign in the Saskatchewan election of 1912. To the present generation his name is little known, but no man had more to do with the establishment of sound administration and British responsible government in the Northwest Territories.

Sir Frederick was born at Woolwich, England, and came to Canada as a youth. Although he lived all his life in Canada he never lost his English accent. He was educated in Montreal and Peterborough schools and graduated from Toronto University in 1879 in honour classics. He retained throughout his life his love for the classics. The West was just opening up when he graduated, and he followed the C.P.R., first locating at Fort MacLeod, a Mounted Police post, and in the heart of the cow country. He was only twenty-three years of age when he settled at MacLeod. It was a colourful atmosphere into which the young English-Canadian had been projected. It was a country of American whisky traders, Mounted Policemen, ranchers and cowboys.

In 1887 there was set up the Northwest Territorial Legislature and the young man was elected a member representing MacLeod. He was President of the Executive Council from 1897 until 1905 when the new Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were established. Besides holding the post of President of the Council, which in reality made him Premier, he was Attorney-General and Commissioner of Education. He laid the foundations of the laws which governed the West and established a school system for the growing prairies. He was the grand Pooh-Bah as far as the Legislature was concerned and ruled a country as large as several European kingdoms.

It is difficult today to appreciate the task that Haultain faced. Until the coming of the C.P.R. the country was inhabited by Indians, a few half-breeds and not more than a couple of hundred hardy settlers. Settlers began pouring into the country by the thousands; there was the usual rowdy element which follows the wake of every land rush. The Mounted Police were doing a wonderful job in maintaining order, but they had to be supported by the administration and by the new courts which were set up. Schools and hospitals had to be instituted. Upon the youthful Haultain fell the responsibility of establishing in this new empire British Government and British institutions.

By inclination and by tradition Haultain was a Conservative, but he felt it was no time for partisanship and during all the time he was President of the Executive Council he headed a non-partisan government. In fact, his chief critic for a number of years was the youthful R. B. Bennett.

When Laurier decided in 1905 that the growing Northwest Territory should be divided into two Provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta, Haultain opposed the terms. He took the stand that the two Provinces, like those in the East, should have control of their lands, minerals and natural resources. He claimed that it was placing the two Provinces in an inferior position. Time has proven that he was right, and the natural resources have long since been turned back to these Provinces.

As a result of his attitude and his traditional Conservatism, he was passed over by Laurier, despite the fact that he had been head of the Northwest Territories for many years, and Hon. Walter Scott was asked to form a Liberal government in the new Province of Saskatchewan and Hon. A. C. Rutherford in Alberta. Scott's only political experience was one term in Ottawa. Haultain elected to remain with Saskatchewan, while Mr. Bennett headed the Opposition in Alberta. Haultain proceeded to lead in Opposition a Provincial Rights Independent Party. The Liberal Party was fresh from its federal victory of 1904. All its federal organization and financial support was thrown behind Scott. Haultain was without money and had only the loose organization of a non-partisan party. In the older districts of the south Haultain swept the country. Election night he was well in the lead. "Wait until the back townships are heard from," was the comment of Scott. He proved right.

When the returns came in from the newly settled districts Scott had won.

Haultain and his supporters charged there were wide open frauds, and actual stuffing of the ballot boxes. There were no regular lists as most of the municipalities were not organized. All a man had to do was to swear that he had the right to vote. In one riding in the Far North there was an investigation. Haultain's candidate was Sam Donaldson of Prince Albert, a former Mounted Policeman and well and popularly known. He was amazed when reports came in from certain polls in the Far North that the vote was overwhelmingly against him. A judicial inquiry was held and an amazing state of affairs was uncovered. The returning officers were unable to reach the polls by election day so they held their own polls. They played poker in the woods and between pots cast their ballots. They ran out of names and a rabbit scampered by and so they voted Peter Rabbit. Another voter was Jack Pine Tree. The fraud was so obvious that the elected member resigned and Donaldson was returned by acclamation. Members of the Provincial Rights Party insisted that this scandal was repeated in a dozen ridings, where they were unable to man the polls with scrutineers.

I had occasion to visit one of the early sessions of the new Legislature held in Regina. This was before the present handsome Parliament Buildings were erected. The members met in one of the barracks rooms of the Mounted Police which was used as a Legislative Chamber. Every effort was made in these rough surroundings to maintain the dignity of the Mother of Parliaments. Haultain was about the only member with a familiarity of parliamentary rules, regulations and usages. Although he was Opposition leader he dominated the new Assembly and time and again halted the proceedings to point out that the procedure was wrong and even had to keep the Speaker right.

Haultain continued to lead the Opposition. He maintained the name Provincial Rights Party until his retirement in 1912, when he was promoted by Sir Robert Borden to be chief justice of the Province. He was a cultured gentleman and a classical student, yet no one more enjoyed roughing it with the cowboys of the plains. He was welcomed in every settler's home. The latch was always out for Haultain. He was quiet and unassuming. He was guileless and was not a political manipulator. He was helpless against the powerful machine the Liberal Party had built up in the West. He was a great

raconteur and liked nothing better than to spend a night with some Western old-timer talking of the pioneer days.

I was always prejudiced against Scott. Shortly after I joined the Winnipeg *Telegram* staff I was sent by the late J. F. B. Livesay, for many years general manager of the Canadian Press, who was editorial writer on the paper, to interview Scott, and particularly to find out from him the date of the coming election of the new government. Scott was registered at the old Empire Hotel. Obviously he was not prepared to give out the date of the election and particularly to make the announcement first to a Conservative paper. He calmly told me that he had no idea when the election was to be held and intimated that no consideration had yet been given to the subject. Being a fairly green reporter and more naïve about politicians than later in life, I wrote a story accordingly. The next day Mr. Scott on his return to Regina announced the date of the election.

The reasons for the decline and almost disappearance of the Conservative Party in Saskatchewan would be an interesting subject for a thesis. In the first place, the new settlers, who poured into the Province under the vigorous immigration policy of Sir Clifford Sifton, felt that they owed a debt to the Liberal Party, which had located them on their homesteads. The Liberal Party organizers were not backward in confirming them in these views.

In addition, most of the settlers from Europe—Ukrainians, Poles, Russians, etc.—were fleeing from countries where the word Conservative stood for reactionary elements which had oppressed them. The very name Liberal appealed to them. There were many settlers from the United States and they associated the name "Tory" with the loyalists of the American Revolution and King George III and the Boston Tea Party.

The name Conservative was a handicap from the start. Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen on several occasions discussed a change in the name of the party. He told me once that he would have favoured the name Nationalist, if it had not already been appropriated by Bourassa and his Quebec sectionals. Then the Liberal orators, in Saskatchewan particularly, put the responsibility on "the big interests" of the East and "the bloated capitalists of St. James Street and Bay Street" for every grievance of which the Western farmers complained, and lined up the Conservative Party as creatures of these interests. The Liberal papers, and it was not long until the papers were all

supporters of the Liberal Party, rang with these denunciations. The Liberal Party built up in Saskatchewan a powerful political machine which, if it was not as corrupt as the Roblin-Rogers organization, was even more astute and bolder in the use of patronage.

When the time came in 1917 to form Union Government, Saskatchewan was the chief stumbling block from a Liberal standpoint in the West. John W. Dafoe had not much difficulty in persuading T. A. Crerar, his close friend, later leader of the Progressive Party, to enter the Cabinet as representing Manitoba. Sir Clifford Sifton drew in his brother, Hon. Arthur Sifton, who was Premier of Alberta, to represent that Province. But the Saskatchewan Liberals hung back. It was with great difficulty that Hon. J. A. Calder was finally persuaded to enter the Ministry.

It was realization of the attitude of the West towards the Conservatives that led Hon. John Bracken, at the convention at which he was elected leader in 1942, to be so insistent on a change of name to Progressive Conservative. He had led a Progressive-Liberal Government in Manitoba, and had always been regarded as a friend of the farmers. He felt that by linking up the name Progressive with Conservative he could carry them with him.

Chapter VI

Woodsworth's early days — His religious struggles—book collaboration — Woodsworth breaks with Methodist Church — Appreciation of Woodsworth.

ONE of my first acquaintances when I went to Winnipeg was Rev. J. S. Woodsworth, later the founder and the leader of the C.C.F. party. Mr. Woodsworth was assistant pastor of Grace Methodist Church, the leading downtown Methodist Church. He was deeply interested in a Young Men's Club connected with the church, which was a forum for debates and discussions. Many young men, later prominent in the life of the city, were members. The president one year was D. C. Coleman, who later became president of the C.P.R. At that time he was secretary to Sir George Bury. Mr. Woodsworth then had no thought that he would ever enter politics or be the founder of a party. He had no interest in politics.

There developed a lifelong friendship. We went different roads with a different outlook on life. However, I retained always the highest regard for Mr. Woodsworth and the greatest respect for his deep sincerity, earnestness and complete honesty. There was no man I ever knew who had about him so little cant or hypocrisy. He was the type out of which martyrs are made. If he had lived in another age he would have gladly burned at the stake for his convictions.

My only business venture during my whole newspaper career was in connection with the Young Men's Club. Those were the thriving days of The Chautauqua, when lectures by prominent men were popular. The Young Men's Club was anxious to put on a series of lectures, but found that the only men available were Americans. They wanted a Canadian course. I decided that I would attempt handling a series of Canadian lectures for the Young Men's Club and throughout the West. I arranged for a series of four lectures in Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina and Saskatoon. In the mean-

time I had gone to Ottawa to the Press Gallery for a session. I had become acquainted with Sir George Foster, and I arranged with Sir George to be the star of the series. Sir George at that time was not a member of the House, and had been under a cloud owing to the insurance investigation in which his name was involved. He doubtless was anxious to regain the limelight and reinstate himself in public favour.

When he was in Winnipeg the Conservatives of the city gave him a banquet. At this banquet Sir Rodmond Robin, premier of Manitoba, was one of the speakers. At the time the naval policy of the Laurier Government, which called for several destroyers on both coasts, was being bitterly discussed. Sir Rodmond referred to the "Tin-pot-navy" of the Laurier Government. It was a term which stuck, and which had doubtless considerable influence on the electorate. I attempted also to secure Henri Bourassa as one of the lecturers, but he politely declined. The series may have been a success, but I was lucky to break even, and I abandoned any idea of being an impresario.

Mr. Woodsworth was of U.E. Loyalist stock, and he often mentioned the fact that he inherited from his grandfather the wrought-iron sword with which he fought the rebels under William Lyon Mackenzie. His office in the House of Commons was adorned with two trophies of his own valour—a hook he used when a longshoreman on the Vancouver docks and a baton as a souvenir of the Winnipeg strike.

His father was a pioneer Methodist missionary in Western Canada, a fine, kindly Christian gentleman. In these pious surroundings his three sons entered the ministry. Joseph became a missionary like his father to the Indians in the West. Another, Harold, the youngest of the family, worked with me one summer on the *Winnipeg Telegram* when I was city editor. He would have made an excellent newspaperman. However, he went to Japan as a missionary. James S. was the oldest. He graduated in Arts from Wesley College, Manitoba University, studied theology at Victoria College, Toronto, and thence went to Oxford.

There is such a thing as being over-conscientious. Mr. Woodsworth toiled all his life with his soul and his conscience. Early in his ministerial career he found himself unable to agree with all the doctrines of his Church. He had doubts as to the interpretation accepted by his Church in regard to baptism and the Lord's Supper.

He was not sure whether he was in agreement with all of the theology laid down by the Church. He was not certain whether he had been converted the orthodox Methodist way. As early as 1902, shortly after his ordination, he handed in his resignation, but was dissuaded by his father. Finally in 1907 he persisted in his resignation. He came to the conclusion that he was un-Methodistical in his approach to the doctrines of the Church, and he probably was. A committee of the Winnipeg Conference met with him and came to the conclusion that there was nothing in his doctrinal beliefs and adherence to the discipline to warrant his separation from the ministry. His resignation was rejected and he was assured he was not a heretic.

Although Mr. Woodsworth's resignation was not accepted, he decided to resign from pastoral charges. Already interested in social work, he was appointed director of All People's Mission in the north end of the city, where the foreign population was largely concentrated. This was operated under the aegis of the Methodist Church.

My chief assignment for a couple of years on the *Winnipeg Telegram* was the railroads. These were the booming days of the West when almost daily long trains of immigrants from every country in Europe landed in Winnipeg—British, Swedes, Galicians, Poles, Finlanders, Russians, every nationality from that cosmopolitan continent. I became interested in the history and the customs of these newcomers and followed, with the interest of an inquiring reporter, their assimilation—if there was any—as Canadians. Mr. Woodsworth was interested because he had in his North-end mission this mixture of immigrants with all their economic and social problems.

Mr. Woodsworth suggested that we co-operate on a book which would be published by The Young People's Forward Movement of the Methodist Church as a text book and would have possibly a wider sale. This threw us closely together and we planned our book. I wrote a half-dozen chapters, when I was sent to Ottawa by the *Telegram* and Mr. Woodsworth was left to finish the book. It was the first volume written on the newcomers of the West, and was called *Strangers Within Our Gates*.

With all the zeal and energy of youth, Mr. Woodsworth devoted himself to the welfare of the people crowding into the new slums of Winnipeg. He became the friend and advocate of the underdog.

He was so successful in this work and had shown such leadership that in 1914, just before the outbreak of the Great War, he was named

director of the Bureau of Social Research established in Winnipeg under the auspices of the three Prairie Provinces. It was an appointment which suited Mr. Woodsworth. It was a great opportunity. But Mr. Woodsworth had his own views on the war. He was a thorough-going pacifist. He did not believe in keeping his views to himself. He wrote letters to the papers and expressed his opinions on the platform. The country was all wrought up over the war; patriotic fervour was sweeping over the Prairies; the three Western Governments were all supporting vigorously the war effort. Mr. Woodsworth was after all a civil servant. So in 1916 Mr. Woodsworth was silenced by abolishing the job.

He was still a minister of the Methodist Church and he was appointed to a small mission on the Pacific Coast, Gibson's Landing. Most of the eligible men in the mission had enlisted in the army, and his pacifist sermons were not received with enthusiasm or in a spirit of Christian charity. He became interested in a local co-operative store, which brought down on his head the wrath of a gentleman who was the leading member of the congregation. He was asked for his resignation. Mr. Woodsworth decided not only to resign from the mission, but finally to resign from the Methodist ministry on the grounds that the Church had become an active recruiting agency of the army. This time the resignation was accepted without argument.

Mr. Woodsworth found himself in a desperate position financially. He had six small children. His faithful wife, who was a graduate of Toronto University and whom I knew while a student there, found a position as a school teacher. With his education as a graduate of both Toronto University and Oxford, he could doubtless have found an easier job, but it was typical of Mr. Woodsworth, like a religious zealot of earlier days, to flagellate his soul and body by taking the hardest physical job he could find. He sought work as a longshoreman on the docks of Vancouver and soon obtained a union ticket. With his ability on the platform he became one of the union leaders. This was the beginning of his connection with the labour movement.

I am not going to trace his later activities—as one of the leaders of the famous Winnipeg strike, as a labour member of Parliament, and as the founder and leader of the C.C.F. Our lives went in different directions. After coming to London I rarely saw him. The last time was on the occasion of a visit to London when we talked over earlier Winnipeg days. He got a great laugh over the fact that

at the time of the Winnipeg strike, when he was editing the paper of the strikers, he was arrested for publishing some extracts from the Prophet Isaiah.

Mr. Woodsworth was a radical and an idealist; he carried his idealism to the extreme in his pacificism. But he was not a revolutionary. He believed in working out social and economic reforms by constitutional methods. Whether one agreed with him or not, one was compelled to admire his intense earnestness, his deep sincerity, his hatred of all shams and his courage.

Chapter VII

Ottawa debut — Politics a serious business — The Press Gallery as a postgraduate school for newspapermen — Some real old-timers — The Parliament Buildings fire — Displaced dinosaurs.

I WAS first sent to Ottawa by the *Winnipeg Telegram* to cover the parliamentary session of 1907-1908. I was so intrigued with Ottawa, and so interested in politics and the Bohemian life of the Press Gallery, that I made up my mind, if the opportunity ever came, I would locate in the capital. This chance did not come until 1911. In the meantime I had joined the *Winnipeg Tribune* as news editor. The day after the Sept. 11 election of 1911 I walked over to the *Telegram* office and asked Mr. Nichols, the managing editor, for a job as Ottawa correspondent. I pointed out that Hon. Robert Rogers, who was interested in the *Telegram*, was almost certain of a portfolio, and that it would be necessary to have a representative in the capital. I was the only man available in Winnipeg with Ottawa experience.

"You are wasting no time," said Mr. Nichols. "We have not even considered the matter."

A few days later he sent for me and asked me if I still wanted to go to Ottawa. I assured him in the affirmative.

"All right," he said, "you are appointed. How soon can you get away? Borden will be forming his cabinet and we would like you to be there."

I said that it was customary to give two weeks' notice, but I would have a talk with Mr. Richardson, proprietor of the *Tribune*. Mr. Richardson was sympathetic, being an old Press Gallery man, and he thought it was an opportunity. He would not stand in my way, and so a week later I was on the train for Ottawa.

At this time there were few independent newspapers in the country, most of the papers being either owned or directed by political

parties or politicians, or controlled by publishers or editors who took their politics seriously. There was no Canadian Press such as today, which gives impartial and unbiased reports of parliamentary proceedings. Each paper provided its own complete report and, except for a few of the larger and wealthier newspapers which could afford to keep large staffs at Ottawa, the reports were comparatively meagre, coloured and unsatisfactory. The cost of keeping competent reporters at Ottawa, and the expense of telegraph tolls, made it impossible for any but large metropolitan papers to give comprehensive coverage.

Papers, likewise, in those days were much more partisan in character. A Conservative paper covered the speeches of its leaders and more or less ignored the speeches of the Liberals and *vice versa*. Reports were biased and unfair. I recall an incident in 1913 which illustrates this point. The Naval Aid Bill debate was then at its height. I represented amongst other papers the *Fredericton Gleaner*, then owned and edited by the late James Crockett, an ardent Conservative and a great friend of Sir Douglas Hazen, a cabinet minister from New Brunswick. Sir Robert Borden had put forward his proposals and the whole country awaited the stand taken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. A day came when Sir Wilfrid outlined his position, but preceding him Sir Douglas had also spoken, though with no particular bearing on the subject.

I wired the *Gleaner* to this effect: "Sir Wilfrid Laurier has spoken on the naval question. How much do you want?" Then as an afterthought I added: "Hazen spoke this afternoon. Do you want anything of his speech?"

Back came the wire: "Ignore Laurier entirely. Send Hazen verbatim."

In those days government news was treated like patronage for the government papers. It was one way a grateful ministry paid newspapers for support. Opposition papers could obtain any government news only through the kindness of friendly correspondents or through underground sources. The coming of the Canadian Press, together with the necessity of securing in war time the support of all papers, no matter what their politics, changed all of this. Sir Robert Borden for some time held weekly conferences with the newspapermen on the line of the Roosevelt conferences in Washington. The Canadian Press set up in Ottawa a non-partisan bureau which covered impartially the proceedings of the House and Senate and

general Ottawa news. The country for the first time obtained a fair picture of what was going on at Ottawa. My own opinion is that the credit for the development of independent political thinking in Canada and the breaking down of party lines—for better or for worse—must largely go to the Canadian Press.

The entrance of the Canadian Press at Ottawa altered very much the character of the work of the newspaper correspondents. At first the old-timers resented the coming of the news service. They imagined it would kill their jobs, but in the end it lightened their work and improved their positions. In the old days shorthand was almost essential, and the members of the Press Gallery were so confined by the necessity of covering all the speeches that they had little time for interpretation of parliamentary proceedings, or for explanation of political developments. The Canadian Press has taken the routine burden off the shoulders of the Ottawa correspondents. They have more time for political comment and interpretation of the political trends. The actual proceedings of the House of Commons and the Senate are largely covered by the Canadian Press. The duties of the Ottawa correspondent today can largely be described as forecasting what is likely to happen and interpreting developments afterwards.

The Press Gallery has always been a training ground for Canadian editors. It is a post graduate school for newspapermen. There is no better education for an embryo editor. At Ottawa a reporter secures a Dominion-wide outlook on Canadian affairs, which can be obtained in no other manner. He meets newspapermen from every Province; he becomes acquainted with members from all parts of Canada; he hears Canadian national problems discussed. French and English journalists meet and become friends in the mellowing influence of the Press Gallery surroundings. Most of the leading editors of Canada, past and present, have had some Press Gallery experience. It was his Press Gallery experience and his close acquaintance with leading Liberals at Ottawa which led to the choice of Sir John Willison in the nineties as editor of the *Toronto Globe*. He frankly admits in his reminiscences that the choice was the choice of the politicians.

Sir John of the *Globe* and the *Toronto News*; Joseph Atkinson of the *Toronto Star*; Dr. P. D. Ross, veteran publisher and editor of the *Ottawa Journal*; Dr. John W. Dafoe of the *Winnipeg Free Press*; Dr. S. D. Scott of Saint John, N.B. and later of

Vancouver; Robert S. White of the *Montreal Gazette*; M. E. Nichols, and many other of the most notable Canadian editors were Press Gallery graduates. John Bassett, president of the *Montreal Gazette* and Paul Bilkey, until recently editor of the *Gazette*; Harry Anderson, editor of the *Toronto Globe*; Gratton O'Leary of the *Ottawa Journal*; Fernand Rinfret, later editor of *Le Canada* and Secretary of State in King's Cabinet; Oliver Asselin, eccentric Nationalist editor and orator, who boasted of his libel suits; Georges Pelletier, editor of *Le Devoir*, Bourassa's old paper; Fred Landon, representative of the London *Free Press* and Vice-President of the University of Western Ontario, were all members of the Gallery in my days.

When I entered the Press Gallery in 1908 there were three old-timers who had been there since the early eighties. There was Robert MacLeod, who died only recently and who represented the *Ottawa Citizen* and, for many years, the great English news service, Reuters. There was William Mackenzie who represented a string of Liberal papers, and was close to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Fred Cook, who was for years the chief Gallery correspondent of the *Mail* and later the *Mail and Empire*, and acted in Ottawa as the Canadian correspondent of the London (England) *Times*. At the time of the death of Sir John A. Macdonald these three men watched for days at the gate of Earncliffe, his home, and flashed the news of the death of the old Conservative chieftain.

Mr. Mackenzie, who was born in Scotland, was a sincere and earnest hard-shell Liberal who took his politics seriously. Shortly after I went to Ottawa a deputation waited on Sir Wilfrid to urge that Mr. Mackenzie be given a government post. Sir Wilfrid jokingly told the Gallery members that if all his followers deserted him he knew he could still count on Mr. Mackenzie as a faithful Liberal. He appointed him to a new post, which he called secretary for Imperial and Foreign correspondence for the Privy Council. He was in reality the first external affairs official, although that department had not yet been created. When Sir Robert Borden assumed office three years later there was curiosity and anxiety amongst his friends concerning Mr. Mackenzie holding such a confidential position. Could he be trusted by the Tories? However, Sir Robert continued him in the post, and he became one of his confidential officials. Twice Sir Robert sent him to Washington on important missions. Mr.

Mackenzie was proud of the trust which was placed in him and which was never broken.

Mr. Cook was an Englishman by birth, and was as strong a Conservative as Mr. Mackenzie was a Liberal. Mr. Cook started his Canadian newspaper career on the *Montreal Star* and then joined the *Toronto Mail*, which sent him to Ottawa as the head of its bureau. He was prominent in Ottawa municipal circles and was mayor for two years. In the stormy political days of the nineties after the death of Sir John A., Mr. Cook was close to the Conservative leaders and was on the inside of the intrigues which went on within the party at that time. The last time I saw him in the Chateau Laurier several years before his death he had so shrivelled up he looked like a gargoyle, which had escaped from the Parliament Buildings. He was appointed King's Printer and held that position until his death.

Bob MacLeod was the least politically-minded of the three men, and looked at affairs more with the eyes of a disinterested newspaperman. He was born in Nova Scotia, his father being an old sea-captain, and although he lived most of his life in Ottawa he never lost his love of the sea or adventure. He rarely talked about it, but in the eighties he took two years off from newspaper work and financed a treasure hunt on the Cocos Islands, with maps that had been found in Nova Scotia. He and his colleagues located no treasure and their schooner was wrecked. MacLeod found himself stranded in South America; he worked on the old de Lessep Canal and later on the Nicaragua Canal. He returned to Ottawa and the Press Gallery and forgot treasure hunting. He was one of the kindest souls who ever sat in the Press Gallery.

Looking back today upon those great days in the Press Gallery I find them perhaps the most interesting and the most valuable of my life. It was worth while, if only for the great friendships one formed with newspapermen who made their mark in their profession, and with cabinet ministers, and members of the House across the Dominion.

The most exciting night of my Press Gallery experiences was the night the old Parliament Buildings burned down. It was a bitterly cold February night in 1916—Feb. 3, to be exact—when I was one of two newspapermen in the Gallery, which was located over the Speaker's chair. The other was Bill Wallis, then of the *Mail and Empire*. Sir Sam Hughes had a dinner at the Chateau Laurier that night which was being attended by a number of newspaper corres-

pondents—just at this time I was off his good books. Others were working in the press room or loitering in the bar. It was a dull evening, with the estimates of the Fisheries Department under consideration. Sir Douglas Hazen was leading the House. I was writing my daily report and keeping one eye on W. S. Loggie, M.P. for Northumberland, who was drearily discussing the question of improved transportation for fish from the Maritimes. There was barely a quorum of members, and fortunately the spectators' galleries were almost deserted. Suddenly I noticed a commotion at the main door of the chamber facing the Speaker's chair. I saw two men rush in. One was C. R. Stewart, the chief door-keeper, and the other Frank Glass, M.P. for East Middlesex. One of them called out, "There is a big fire in the reading room. Everybody get out quickly!"

Hon. E. N. Rhodes, who was deputy speaker, was in the chair at the time and at once, and without ceremony, adjourned the House. Everyone seemed dazed. The alarm was not taken seriously. I thought there was a fire in some part of the building, but did not imagine there was a disaster or that one was imminent. The two of us in the Gallery slowly picked up our papers, taking our time, and went down the winding stairs to the corridor. To our amazement we saw thick black smoke was pouring along the passage, although the passage south to the main lobby and the front doors was clear. I glanced into Room 16, the Conservative headquarters just back of the chamber, and saw that everyone had been warned and was gone.

By this time the black, almost oily smoke was rolling heavily. I ran to the main corridor and thence to the Press room on the west side of the building. I met Sir Robert Borden and his secretary without hats or overcoats, running towards the exit. Sir Robert shouted to me to get out. I dashed into the Press room, where only a dozen newspaper correspondents were working, and shouted "Fire!" They thought I was crazy. John MacCormack, then representing the *Montreal Gazette* and today the *New York Times* correspondent in Vienna, went to the door and as he opened it the smoke poured in. There was a mad rush. We all got out safely, although Albert Carle, the correspondent of *Le Devoir*, had to crawl on his hands and knees to escape.

One of the first men I met when I reached the lobby was the late Hon. Martin Burrell. His face was badly burned, and he was rushed to the hospital. Mr. Burrell's office was off the reading room,

where the fire started, and he and his secretary, William Ide, had to rush through the flames to safety. Several members of the House took their time getting out of the chamber, and when the lights suddenly went out were nearly trapped. George Elliott, M.P. for North Middlesex, was given credit for presence of mind in saving all those in the chamber. He called to the members to join hands and he led them to safety. There were seven lives lost in the catastrophe, including B. B. Law, member for Yarmouth, who was in his room at the time on an upper floor.

It was in the midst of the war. Feeling ran high, and there were naturally rumours that the building was set on fire by the Germans. However, the reading room was filled with papers and combustible pine reading stands, and there is not much doubt that it started from some careless reader leaving a cigar or cigarette on a stand, despite the rules against smoking. It was a spectacular fire, and when the blaze finally reached the main tower and the flames swept skyward it was a gorgeous, if terrifying, sight.

The newspapermen moved down to a little office the C.P.R. provided, and there most of us worked all night and most of the next day until the fire was under control. The government took speedy action and moved into the Victoria Museum, where there was a fair-sized auditorium which was used as a House of Commons chamber. The House met here briefly on Wednesday and Thursday and adjourned until Monday. In the four days the Public Works Department showed that they could work fast and expertly if necessary. By Monday quarters had been arranged for the Cabinet Ministers, the members, the officials and the staff. The dinosaurs, the pictures in the National Gallery, the Indian relics and the geological specimens were packed in the basement or moved to other buildings. Here until the new building was ready for opening the House of Commons met. It was the scene of many historic debates, including the one on conscription, which led to the formation of Union Government and the debate on the nationalization of the Canadian National Railway. It was while the House occupied this chamber that Sir Wilfrid Laurier died.

One of the great features of the Press Gallery is the annual Press Gallery dinner. During the war and after the fire the dinner was dropped for several years. The opening of the new Parliament Buildings was the occasion for an historic dinner at which many former members like myself were present. I had in the meantime

joined the London *Free Press*. Tom Blacklock was the president. Lord Byng attended, as did all the parliamentary notables. I recall a most amusing speech by Hon. George P. Graham, who at the time was Minister of Militia. As an old newspaperman he interviewed himself as Minister to prove how little he really knew about militia matters. There was a speech by Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, who was at the time Speaker of the House of Commons. He told how as a young man he had been present in the British House of Commons when Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule Bill. Again, he represented Canada at the opening of the first South African Parliament, when Boer and Briton joined together under responsible government. Finally, with magnificent eloquence and deep feeling, he told of being present at the French Chamber of Deputies after the First Great War when the deputies from Alsace-Lorraine were welcomed back. It was one of the finest orations to which I have ever listened.

Chapter VIII

Survivors of Confederation Parliament — Sir Mackenzie
Bowell — Sir James Grant — Senator Baker — Maritime bitter-
enders.

AT THE time I entered the Press Gallery in 1908 the spirit of Sir John A. Macdonald still hovered over the Conservative Party. There were a number of members who had sat in the House with him and had many stories to tell of the old chief.

It is hard to realize, but there were then many alive who sat in the first Canadian House of Commons in 1867. It was during the session of 1908-1909 that the Ottawa Canadian Club conceived the bright idea of giving a dinner in honour of the survivors of the first Parliament. It was possibly the most interesting function I ever attended.

Great pains were taken by those in charge of the dinner, which was held in the parliamentary restaurant, to secure the names of the survivors. Twenty-four names were discovered and printed on the official banquet list, but on the night of the dinner one of the veterans, Sheriff Hagar of Prescott, whom everyone had forgotten and whom his former colleagues had thought long since dead, put in an appearance. The next few years the old-timers dropped off rapidly, and Sheriff Hagar, when he died, was the last survivor of the first Parliament.

The roll of honour as it stood at that time showed what a distinguished group of Canadians were elected to that famous Parliament. Here was the list: Lord Strathcona, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. C. A. Pelletier, Sir John Carling, Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. John Costigan, W. J. Macdonald, Senator Miller, Senator Ross, Senator McLaren, Senator T. Young, Sir James Grant, Hon. W. H. Roy, Dr. H. Cameron, A. W. Savard, Leverett de V. Chipman, Frank Killam, H. Nathan, Francis Purdom, Basile Benoit, Senator Baker, Senator MacDonald and Sheriff Hagar.

Of this group of distinguished men, between illness and the distance from Ottawa for aged men, only eight were able to be present. First and foremost was Sir Mackenzie Bowell, at that time still ruddy-cheeked, vigorous and full of fire. To his left was Senator Ross, an uncompromising Liberal of the old Nova Scotian school of politics, an anti-Confederationist and a follower and admirer of Howe. There was Senator Miller, also of Nova Scotia, who was a Conservative and supporter of Confederation. It was Senator Ross who once called Senator Miller in the Upper House "a toothless old viper." The latter challenged him to a foot race from the gates of the Parliament Buildings to the Senate Chamber. Then there was Hon. John Costigan, witty Irishman and astute politician. Next was Sir James Grant, distinguished physician and scientist, who showed that he still possessed some of the eloquence of his youth. There was Senator Baker, one of the pioneers of the Eastern Townships, and regarded in his day as one of the best stump speakers in Canada. His son, Col. Harry Baker, was killed overseas, the only Member of Parliament to lose his life in the First Great War. There is a tablet in the Parliament Buildings in his honour. Basile Benoit, one of the old "bleus," a staunch supporter of Sir John A. Macdonald all his life, came next, and finally Sheriff Hagar, a George Brown Liberal.

A number of interesting letters of reminiscence were read at this banquet from those who could not be present. Sir John Carling, confined to his home in London through illness, wrote of an incident of pre-Confederation days which sheds light on the events leading to union. He said he was travelling from London to Quebec where the Legislature was being held. At Toronto, Hon. George Brown got on the train, likewise headed for the opening of the Legislature. Naturally they fell to talking over the political situation and the deadlock which was causing deep concern to all Canadians.

"John A. has the chance of his life," said Brown, slapping Carling on his knee.

"What's that?" queried Sir John.

"Go in for Confederation."

"Will you support him?" Sir John inquired.

"Yes, I will," replied Brown.

Sir John wrote that he asked permission to convey this information to his Leader and his Cabinet. This was granted. "I lost no time," wrote Sir John, "in informing the Ministers of the state of

affairs, and the policy of Confederation was shortly afterwards adopted." His son, the late John Carling, assured me his father on various occasions had told him of this incident.

Two of the absent members in writing their regrets claimed the distinction of being the baby members of the first House. They were Frank Killam and Dr. Cameron.

All of the eight guests spoke delightfully of the early days of Canada. Sir Mackenzie Bowell told of a trip he took across the Prairies in the seventies long before the coming of the railroad and when settlement was largely confined to the Red River Valley. There were just a few scattered outposts in the West. He drove from Deloraine to Fort MacLeod, thence to Edmonton, and then followed the Saskatchewan River down to Prince Albert. He also rode on horseback from Fort MacLeod to the Columbia River over the mountains. It would be a long and arduous journey even today, but how much so when the Indians were still the chief inhabitants of the West and the buffalo still roamed in huge herds. Sir Mackenzie said he obtained a vision of the West which he never lost.

Sir James Grant told an interesting story of his entrance into politics. Before Confederation he had been a student in medicine at McGill University. He lived with his uncle, a former Hudson Bay official, whom the factors visited when they paid their annual visit to Montreal. The young student sat with open mouth as they told stories of the West and heard them discuss the resources and possibilities of this hitherto almost unknown country.

"I became as a result," he said, "a strong believer in Confederation and in a trans-continental railway to link up East and West. After graduating I settled in Ottawa and started practising medicine. I happened to speak at a public meeting in Ottawa and referred to the subjects most in my mind, Confederation and the West. Sir John A. Macdonald heard of my speech, and I was astonished when he sent for me and told me he wanted me to run for Parliament. As a result I accepted nomination for Ottawa, was elected, and sat in the first House. Through my advocacy of a trans-continental railway, I introduced the first railway bill. I was told that I was fit for a lunatic asylum, that it would not pay for axle grease. Look at it today."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Premier, introduced to the gathering Senator Baker. Sir Wilfrid remarked that he was one of the best stump speakers Canada had produced, as he had found out to his

loss in many a political fight in Quebec in the early days. Senator Baker, despite the fact he was in his eighties, showed that he had not lost his old-time power. He took a gentle rise out of Sir Wilfrid in his opening remarks. "I remember," he said, "when he first entered the House, tall, handsome, well-dressed and sprightly. I remarked to my desk-mate:

" 'Who is that young man?'

"He replied, 'Laurier, the new member for Arthabaskaville.' "

"I sized him up and remarked, 'Mark my words, that young man will do mischief in Canada yet.' "

No one laughed more heartily than Laurier at the joke on himself.

There was an echo at the banquet of the opposition with which Confederation met in the Maritime Provinces. Two of those present, Hon. John Costigan and Senator Ross, announced themselves as having been anti-Federationists.

"I fought to the last for the independence of my Province," said Costigan. "As to how Confederation was carried in New Brunswick," he grimly added, "I hope that page of history is never written."

"It was forced down our throats," added Senator Ross in a tone of bitterness. How stubborn was the opposition to Confederation could be seen from the memories of those veterans, although both admitted satisfaction with the results of it. The reminiscences of Senator Ross, I remember, included sketches of some of the big men of the Legislature of Nova Scotia immediately preceding Confederation. There was Sir Charles Tupper, Sir James Johnson, Sir William Young, and, above all, Joseph Howe. He described them as "the most brilliant galaxy of men ever gathered together in a provincial legislature." Passing on to the Dominion House, he told of Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, whose English, he said, sounded like nails shaken up in a bag, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Hon. Edward Blake, and the group of remarkable men to be found in the Commons of 1867.

Chapter IX

Connaught arrives in Quebec — Cabinet secrets leak —
Sir Sam Hughes and Connaught — Sir Frederick Smith talks
out of turn.

THE Borden Government had been barely sworn into office when most of the new Cabinet Ministers, headed by the Prime Minister, left by special train for Quebec City to welcome to Canada the new Governor-General, the Duke of Connaught, son of Queen Victoria. I went, along with many other newspapermen, to cover the event. It was my first visit to the ancient capital.

There is an unwritten law that one Governor-General must be out of Canada before a new one arrives; in other words, there cannot be two representatives of the King in Canada at the same time. The vessel carrying the Duke had reached the St. Lawrence River before Earl Grey, the retiring Governor, and his family had left Quebec City on a British warship for England. The Duke's ship had been held up in the St. Lawrence until Grey had sailed. There was some misunderstanding about the time of the arrival of the ship at Quebec with Connaught, his family and staff.

The Duke reached the Quebec docks slightly ahead of time. The official party was on hand to welcome his Excellency, but a military band which was to be present to play "God Save the King" was late. As the Duke stepped off the boat the bandmen could be seen running down the steep hill. They were so out of breath that they had to wait several minutes before they were able properly to salute the representative of His Majesty with the National Anthem.

The Duke of Connaught had been a soldier most of his life, but was without any parliamentary experience or any training in responsible government. It was difficult often for him to appreciate the limitations of his position. On various occasions, and particularly on the outbreak of the First Great War, there were misunder-

standings on his part as to his duties and functions. Sir Robert Borden occasionally was forced to talk plainly to the Duke, who fortunately was not of the arbitrary type and was only too anxious to co-operate with the government in observing the proper duties of his office.

Sir Robert told me, and this is borne out by his memoirs, that much of the trouble of the government with Government House arose through the influence of the Military Secretary, Colonel Staunton. He had been the governor at one time of a dependency in Burma, and he seemed to be under the impression that we were a lot of Burmese to be governed.

When the Duke of Connaught was retiring Sir Robert was consulted by the British authorities as to the new occupant of Rideau Hall, and several names were suggested. Sir Robert replied that any of the men proposed would make an excellent Governor; he had no particular choice, but he did want some say as to the Military Secretary whose duties brought him in close contact with the Ministry. As a result, when the Duke of Devonshire was appointed to succeed Connaught the new Military Secretary was a former member of the British House of Commons, who understood thoroughly responsible government and the constitutional limitations of the Governor.

I recall one rather amusing incident when I was secretary of the Parliamentary Press Gallery. It was the custom of the government to give out news of important appointments as soon as they were decided upon by the Cabinet. The result was that the Governor-General read of the appointments in the Ottawa papers before he had received the order-in-council for his signature. The Duke naturally objected, and technically he was right. Sir Robert ordered that the news of such appointments should not be made public until they had been signed by the Governor. This was easier said than done. A Cabinet Minister would tell his wife, and she would tell a friend, and the friend would have a friend, and despite all Sir Robert could do, the news would leak out. Finally he warned his Ministers that under no circumstances were they to talk.

One day there were a number of important New Brunswick appointments, including a senator and a lieutenant-governor approved by the Cabinet. Sir Douglas Hazen, who was the representative in the Ministry from New Brunswick, slipped the news to Alfred McGinley, a New Brunswick newspaperman, who was in the Press Gallery

temporarily on behalf of the *St. John Standard*, a staunch Conservative paper, which strongly supported Sir Douglas.

He was not very familiar with newspaper practice and never dreamt that there was any likelihood of the news being published in the Ottawa papers. Mr. McGinley, knowing nothing of Sir Robert's efforts to hold up such announcements until officially approved by the Governor-General, and anxious to repay the courtesies of the Press Gallery to him, handed out the news to all the Ottawa correspondents. The next morning when the papers reached Rideau Hall the Governor-General found these important appointments, including a lieutenant-governorship, on the front page. It was the first time he had heard of them. He was very annoyed, and conveyed his annoyance to the Prime Minister. Sir Robert was not only dismayed, but exceedingly angry. He came to the conclusion that there was some leakage amongst the officials of the Privy Council staff. He would get to the bottom of it all. So he called in Sir Percy Sherwood, who was the head of the Secret Service at the time, and asked him to do some quiet investigating. Sir Percy came to me as secretary of the Press Gallery to see if he could obtain a lead. I told him to inform Sir Robert that he had better not pursue the inquiry too far, or he might have to arrest someone pretty close to him. Sir Percy, who was a wise old owl, took the hint, and that was the last heard of the incident.

Technically the Governor-General, as the direct representative of the King, is the commander of the Canadian Army, just as His Majesty on paper is the head of the British armed forces. The Duke of Connaught, as an old soldier who had seen much fighting in the Empire's minor wars and was deeply stirred by the Great War, had difficulty in realizing that as Governor-General he was only an observer and could only furnish advice if asked. The outcome was that there were a number of clashes and evidence of bad feeling between the Duke and Sir Sam Hughes, who resented any interference with his rights and privileges as Minister, or any impingement on his authority. If Sir Sam had had his way he would have been commander of the Canadian Army at the front as well as Minister of Defence. He saw no inconsistency in holding the two positions. On a number of occasions Sir Robert had to act as peacemaker between the Duke and his impulsive Minister.

Sir Sam's dislike of the Duke of Connaught became almost an obsession with him and frequently at press conferences he frankly

aired his views. The Duchess of Connaught was the daughter of "Red Prince" Charles, one of Bismarck's commanders in the Franco-German war of 1871, and he even questioned her loyalty as a daughter of a Prussian general. The Duchess was the head of the Prisoners' Aid Organization, which sent parcels to Canadian prisoners in Germany during the war. On one occasion Sir Sam, being particularly wrathful at Rideau Hall, voiced his suspicions to the newspapermen that she might be enclosing notes to Germany in socks being sent overseas. There was not the slightest ground for the suspicions of Sir Sam to question her patriotism.

The press censor, Colonel E. J. Chambers, an old newspaperman, issued few rules to the Press Gallery during the First War. He trusted to the good sense of his colleagues. However, very strict orders were issued when the Duke of Connaught left Canada that no mention was to be made of his departure until he reached the Old Land. The Duke himself had no fears as to the German Navy, but the Duchess imagined that the Germans would like to capture her and hold her as a hostage. She was probably right at that.

During the war, but before the United States had entered the struggle, Sir Frederick Smith, later Lord Birkenhead, visited Washington on a mission from the British Government. Afterwards he came to Ottawa and was the guest of the Duke of Connaught at Rideau Hall. At that time I was the representative in the Press Gallery of the *London Times*, owned then by Lord Northcliffe, working under Sir John Willison, who was the Canadian correspondent. Most of my orders came through Sir John and it was rarely that I dealt directly with the London office. What was very unusual, just before Smith arrived in Ottawa I received a cable from Lord Northcliffe asking me to get in touch with Smith, to send anything he desired, and to cover fully any speeches he made while in the capital. I contacted him at Rideau Hall and found him most interesting and charming, although he had no special news. He spoke to the Ottawa Canadian Club and made a most eloquent and brilliant speech.

During his visit to Ottawa, Sir Robert Borden gave him a private dinner at the Ottawa Country Club to which in addition to the Cabinet Ministers and a few high officials there was invited the American Consul—those were the days before Ottawa was an international capital with a galaxy of ministers and ambassadors. Sir Frederick evidently was not aware that the American Consul was present. He thought it was a private dinner for Canadians and that

he was amongst his own people. Replying to the toast to himself he candidly and in blunt language told the shocked gathering his opinion of Washington and our American cousins. It was not a very flattering picture.

The speech naturally created a sensation in official circles in view of the presence of the American Consul. There were no reporters present, but the news of what happened spread rapidly across Ottawa. Colonel Chambers issued instructions that no reference was to be made to the speech in the press. The next day Sir Frederick left hurriedly, and the general impression in newspaper circles was that he had been recalled.

Sir Robert informed me that the Governor-General, as a result of his long practical experience in many campaigns, was of immense value to the administration in his advice on the equipment and outfitting of the first contingent. The Duke always struck me as a rather lonely figure, who would have liked to have been one of the boys but could not, because he was not only the Governor-General but the son of Royalty.

Chapter X

Fun at expense of Lemieux — The Regina Cyclone —
the collapse of Quebec Bridge — Minister's secretary turns
newspaperman.

ONE of the most interesting characters in the Press Gallery was Tom King, who had a whimsical Irish wit. Tom was a lawyer in Cleveland, who lost his gown through some indiscretion, and came to Canada where he sought a job from the old *Toronto World*. Arthur Hawkes, the managing editor at the time, saw possibilities in this bright Irish American. The *World* was noted for its smart newspapermen and its bright sayings, and Tom King fitted into its style. He was not long with the paper when Hawkes sent him to Ottawa. The *World* was owned and edited by "Billy" MacLean, who was also a member for one of the Yorks. While nominally a Conservative, he was really independent, and the *World's* politics were Billy MacLean. Whenever MacLean and King were seen in deep conference it was figured that Billy was preparing a fresh outburst in the House. MacLean was irregular in his attendance during the session. He would turn up unexpectedly and suddenly thrust himself into the debates. The Press Gallery would rush to find Tom and in the meantime cover up for him.

About 1908 Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux went to Japan on a special mission for Canada to negotiate a new treaty in regard to the entrance of Japanese into the Dominion. A gentlemen's agreement was reached by which Japan would confine migration to so many a year to Canada. This saved the face of Japan, which objected to the exclusion laws. Mr. Lemieux, when he returned from Japan, had his hair brushed pompadour style, a la Togo (the Japanese admiral hero of the Russo-Japanese war). Lemieux made many speeches in the House lauding Japan, and Tom King advanced the fantastic theory that this was not Lemieux at all, but that he had been kidnapped by the Japanese and a Jap sent in his place. He had great fun in the

Press Gallery arguing his theory, and even hinted at it in the columns of the *World*. It became such a joke at Ottawa, Lemieux felt he had to take notice and protested the tale. His brother, Auguste Lemieux, K.C., who was a prominent lawyer in Ottawa, was disturbed over these stories and came up one day to the Press Gallery to assure the newspapermen that there was no question that the returned statesman was his brother. He said that he had seen him in his bath-tub. His brother had a birthmark, and he marked well this birthmark.

Tom was a close friend of many of the higher-ups in both parties. Sir Wilfrid Laurier took rare enjoyment in King's wit, his stories and his refreshing and impartial view of Canadian public affairs, doubtless obtaining also much inside information from him. King one session took very seriously ill, and all the doctors of the House of Commons diagnosed his case and gave him up for dead. He had only a few days or, at most, a few weeks to live, but Tom fooled them and returned to work as well as ever.

As he grew older King's eyesight failed him and in later years he was almost blind. He would make a few notes in very large handwriting on copy paper, and with these scanty notes would turn out as fine a report of the House as anyone in the Gallery. He later went to Washington, where he ably represented the Sifton and other Canadian papers.

Another fabulous character for many years in the Press Gallery was Tom Blacklock, whom I first met in the summer of 1912 when he was editing the *Regina Post*, a Conservative organ. I was sent to Regina by the *Winnipeg Telegram* to cover the Saskatchewan elections which were held on July 11. On Sunday June 30, Tom and I were spending the afternoon in the office of the *Post*, figuring out whether the Conservatives had any chance of victory, when a cyclone hit Regina. Fortunately it missed the office of the *Post*, although the building rocked. It was all over in a few minutes. Blacklock and I rushed to the front window. Across Victoria Park in the centre of the city there was a scene of desolation. I have often read freak stories of cyclones in Kansas and Arkansas, telling of cows being hurled into trees and so on; I thought they were written by imaginative newspapermen. After Regina I would believe anything about a cyclone. The force of the storm was unbelievable. Houses left standing in the wake of the storm looked as if they had come through an old Roman siege. Great beams were hurled through the side of the houses. Part of a large plank was found driven into a brick wall.

Victoria Park was full of timbers and huge slivers driven into the earth, in some cases two feet into the ground. Two people caught in the park were killed by being impaled.

The Saturday night before the cyclone Hon. Frederick Haultain, later Sir Frederick, Conservative leader, addressed a meeting in Arcola. Tom Blacklock and I took the train to Arcola, and with us was the reporter from the *Winnipeg Free Press*, who was covering the election for his paper. Mr. Haultain had an automobile and offered to drive us back to Regina after the meeting. Mr. Blacklock and I accepted the invitation, but the *Free Press* reporter decided that he would take a week-end rest in Arcola and return Monday morning. It was fortunate for me, and unfortunate for the representative of the *Free Press*. He was stranded in Arcola, while between Tom Blacklock and myself we poured out columns of copy on the disaster which took the lives of twenty-eight with a couple of hundred injured. If the cyclone had hit Regina an hour earlier the loss of life would have been between two and three hundred. The two largest churches in the city were in the path of the blow and were demolished. An hour earlier Sunday School had been in session.

The cyclone saved the *Regina Post* from a libel suit. Several years earlier the *Winnipeg Telegram* had charged that in a federal election campaign a Liberal Party worker named Leach had been responsible for cutting off from the election lists many Conservatives. The names had been eliminated, in some fashion that I have forgotten, by stroking them off with red ink. The *Telegram* referred to Mr. Leach as "Thin Red Line" Leach. He brought a libel suit against the *Telegram*. I was assigned to work on the case and gather the evidence against Mr. Leach. There was a great battle over the jury, both fighting to secure active partisans as jurymen. As might be expected, the jury disagreed.

Shortly before the cyclone I ran across Leach in Regina and found that he was now a Liberal Government employec. His office was in the building of the Liberal paper, the *Regina Leader*. I told Mr. Blacklock what I had discovered, and he hinted in his paper that the Conservatives should carefully watch the election lists as "Thin Red Line" Leach was in the city and had an office in the organ of the Liberal Party. Mr. Leach immediately brought a libel suit against the *Regina Post*. However, in the excitement of the cyclone Mr. Leach must have softened. In any case, he dropped the suit after the elections.

Several years later I again worked with Tom Blacklock on another Canadian catastrophe. In the meantime I had left the *Telegram* and joined the staff of the *Toronto News* as Ottawa correspondent. Blacklock had succeeded me as the Ottawa representative of the *Telegram*. As long ago as 1900 steps had been taken to build a railway bridge over the St. Lawrence, a few miles west of Quebec City, but it was not until after the Laurier government started the trans-continental railway that work started. It was on August 29, 1907, that the first bridge collapsed with a loss of seventy-five lives. It was on this day that Hon. George P. Graham was sworn in as Minister of Railways. He delighted to tell how he was sworn in by the Governor-General in the East Block in the presence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and most of the Ministers, and then walked to his new office in the West Block. He was in high spirits. When he reached his desk a wire was placed before him announcing the collapse of the Quebec bridge with its attendant loss of life. Mr. Graham used to say that no Minister in the history of Canada ever had such an initiation into office.

The bridge was rebuilt along the same engineering principles, and it was in September, 1916, that the bridge was completed, all except swinging into position the central span. The principle of putting it into position decided upon by the engineers was to take advantage of the high tide and by means of tugs swing the span, which was on great scows, into position. Hoisting apparatus was attached to the main spans connected with the land.

Hon. Frank Cochrane was Minister of Railways at the time. He decided to make the opening a gala day and invited members of parliament, the Press Gallery and a number of railway men and high officials to witness the completion of the bridge. Most of the Press Gallery decided to take the trip, either to cover the affair, or for a brief holiday. I did not notify my papers I was going to Quebec. A government boat met the party at Montreal and took us to Quebec city.

We had to leave early in the morning from Montreal, making it necessary for us to arrive there the night before. I was not very familiar with Montreal, but a French-Canadian colleague in the Press Gallery who was also making the trip suggested that we stop at the old St. Lawrence Hall Hotel, a famous hostelry in the Victorian era. It was near the docks. I obtained little sleep that night. It was one of my few experiences with bedbugs, and I fought all night

unsuccessfully with the beasts. I never read of St. Lawrence Hall, where so many notables stayed, without thinking of bedbugs.

High tide was early in the morning somewhere around six o'clock or earlier, and a tug at Quebec was placed at the disposal of the newspapermen who were gathered from far and near to see the event. The engineers in charge feared only two things. There were some twenty-odd puffing tugboats to push the great steel span into position. It was a delicate operation, particularly with the tide running high, and they wondered whether the achievement was possible. Likewise, some engineers had their doubts whether the two outside spans would hold when they had fastened on them this weight of hundreds of tons. The process of swinging the spans into position was successfully performed. When the work of raising the span started the two outside spans held and the engineers breathed a sigh of relief. Everything was over. The work of lifting the central span was a slow undertaking. It could only be moved a few feet an hour. It was not expected that the job would be finished until evening.

We watched the lifting job until eleven o'clock. The engineers on the tug assured us that all danger of an accident was passed, and that there was no likelihood of anything happening. The First Great War was on at the time. We had an invitation from Sir Sam Hughes to visit the new Valcartier Camp. A conference was held on the tug and it was decided that it would be frightfully boring to sit out on the tug all day, even if it was a lovely fall day, so the tug was turned around and headed for Quebec city. It was just noon when we reached the wharf. To our consternation we learned, as soon as we landed, that while we were on our way back the bridge had fallen. Not one of the visiting newspapermen saw the collapse of the bridge.

What a mad scramble there was! It was too slow a process to turn the tug around and return to the scene of the disaster. Automobiles were commandeered, and there was a wild rush to return to the bridge. Blacklock and I decided to work together. I would go to the Chateau Frontenac, where many of the engineers and officials might be found, and gather all I could; he drove to the accident and telephoned details. Then I put the tales together and started filing for our respective papers. As I had not notified my papers I was taking a week-end holiday, the news editors were amazed when my stories started to roll in. It was one holiday upon which I was congratulated.

If the accident had happened a half-hour later we would all have been stranded at Valcartier Camp, some twenty miles distant. Some newspapermen sent to cover the event would have had to do a lot of explaining to angry editors.

George Yates, the secretary of Mr. Cochrane, along with the Minister and high officials, was on the *Lady Grey*, a government boat anchored a couple of hundred yards below the bridge. He was watching the proceedings and saw the whole drama of the collapse of the span. The official party ran a special train to Montreal that evening and caught the evening train to the Capital. On the way Mr. Yates wrote an account of what he had seen and turned it over to George Hambleton, chief of the Canadian Press Bureau at Ottawa. It was an excellent story, as Mr. Yates was a top journalist before he entered the government service. He started his newspaper career on the London *Free Press*.

This was not the only time that Mr. Yates came to the rescue of the Canadian Press. He was at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, with Sir Robert Borden in the course of the Union Government campaign of 1917, when news came of the terrible explosion in the harbour of Halifax. Sir Robert commandeered a freighter, the *Aranmore*, that night and reached the mainland at Pictou. There they picked up Sir Robert's private car and arrived at Halifax in the afternoon.

The frightful picture of the catastrophe made sleep impossible for Mr. Yates that night, and he relieved the mental strain by writing a story on the explosion and the aftermath. Next day he left it at the telegraph office with instructions to send it to the Canadian Press as soon as telegraph service was restored. As it turned out, his story was the first connected and complete narrative to come out of Halifax.

As to the Quebec disaster, an inquiry was held afterwards which established that the accident was caused by defective castings in the hoisting apparatus. One side collapsed and its weight dragged the whole span into the river. Twelve men lost their lives. A group of four or five engineers had a terrifying experience. They were in a basket attached to one of the spans high in the air and were directing operations. The sudden release of the weight of the span started the basket swinging and it nearly turned over. The engineers lay down in the bottom of the basket. They could only wait and hope for the best, not even sure what had happened. It was an hour before the basket ceased swinging enough to allow them to be released.

Chapter XI

French Canadian colleagues — Oliver Asselin, colourful figure — Cinq-Mars buys a monument — Called to the bar of the House.

It was a privilege in the Press Gallery to become acquainted with the French-Canadian journalists. There was a group of very brilliant French-Canadian newspapermen at Ottawa. Fernand Rinfret represented *Le Canada*. He was a quiet, cultured, boyish-looking youth who lived very much to himself, and few in the Press Gallery would have predicted his later brilliant political career. He returned to Montreal as editor of *Le Canada* and later entered politics, becoming Secretary of State.

Another clever youth was Georges Pelletier, who represented *Le Devoir*, Bourassa's paper in Ottawa. Later he became editor and director, a post which he held until his death. Although we had little in common and seldom agreed politically, we retained a lifelong friendship. We always exchanged confidences on Ontario and Quebec, knowing that there would never be any breach of faith.

Oliver Asselin was a colourful figure. Debonair, dashing, he was always immaculately dressed, with a red carnation in his button-hole. He was a picturesque figure who loved life and adventure. He boasted that no man in Quebec journalism had ever had so many libel suits or actions brought against him. His most famous encounter was with Sir Lomer Gouin, for whom at one time he acted as private secretary. He became engaged with Gouin in a heated argument in the halls of the Quebec Legislature Assembly and hit the Quebec Premier. He was sent to jail for a month on a charge of assault. He rather gloried over his month in jail.

Asselin spent several sessions in the Press Gallery as representative of *Le Nationalist*, which he founded and edited. This was at the time the Nationalist movement, headed by Bourassa, was at its

height, and Asselin was an enthusiastic supporter of its leader. He was a delightful companion. Though most of the newspapermen in those days ignored the Senate—they still do—Asselin spent much of his time among the senators, where he had many warm friends. We had a suspicion that he gathered much of his inside information from his senatorial friends.

While Asselin was born in Quebec, his early newspaper career was begun in the United States to which his parents had moved when he was quite young. He was only eighteen when he was made editor of a small French-Canadian journal called *Protecteur Canadien*, published at Fall River, Mass., and he successively served as editor of various French-Canadian New England publications. Love of adventure drew him to enlist in the American Army during the Spanish-American War, and he served in Cuba. It was in 1900 that Asselin returned to Canada from the United States and immediately began his tumultuous Canadian newspaper career. He was on the staff of and edited several Montreal papers. It was in 1904 he founded *Le Nationalist*, spear-heading the Nationalist movement. When this paper failed he was on various journals, including *Le Devoir*, edited by Bourassa.

When the Great War broke out the spirit of adventure led him to break with Bourassa, who was opposing Canadian participation in the war. Asselin recruited the 163rd Battalion and took it overseas. On the breaking up of the battalion he joined the famous 22nd French-Canadian regiment as lieutenant and served with it in France, as well as with the 87th Battalion. Just before the close of the war he was named secretary of the Canadian delegation to the peace conference, and in 1919 was created Knight of the Legion of Honour with military title.

At the close of the Great War, Asselin was for some time engaged in business, but finally turned to his old love and was for four years editor of *Le Canada*. However, *Le Canada* was a strict Liberal Party organ, and Asselin was the kind who never could run in harness. Several years later he started an independent weekly called *L'Ordre*, a brilliantly written literary and political paper which slashed out at all and sundry, and made too many enemies in high authority and in Quebec to succeed. His last venture was a weekly, *La Renaissance*, a high-class publication on the line of *Saturday Night*, but probably too ambitious to pay its way.

Politically, Asselin was always independent. He allied himself

with the Nationalist movement when it was founded by Bourassa, and there was a question whether Asselin had not started the movement himself. In the Provincial elections of 1904 he ran as a Nationalist candidate in Terrebonne, but was defeated. His only other entrance as a candidate was in 1911, when he ran as a supporter of Bourassa in Montreal, St. James, for the Federal House. He was again defeated.

Quebec journalism differs much from that in Ontario. Politics and journalism are more closely interlinked. Personal journalism is still a big factor. Weeklies of a literary and political nature flourish in Montreal particularly. They spring up and disappear in bewildering fashion. Asselin was a personal journalist of the extreme type. He had strong convictions, fearlessly presented them, and delighted in controversy. His whole life was a continual battle. He had his days of prosperity and, in later years, probably days of depression, when life was a struggle against hard times and ill-health. But Asselin always kept up a light-hearted front and his brave heart never failed. He was one of the ablest younger minds, if not the ablest, that banded behind Bourassa.

The most picturesque French-Canadian figure was Captain Ernest Cinq-Mars, for many years Ottawa's representative of *La Presse*. He was an able newspaperman, a clever writer, a shrewd politician and a gentleman adventurer. He was a born speculator and gambler. He would buy anything. When I first went to Ottawa he had a monument on his hands. Cinq-Mars always attended the auction sales at which the government of those days would every few years dispose of an accumulation of odds and ends, and he would make the most extraordinary purchases. There had been a sale shortly before I arrived in the capital and Cinq-Mars had purchased a huge monument which represented the different stones quarried in Manitoba and was surmounted by the coat-of-arms of the Province. It had occupied a conspicuous place in the Canadian exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. The fair over, the government shipped the monument to Ottawa, where it had been stored by the Public Works Department for many years. Finally the government decided to sell it at one of its auction sales. No one wanted the monument; the auctioneer had difficulty disposing of it and Cinq-Mars bought it for \$15. Then came the problem of moving it. It weighed a couple of tons and it took a whole brigade of labourers and several trucks to move it. He could find no place in Ottawa to

put it, so finally arranged to have it placed for safe-keeping on a vacant lot in Hull. He felt no one would purloin his monument. The moving process cost him over \$100.

Cinq-Mars could find no buyer for his monument. Then, when the Borden Government came into power in 1911, he conceived the bright idea of selling it to Hon. Robert Rogers; Manitoba, from the standpoint of provincial pride, should purchase the souvenir of the World's Fair. However, Hon. "Bob" failed to see the force of the arguments and, despite all the eloquence of Cinq-Mars, the sale fell through. A well-known Hull saloon-keeper losing his wife, Cinq-Mars persuaded him that the monument would make a striking token of respect to his better half. He would sell it at a bargain, and it would completely overshadow all monuments in the Hull cemetery. The sale was put through. The arms of Manitoba were replaced by the cross, and the monument of the Chicago Fair today conspicuously marks the last resting place of the spouse of Hull's leading saloon-keeper.

Cinq-Mars was always hatching new and unheard-of ways to recuperate his fortune. At one time he went into the raising of Great Danes. He created a sensation by landing in Ottawa with a retinue of Great Danes in tow, which he led down Sparks Street. The dogs, however, nearly ate him out of house and home, while his boarding house hardly furnished facilities for keeping Great Danes. Cinq-Mars had to dispose of his dogs hurriedly and at a sacrifice.

All old Ottawa Press Gallery men will recall a famous dispatch that Cinq-Mars filed to his paper, but that fortunately did not get through. This was in the days when Parliament still had a bar. Cinq-Mars must have been imbibing some French drink that quickened his imagination. The telegraph operator who handled his Montreal copy knew that at a certain hour in the evening he generally filed his dispatches. He awakened Cinq-Mars, asleep at his desk, and asked him if he had any message. Certainly he had. He sat down and wrote a message which read something like this:

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier committed suicide this afternoon by jumping off the Interprovincial Bridge. Sir Robert Borden, in a fit of despondency over the death of his great political friend, took poison in a hotel at Hull."

This startling piece of news was read with astonishment by the telegraph operators. One operator was sent to the parliamentary chamber and discovered that the "dead" Laurier was in the midst of

an eloquent speech and the Conservative leader was sitting opposite solemnly taking notes. The dispatch was taken back to the Press Gallery and shown to a colleague of Cinq-Mars who, horror-stricken at the possibility of such an item being sent to the press, promptly tore it to pieces.

Cinq-Mars was the central figure in a spectacular incident of the Parliamentary session of 1906. It was the session following the insurance inquiry when Sir George Foster was under fire. Cinq-Mars wrote an article in *La Presse* bitterly attacking him in decidedly abusive and vitriolic language, of which he was a master. As a result Sir George presented a motion ordering Captain Cinq-Mars to attend at the Bar of the House. To summon a man before the Bar of the House is an ancient privilege of Parliament. In the days of the Stuarts when there was a prolonged struggle between Parliament and Crown, it was a right of which the commoners often made use. However, in modern times the right has fallen into disuse. When Sir George decided to summon Cinq-Mars to the Bar, there was much curiosity as to just what would happen and what, after all, the House could do with Cinq-Mars. There was no Tower where prisoners could be confined.

Sir George, in presenting the motion, said he did not complain of the personalities; it was the charge that he was daily "pouring out floods of gratuitous slander" upon the French-Canadians. That Sir George had some grounds for complaint is evident from the following excerpt from Cinq-Mars' article: "Our compatriots are represented as fools steeped in ignorance; our clergy as a collection of fanatics and hypocrites. And it is Mr. Foster, a politician of ill-fame, who sings this refrain in the House of Commons. He has but one principle, that of self-interest. He has only one desire, the desire to insult. He belongs to the school of lying, hypocrisy and cowardice. In his eyes the person to whom civic and political virtue are not vain words is an imbecile and a hot-head."

There was considerable debate following the motion, Sir Wilfrid Laurier claiming that he had also suffered from religious and racial attacks. However, the motion was passed and Cinq-Mars was ordered to appear before the Bar of the House. On the day in question the House was crowded with expectant members; the Press Gallery was filled with anxious newspapermen and the galleries were crammed with spectators. As fitting the occasion Cinq-Mars appeared before the House with a frock coat and silk hat. Upon motion of Hon. Alan

Aylesworth, the House decided not to limit the young journalist in his defence to the debates of the past session, or even to Parliamentary speeches. Mr. Cinq-Mars then read a statement claiming justification for his article, which he declared was not a report of proceedings, but an expression of editorial opinion. After some discussion the Prime Minister reviewed the case briefly and declared "that while I recognize in the fullest possible way the right of the press to criticize, while I recognize that the press should have the most ample liberty in criticizing, advocating, censuring and expressing its opinion in every possible way, at the same time I think we must maintain the doctrine that the press, like everybody else, is amenable to the jurisdiction of this Parliament. There is, I think, much of truth in the article as a whole, but in the particular passage complained of the bounds of reasonable criticism have been passed and it constitutes a breach of the privileges of this House. The press must understand, while it is possible, and not only possible but fair and within their rights, to criticize the act of any public man, they must do it in the language that is fair, and not in the language of mere vituperation."

Mr. Cinq-Mars was discharged after the following resolution moved by Sir Wilfrid and passed unanimously, had been communicated to him by the Speaker: "That the passage in *La Presse* newspaper complained of pass the bounds of reasonable criticism and constitute a breach of privileges of this House, that Mr. Cinq-Mars, the writer of the article, incurred the censure of the House, that he be recalled to the Bar and that Mr. Speaker do communicate the resolution to him."

It cannot be said that Mr. Cinq-Mars went into mourning over the displeasure of the House. In fact, he was somewhat of a hero in Quebec for several years.

When war broke out Cinq-Mars enlisted and went overseas and was a valuable liaison officer owing to his knowledge of French and English. That he was there at the finish was evident, as he was commandant of the town of Mons when the Canadians marched in on Armistice Day.

Chapter XII

Trans-continental railway investigation — Murphy and Union Government — Quarrels between Murphy and King — Supporter of Lord Byng.

BACK in 1908 a certain Major Hodgins, an honest, upright but somewhat naïve engineer, in charge of a section of construction work on the building of the new transcontinental railway in Northern Ontario, made definite charges of irregularities. As a result the Conservative opposition demanded an investigation, and a special Parliamentary committee was appointed.

Major Hodgins was naturally the chief witness. He was an outdoor man, who knew nothing of the guiles of politicians, the intricacies of law, or the technicalities of evidence. The Government engaged an Ottawa lawyer, Charles F. Murphy, prominent in the legal profession of the capital, but little known nationally, to conduct the inquiry. Before Murphy had finished with Major Hodgins the poor engineer began to think he was lucky if he kept out of the Kingston Penitentiary. Mr. Murphy saved the situation for the Government.

About this time Sir Richard Scott, veteran politician since the days of Confederation, Secretary of State and Irish Catholic representative in the Government, was ready to retire from active public life. Mr. Murphy had so impressed Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he was taken into the Cabinet in the place of Sir Richard and a seat found for him in Russell County.

Thus began the political career of a colourful political figure. One cannot imagine a more typical Irish politician. Bitter on the stump, unforgiving to his enemies, charming in private life, true to his friends, genial, warm-hearted, with a keen sense of humour, he added during his life much to the gaiety of politics in Canada.

There was never a better hater than Mr. Murphy. An intense and devoted admirer of Sir Wilfrid, he almost savagely resented the

action of the conscription Liberals in deserting the old chieftain at the time of the 1917 Union Government election. Walking up Metcalfe Street after Sir Wilfrid Laurier's death, when the announcement had been made that the Union Government was providing a state funeral, he remarked in all apparent sincerity to a member of the Press Gallery who had also been opposed to Union Government: "Do you think we can trust the buggers with the old man's body?"

Another story is told that after the return of the Liberals to power in 1926, and when he was Postmaster-General, he was on a holiday in the South and there read in the *New York Times* that Hon. George Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia, was being suggested as Canadian ambassador to Washington. Mr Murray had flirted with Union Government and had given Laurier no support in the 1917 election. He was, therefore, on the Murphy black list, and from the South a telegram came to the Premier at Ottawa: "I see by the Press you are considering the appointment of Murray as ambassador to Washington. Why not King Tut? He has been a longer time dead and history does not record that he ever betrayed his party."

After the return of Union Government he made an attack on Hon. N. W. Rowell, whom he particularly hated, which will stand as a Parliamentary classic of masterly abuse. It was in this speech he referred to "the delectable trinity, John Wesley Allison, Joseph Wesley Flavelle and Newton Wesley Rowell." Of them he said, "Ego is their god, autos their creed and moi-meme their practice."

Shortly after his speech in talking to me he took great amusement out of the fact that one of the first men to congratulate him was W. F. Nickle, at the time Conservative member for Kingston and later Attorney-General for Ontario in the Ferguson Government. Mr. Murphy, also, told with particular delight of meeting the next day Sir James Lougheed, Conservative leader in the Senate, and a colleague of Mr. Rowell in Union Government, who approached him in the street with a twinkle in his eye and after extending his hand said:

"Do you know, young man, that last night you destroyed one of the pillars of the Empire?"

Mr. Murphy replied in the negative, and Sir James continued, "Well, I can assure you that the gentleman to whom you devoted your attention last night considers that he is the main pillar of the Imperial structure."

Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen once told me that if Mr. Murphy had not been a politician and a lawyer he would have made the world's greatest detective. This was after he had had some experience in the ability of Mr. Murphy in ferreting out the most astounding facts.

Incidentally, it was no political secret at the time amongst those on the inside that Mr. Murphy, who had a real admiration for the intellectual capacity of Mr. Meighen, materially assisted him in his election in the County of Grenville after his defeat in the 1921 contest. The Conservatives in this election were routed horse, foot and artillery. Mr. Meighen was defeated in his own seat of Portage la Prairie, and arrangements had been made to find him a seat in Grenville. The Liberals decided not to oppose him, but the Progressive Party, then at its height, having emerged from the election with actually more members than the Conservatives, decided that they would run a candidate against Mr. Meighen.

The Liberals were doubtful what attitude to take. If they had swung in behind the Progressives it might have gone badly for Mr. Meighen. Mr. Murphy sent for some of the leading Liberals in the county and urged them to vote for Mr. Meighen. This settled his election. Mr. Murphy may not have been altogether altruistic in his attitude as far as Mr. Meighen was concerned. He had little use for the Progressives or any third parties. He feared their growing strength. If they defeated such a powerful opponent as Mr. Meighen they might later turn upon the Liberals. There was method in his political madness.

Mr. Murphy revelled in politics—it was his chief interest and pastime in life. On one occasion he went to San Francisco on a holiday to watch the wheels of a Democratic convention go round. He had a room in a hotel where Charles Murphy, famous Tammany chief, had a suite. Their mail and telegrams were being continually mixed and delegations were looking up by mistake the Canadian Murphy. A couple of years later when the Tammany boss died the rumour spread around Ottawa that it was the Canadian Postmaster-General who had passed away. Mr. Murphy at the time was at outs with some of his colleagues, which was nothing strange. Denying the report, he is said to have remarked that some of his colleagues would be deeply disappointed to learn that it was the wrong Mr. Murphy who was dead.

He was annoyed at one time with Hon. Jacques Bureau, Minister of Customs and Excise, who had made a statement that the

surplus in the post office department was due to the fact that such a large number of postage stamps were being used in place of excise stamps on checks and other documents. Mr. Murphy was said to have retorted: "This is the first time I was aware of the fact that Judas Iscariot was born on the banks of the Three Rivers." Mr. Bureau represented the constituency of Three Rivers.

Mr. Murphy, as might be expected, was a great admirer of Hon. D'Arcy McGee, martyr of Confederation. Mr. Murphy organized the McGee centenary celebration. Later he collected the poems, the orations and the works of Mr. McGee, which were published. He told me that he was looking in Ottawa for letters of McGee. There were two maiden ladies living in Ottawa, daughters of an old Irishman who was a close friend of McGee and also a warm friend and supporter of Sir John A. Macdonald. Mr. Murphy, who, incidentally, was a bachelor, assured me that he almost had to make love to the old girls in order to secure access to any of their father's letters. When he finally secured them he found few McGee letters, but considerable correspondence between the father and Sir John A. in which they were planning how between them they would handle the Irish Catholic vote and the Orange vote for the Conservative Party. Mr. Murphy said the letters would make a sensation if he ever published them.

In later years there developed a fine quarrel between Mr. Murphy and Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King. The beginning of the difference it is said arose out of a plan of Mr. King to take Mr. Murphy's old enemy, Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell, into the Cabinet. This was too much for Mr. Murphy. Mr. Murphy not only objected, but proposed to resign and generally kick over the traces.

If the letters which Mr. Murphy wrote in regard to Mr. King and which he circulated among many friends were ever published, they would make a political sensation. They would be a fine addition to the great letters of history. Mr. Murphy had not lost the art of letter writing. He supported Lord Byng in the controversy with Premier King in 1926, and in these letters claims that Lord Byng had an understanding with Mr. King that after the election of 1925, if he could not carry on a government, then Mr. Meighen would be given a chance. Mr. King was defeated in the House and demanded dissolution, and made an issue of it with the electorate when Lord Byng called upon Mr. Meighen. Mr. King, as later in his quarrel with Hon. Mitchell F. Hepburn, calmly ignored Mr. Murphy and

never made a reply or retort. Politically it was the smart thing to do.

Strange as it may seem from such a hard-boiled politician, Mr. Murphy had as a hobby Canadian flora. It was this hobby which brought Lord and Lady Byng and Mr. Murphy so close together. Mr. Murphy, until the days of the Byng occupancy of Rideau Hall, seldom visited the Governor-General's residence. He was not socially inclined. When he first met Lady Byng he found that she was an enthusiastic botanist and was interested in Canadian flora. As a result he became intimate with Lady Byng and her husband. With that well-known Irish trait, loyalty for friends, he supported with vigour the position taken by Lord Byng in the constitutional controversy in 1926. The fact that he had already quarrelled with Mr. King on other matters doubtless added ardour to his defence of Lord Byng.

The last time I saw Mr. Murphy he was in his office in the basement of the Senate—it looked like the headquarters of a Fenian organization. He had just discovered that the new carillonneur for the bells in the Peace Tower was from the Rockefeller Church in New York. This made him angry, and in his denunciation of Mr. King he said he had traced the trail of oil clean up to the Tower of the Parliament Buildings.

Chapter XIII

Sinking of the *Titanic* — Rushing to New York — Meet newspaper rival by chance — Interviews with the survivors.

Most old-time newspapermen will agree that the greatest and most dramatic story before the First Great War was the sinking of the *Titanic*. It was the largest ship which at that time had ever been built; it was on its maiden voyage, and it had a most distinguished passenger list. From nearly every city on the continent were prominent citizens who had arranged to return from Europe on this luxury vessel. The passenger list read like the pages from a *Who's Who*.

It was on April 10, 1912, that the *Titanic* of the White Star Line sailed majestically from Southampton bound for New York. She was the last word in shipbuilding. The *Titanic* was the crowning triumph of half a century's race for supremacy between the rival Atlantic lines. The designers believed that they had built an unsinkable ship. She had collision bulkheads, a double bottom and watertight compartments.

The voyage had been a delightful one; the weather was perfect. Sunday afternoon there was a service on board the ship. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, passed around the hymn books. Although there were warnings of icebergs, the *Titanic* was steaming ahead at its usual rate. On Sunday evening most of the passengers had gone to bed except for those playing poker or bridge in the saloons. It was a starlight night, hardly a ripple on the waves. No mist or fog hung over the banks. It was about twenty minutes to twelve when the lookout in the masthead sighted an iceberg, most of it apparently under water. Before the boat could turn it struck the berg, which ripped out the side of the ship and destroyed the watertight compartments. The shock was not great, and many people turned over and went to sleep again. So firmly imbued was

every passenger with the idea that the ship was unsinkable that they laughed at the idea of danger until it was plainly evident that the ship was listing. The poker players in the smoking room never ceased their game. One player looked out of the window and reported no danger; they went on with the game. It was the stopping of the boat which alarmed most of the passengers until the general alarm was given. Even when they came on deck and the lifeboats were manned many people refused to enter. They thought they were safer on board the *Titanic*.

While the officers and men showed unusual bravery as did most of the men on board, there was naturally much confusion although never any panic. Even after orders were given for all passengers to be on deck with lifebelts there was no panic and little excitement. No one dreamt that there was any danger; most people looked on it as a formal drill. Actually, there was difficulty getting them to abandon the unsinkable ship, and for that reason some boats were launched half filled. It was not until the last of the lifeboats were reached that it was realized the *Titanic* was really sinking. In the meantime, under the direction of the captain, wireless distress messages were being sent by the wireless operators. The *Carpathia* of the Cunard Line, which was bound for a Mediterranean cruise, was the nearest to get the message and reached the scene of the disaster the following morning. Of the 2,206 passengers only 711 were saved. It was the worst calamity in marine history.

On the Thursday evening after the disaster I drifted into the lobby of the old Russell House at Ottawa, making my nightly rounds for news for the Winnipeg *Telegram* which I then represented. Buying a cigar at the news stand, I ran into a fellow newspaperman named Berry, who represented in the Press Gallery the New York *Sun* and other American papers.

"You and your paper are going to be beautifully scooped," he remarked casually.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, Herb Chisholm has left for New York on the afternoon train in order to meet the *Carpathia* with the survivors from the *Titanic*. There are a half-dozen prominent Winnipegers on the *Titanic*. The Winnipeg *Free Press* wired him to leave for New York and not let you know he was going. He came to me for a letter of introduction to the city editor of the *Sun*, as he had never been in New York."

I might say that Mr. Chisholm and I were close friends but keen newspaper rivals, carrying on in Ottawa the traditions of competition of the Winnipeg field. As there was only one night train to New York leaving somewhere at five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Berry did not imagine he was breaking faith with Chisholm. He felt it was impossible for me to make New York.

I immediately 'phoned the railway offices and found that there was a train from the Soo passing through Ottawa for Montreal in the early hours of the morning which made close connections with the Montreal day train for New York and should get me there about an hour before the *Carpathia* docked. I decided to make the effort to reach New York in time to cover the story. I wired my editor, M. E. Nichols, what had happened, and told him I was heading for New York, that I would register at the old Murray Hill Hotel which I knew well from a year's work in New York, as it was near the Grand Central, and to wire me money. I borrowed enough money from some of the boys in the Press Gallery to buy a ticket and caught the morning Soo train for Montreal. Here I connected with the New York train, which was an hour late in reaching New York, thus making it impossible to reach the dock to meet the *Carpathia*. I went to the Murray Hill where I found \$100 had been wired me for expenses—this must have strained the resources of the *Telegram* at the time. The wire also said that the *Telegram* had a working arrangement with the New York *Times* and to contact them for any assistance.

I went direct to the *Times* office and found it a madhouse. Newspapermen later told me that it was the wildest night in the history of New York newspaper offices. The *Times* could give me no help, but the managing editor drew attention to the fact that at eleven o'clock at night they secured a list of the reservations at the leading hotels and this might be of help in locating Winnipegers. Fortunately there was three hours' difference in time, which aided some. In the meantime I fruitlessly went to many of the leading New York hotels, but could obtain no clue as to what had happened to the Winnipeg people aboard the *Titanic*, nor could I locate anyone from Winnipeg.

Rather discouraged, I returned to the *Times* office at eleven o'clock, glanced over the registration, and found that at the Belmont Hotel, almost across the street from the Murray Hill, were registered Mrs. Mark Fortune and her three daughters. Mark Fortune was a

successful Winnipeg real estate operator who had made a lot of money and decided to take his family and make the Grand Tour of Europe. As a climax of the trip they were returning on the *Titanic*.

I was hurrying down 42nd Street to the Belmont when of all people I ran plump into Chisholm. He was the most astounded man in the world. We started a play of wits, and finally Chisholm said:

"Arthur, what is the use of cutting each other's throats? Let us work together." Which was what I wanted.

When it came to exchanging news Chisholm had little more information than I had. He had gone to the docking of the *Carpathia*, but there was so much confusion he had been unable to secure any more information than I had in regard to the Winnipeg people except that he knew that Mrs. Fortune and her daughters were at the Belmont. He had just come from the hotel, where he found that it was impossible to see them. They had left strict orders, after what they had gone through, not to be disturbed. The hotel clerk had strictly lived up to his orders. Chisholm had decided that as he had no competition he could write a general story on the arrival of the survivors and the sinking of the *Titanic*, and wait until the next morning before he gathered details in regard to the Winnipeg passengers.

We decided to return to the hotel. We tried everything possible to persuade the clerk to give us the room number of the Fortunes, but he was adamant. Finally I had a bright inspiration.

"Was there anyone with them who might have met them at the boat?" I asked.

"Yes. There was a young doctor with them," he said. He gave me his name, which was a very common one. I went to the 'phone book. There were a score of doctors of that name. The second man I called proved to be the right one. He was a former Winnipegger who knew the Fortune family and Winnipeg very well.

I explained to him my predicament and asked if the girls had told him the names of Winnipeggers who had been on the *Titanic* and who had apparently been lost or saved. He gave me the names of six Winnipeg citizens, all of them prominent in the life of the Manitoba capital. He said that it was presumed they were lost, as Mrs. Fortune and her daughters were the only Winnipeggers on the *Carpathia*. There were also a couple from Calgary, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dick, the latter being a well-known Winnipeg girl.

"Did they tell you anything about their experiences?" I asked, and

said I did not want to disturb them that night. The Fortune women, he said, could not understand why they were being placed in the lifeboats. They felt the father and son were safer on the *Titanic*, and they gave all their jewellery and money to Mr. Fortune, waving as they left and saying, "We will see you at breakfast." They told how, horror-stricken, they saw the *Titanic* sink until the lights went out, the band playing first lively music and, when the danger was apparent, religious music. One of the last they played was "Nearer my God, to Thee," although an Anglican anthem, "Autumn," was actually their last piece.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick were returning from a honeymoon in Europe. Any men who were saved had to give an alibi, and Mrs. Dick's story was that she clung to her husband and refused to leave and that two officers picked them up and threw them into the last lifeboat which was launched.

With the information we had secured from the friendly Winnipeg doctor we were able to give our papers the information Winnipeg particularly desired even for the morning papers. We continued working in partnership for two more days, and then took another day off to see the sights of New York with the little money we had left, before returning to Ottawa satisfied that we had had the opportunity of covering one of the greatest stories of all times. What would have happened if by chance I had not run into Chisholm on 42nd Street is another question. I may or may not have scored for the *Telegram*.

Chapter XIV

First war adventurers — Major Hughie Green becomes Fishmonger-general — Maggie the Goldfish — Chief Shooting the Bull.

THE First Great War attracted to Ottawa adventurers of every type. There was Colonel "Joe" Boyle, who was born in Oxford County and was one of the pioneers of the Yukon, who became the confident of Queen Marie of Rumania, and had an amazing series of exciting episodes in his strange career. There was "Foghorn" Macdonald, another sourdough, whose voice reverberated through the lobbies of the Chateau Laurier. Then there was Major "Hughie" Green, who was dubbed unofficially "Fishmonger-general." Most people believed it was his actual title.

The major was a handsome, six-foot-two Scotsman with the broadest kind of accent, which he realized was a useful asset on this continent. He never tried to forget it. He cultivated it. In the early part of this century his father, who was in the fish business in Glasgow, threatened with tuberculosis, was advised to go to a drier climate. Those were the days of the great trek to Western Canada, and so his father with his young family headed for the Prairies and settled on a homestead near Prince Albert. Young Hughie, when he started to grow up, decided he did not want the hardship of farming. With his father's backing and blessing he went into the fish business in Prince Albert and then branched out in Saskatoon. He astonished the natives of Saskatoon by delivering his fish in an old Ford which he had built to resemble a fish.

Then came the First Great War. Soldier training camps were established through the West, as in the Second Great War. Hughie conceived the bright idea that the soldiers should have a diet of fish. He found that Ottawa could not be persuaded by long distance letters, so with a hamper of frozen fish from the lakes of the North, he headed

for Ottawa. He tramped from office to office with his fish, until they began to smell, without making progress. He realized that he was getting what is today called "the run-around."

Hughie as a last resort made friends with the Press Gallery. The Ottawa correspondents took him to their bosom. He had a fine voice and he could sing Harry Lauder songs with the same touch as Harry himself. He had a splendid repertoire of choice stories. He was a good fellow and the newspapermen listened sympathetically to his tale of woe.

Now in those early days of the war Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, was so busy that he often was only able to see the correspondents late in the evening. He would meet them in his office, tell them all the news and explain how the war should be fought. Then he would often call for a sing-song. Sir Sam loved particularly Scotch ballads. On one of these evening visits the newspapermen brought along their new-found friend. There were introductions, and after the interview was over Sir Sam suggested a song. Hughie led in singing all the sentimental Scotch songs he knew. He won his way to the heart of the Minister. If I remember correctly he was made a major on the spot, and soon Sir Sam had him busy directing a programme for feeding the soldiers fish. It was decided to extend the piscatorial menu to the soldiers overseas, and Major Hughie was dispatched to England to sell the proposition to the British War Office.

While in New York en route to Britain, Major Green became the sponsor of a goldfish which he called Maggie and which obtained a lot of fame and publicity for Hughie. The story goes that he saw Maggie, with scores of other fish, swimming around an aquarium. He talked the proprietor into selling her and immediately named her Maggie. Next day the news reached the city editors of the New York papers that at a certain hotel there was a Canadian officer who had an extraordinary goldfish named Maggie which would come to the surface when called and perform extraordinary feats. Reporters and feature writers were rushed to interview Major Green.

He received the newspapermen with his gracious manner, and there on the table was Maggie. They pressed for a demonstration of her talent.

"Gentlemen," said the major, "I am embarrassed. At any other time it would have delighted me to accede to your request, but, alas, under circumstances just revealed to me I feel it would not be fair

to my pet to place her under any strain. As a matter of fact, only this morning did I learn to my surprise and, I might add, to my joy, that Maggie is in a delicate state of health. Need I say more? I feel you will understand."

The major paused for a moment. "However," he continued, "you came expecting a story and it would be discourtesy on my part to allow you to depart empty-handed." Whereupon he produced his frozen codfish and waxed lyrical about fish in relation to a soldier's diet.

The following day Maggie was front-page headlines. New York correspondents of London newspapers cabled stories on Major Green's mission. It was all very satisfactory.

Many and varied are the stories of Hughie and his exploits. On one famous occasion the major took a couple of huge frozen British Columbia salmon with him to a salmon stream in Scotland and stopped at a Scottish inn. After making earnest inquiries as to the best places to fish, he rose early one morning before anyone was around. He returned at noon with the largest salmon ever seen in those parts. There was great excitement, and Hughie had his picture taken proudly holding his salmon. The photograph appeared later in the *London Illustrated News*.

The stream and the inn had so much publicity that the inn-keeper had the visiting fishermen sleeping on the billiard tables. But no one ever again caught the great fish of the major.

On one occasion the major was stationed in Bristol. The Red Cross to make money was having a sale of articles that people donated to them. The major was asked for a gift and gave the Red Cross a pair of beaded Indian gauntlets which he had brought with him from Prince Albert.

"What will we say about the gauntlets?" he was asked.

"Oh, say," he replied, "that they were presented to Major Hughie Green by Chief Shooting the Bull."

A few days later the major was walking along the streets of Bristol. In a window he saw a display of the gifts. In the centre, the *piece de resistance*, were his gauntlets and a large printed sign reading: "These gauntlets were presented to the Red Cross by Major Hughie Green of the Canadian Army. They were given to him by Chief Shooting the Bull of the Canadian West."

Chapter XV

Sir Sam Hughes a curious contradiction — Travelling with Sir Ian Hamilton — Famous dinner at Halifax — Hauling down the Union Jack — His final resignation.

SIR SAM HUGHES, who was Minister of Militia for the first two years of the First Great War, was one of the most remarkable and strangest characters who ever sat in the House of Commons, or ever held a Cabinet portfolio. He was a curious contradiction. Sir Thomas White once told me that he had come to the conclusion that there was something in the theory that the moon affects the mind. He said that at times there was no more co-operative colleague than Sir Sam, and at other times you might as well try to work with an insane man. Sir Robert Borden has expressed the same opinion in his memoirs. He divides Sir Sam's mood into three categories: during about half the time he was an able, reasonable and useful colleague, working with excellent judgment and indefatigable energy; for a certain portion of the time he was strangely excitable, impatient of control and almost impossible to work with, and during the remainder his conduct and his speech were so eccentric as to justify the conclusion that his mind was unbalanced.

He would stand by his friends through thick and thin and refuse to believe anything wrong of them. His close friendship with Colonel John Wesley Allison, who was always turning up with contracts and deals with the department, was a constant embarrassment to the government. When early in the war an inquiry in regard to the manufacture of boots for the Army was under way, a Lindsay man was under fire. Sir Sam, whose home was in Lindsay, appeared as a witness and declared he must be all right because he was born in Lindsay; he had known him as a boy. That was character enough reference as far as he was concerned. On the other hand, if he turned against a man he was through with him for good.

The year before the First Great War broke out the British Government, evidently realizing that war was coming, appointed Sir Ian Hamilton, later commander at Gallipoli, as Inspector-General of Overseas Forces. He made hurried trips around the world inspecting the defences and the military resources of the Empire. His time in Canada was short, and Sir Sam took him across Canada on a special train. He invited as guests on the trip through the West, John Bassett, now president of the *Montreal Gazette*, and the late E. W. Grange, Ottawa correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*. On the tour through the Maritimes Mr. Chisholm, Ottawa correspondent at the time of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and I were invited guests. This rather intimate journey threw a lot of light on the character of Sir Sam.

Our first stop was on a Sunday at Murray Bay, where a French-Canadian regiment was undergoing its annual training on the grounds of the summer home of Sir Rodolphe Forget, who was honorary colonel. An altar covered with evergreen and decorated with roses had been built at the foot of a small hill which acted as an arena for the troops. With the shimmering St. Lawrence in the foreground and the distant Laurentians, it was one of the most beautiful scenes I ever witnessed. Sir Ian, who was a staunch Presbyterian, hesitated to take part in the Mass, but Sir Sam insisted. To use his words, "We must go through the whole show." And so Sir Sam, ardent Orangeman, and Sir Ian, faithful Presbyterian, occupied front seats in the service. Sir Ian afterwards explained to me that he did not mind personally, but he wondered what his Scotch Presbyterian relatives would have to say.

From Murray Bay we went on to Fredericton and Saint John. Sir Sam had travelling with him a photographer named Collins who at Fredericton missed the train, very much to the annoyance of Sir Sam. However, the train was held at Saint John until he was able to rejoin the party. On the way to Halifax the secretary of Sir Ian happened to mention that his brother had once worked for the Dominion Steel Corporation at Sydney, and he wondered what kind of a place it was.

"We will take you down to see," said Sir Sam, and despite the protests of Sir Ian, who was worried that there would be a parliamentary inquiry into the cost of the trip across Canada, the special train was taken to Sydney and back. On the return trip, when we reached New Glasgow, I obtained a copy of the Halifax papers. The

Halifax *Chronicle*, vigorous Liberal organ, had an editorial pointing out that the last time Sir Sam was in Halifax he had had a salute fired in his honour. The *Chronicle* wondered if there would be another salute. I drew the attention of the Minister to the editorial. "Read it to me, Ford," he said. I read it over to him. "I'll give the d—d, d—d editor something to write about," he declared, and rang for his secretary. He gave her a wire to Colonel Rutherford, commander at Halifax, telling him that we would arrive the next morning at eight o'clock, to have a band at the station to play "God Save the King," and to have a company of soldiers on hand to greet the party and then a salute of gunfire. He ordered everyone on the train to have on his full regimentals. So when we arrived next morning the band played "God Save the King," the company of soldiers presented arms and a salute boomed out across the bay.

At Halifax among other things Sir Ian inspected the defences of the harbour approaches of the city. The permanent officers were horrified at the idea of a couple of newspapermen being allowed to visit these forts, and Mr. Chisholm and myself were politely notified we were to remain behind. This did not annoy us, as it would give us an opportunity to see Halifax, unaccompanied by military officials, but when Sir Sam heard of it he was in a towering rage. These newspapermen were just as dependable as any military officers. They were loyal Canadians. If they were not allowed to accompany the party, then he and Sir Ian would not make the inspection. The result was that we had to make the itinerary of the defences whether we wanted to or not, and watch the big guns do some target practice.

That night Sir Sam gave a dinner at the old Halifax Hotel. Sir Sam was both a teetotaller and a non-smoker. To the horror of the aides of Sir Ian on the trip, there was nothing to drink on the train and Sir Sam took the huge brass cuspidors and used them in his car for jardinières with bouquets of flowers. There was pandemonium when news leaked out that the dinner was to be a dry one. Most of the officers became bright and merry before the banquet ever started, and a number of guests persuaded the host to fill up their ginger ale bottles with whisky. The outcome was that instead of being a dry banquet it was one of the wettest I ever saw. One table was particularly boisterous. Amongst the speakers was an old friend of Sir Sam, a Halifax educationist, who was dry and prolix. This group pounded their tables and yelled "Go to it, old top" and similar irresponsible remarks. As soon as the speaker was finished

Sir Sam was on his feet, fire in his eyes. What he had to say about the conduct of these particular officers was hardly printable, and he cashiered one offender on the spot. Sir Sam broke up the dinner, and if my memory does not fail, Sir Ian did not even have an opportunity to speak. He refused at the time to pay for the dinner, but that was doubtless straightened out later.

On the return trip from Halifax it was the 12th of July. It was the first walk he had missed for twenty-five years. Sir Sam was disconsolate and restless. Late in the evening we reached MacAdam Junction. As the train pulled into the station yard Sir Sam spotted a trainload of Orangemen returning from a celebration in Saint John. Our train was still going about twenty-five miles an hour as he jumped off and ran to the station platform. He started shaking hands with all and sundry of the be-ribboned Orangemen saying, "I'm Sam Hughes. I'm Sam Hughes." They thought at first he was crazy. But when they became convinced that it was the redoubtable Sam, the band played for him the "Protestant Boys" and he mounted an express truck and made a 12th of July speech. He was happy the rest of the evening.

Sir Sam was convinced that war was coming and he was regarded as a jingoist and warmonger as a result of the speeches he made across the country predicting trouble and urging preparations for war. Unlike most people at Ottawa, including Cabinet Ministers, he was not surprised when hostilities started. It will be recalled that Germany and France were at war two days before Britain declared war when Belgium was invaded. Sir Sam was impatient and disturbed that pacifists in the British Cabinet would prevent Britain entering the struggle. Germany declared war on France on Sunday, August 2. An incident took place the next morning which reveals something of the impulsiveness of the Minister. Some of the newspapermen heard rumours of the flag incident when Sir Sam ordered down the Union Jack from the flagpole over the Military Department, but we refrained from publishing the story; there were bigger things brewing.

Sir Sam was at his office bright and early Monday morning and his military secretary, Colonel Charles F. Winter, found him when he entered the office engrossed in the morning paper. He was excited and angry. He denounced in fiery language the British Government for not having declared war and come to the aid of France. "It is a shameful state of affairs!" he shouted. "By God, I

do not want to be a Britisher." Colonel Winters listened in amazement and protested that the British House met that afternoon. There might be better news later in the day. He was sure that Britain would not back out. However, Sir Sam was not to be appeased.

"When you came in," he demanded, "was the Union Jack flying over the building?"

Colonel Winter admitted that it was flying when he came into the office. To the horror of his secretary, Sir Sam ordered him to have it taken down.

"Have it taken down at once," he ordered. "I will not have it over our Canadian military headquarters when Britain shirks her plain duty—it is disgraceful!"

The colonel, shocked by the order, protested and the angry Minister snapped:

"Don't you hear my order? Have the flag taken down at once and bring it here. Get a move on. I want it here at once."

The gallant colonel, crestfallen, bewildered and indignant, carried out the instructions by telling the orderly whose duty it was to look after the flag, to bring it down to the Minister's office for inspection, as it had become worn and frayed. Having dispatched the orderly for the flag, Colonel Winter met Major-General A. D. Macdonald, the Quartermaster-General, in the hall on his way to the Minister's office for a council meeting. He had the esteem and respect of Hughes, and Colonel Winter explained to him the situation and the state of mind of Sir Sam.

Colonel Winter entered the office with the offending flag when the council members were gathering. General Macdonald was deep in conversation with the Minister. Evidently he had reassured Sir Sam, for the Minister turned to him and said that he had ordered the flag down as a protest against the British attitude, but as the British policy had not yet been disclosed he would wait for the afternoon dispatches. The flag was returned to fly over the Militia Department, and that afternoon came the news that Britain had declared war against Germany.

The great achievement of Sir Sam was his mobilization of the first Canadian Expeditionary Force in record time and the construction of Valcartier Camp. Sir Sam's driving force accomplished wonders. He hounded his officers at headquarters; he chased the contractors; he worked from early morning until late at night. He

was disdainful of incompetency and impatient of delays and official red tape. One old-time general he always referred to as "General Debility." General Eugene Fiset, who was Deputy Minister and had seen service with Sir Sam in South Africa, was the only official who could stand up toe to toe with him. Fiset had the advantage that he could swear in two languages and swear sulphurously if the occasion demanded. Sir Sam had a great respect for Fiset, who recently retired as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

A man of powerful physique, a great athlete in his early days, Hughes seemed absolutely tireless, and his energy was unbounded. He had an intimate and sound knowledge of military matters and was an excellent soldier. He was convinced from the first that the struggle would develop into trench warfare and he favoured the greater use of machine-guns by the line regiments. He did a lot of foolish things; he stepped unnecessarily on people's corns; his vanity and his egotism resulted in quarrels with everyone from the Duke of Connaught down. And yet he got things done, and that was the chief objective in the early days of the war.

Sir Sam never seemed to realize that the Cabinet as a whole were responsible for his expenditures and his actions. He ran the department as if it were a sort of separate government. This led to differences with his colleagues, and particularly with Sir Thomas White who, as Finance Minister, was responsible for raising the vast sums of money needed to carry on the war. Sir Thomas objected to approving the sometimes grandiose schemes of Sir Sam after they were completed. After the Canadian Army had grown to such proportions in England and the largest amount of expenditures were abroad, Sir Thomas insisted upon the appointment of a Minister of War Overseas. Sir Sam took umbrage at this move. He felt that it was an attempt to undermine his authority, which it was. The last straw, it was said, was when the Cabinet discovered that Sir Sam had authorized the erection of a government munitions plant in his own home town of Lindsay. Sir Robert, who had stood by Sir Sam through two hectic years, lost his patience and, when the Minister in a moment of weakness sent in his resignation, it was immediately accepted. It was a terrible shock to Sir Sam, who never dreamt that the Prime Minister would take his letter seriously. Stripped of power and his authority he was a rather pathetic sight. He never was a good speaker, and his attacks in the House on Sir Robert Borden and

the general management of the war were simply listened to as the mutterings of a disappointed man.

The day after Sir Sam made his bitter attack on Sir Robert Borden I received a wire from the *Toronto News*, which I represented at Ottawa, asking me to give all the inside facts of the resignation of Sir Sam. So I sat down at my typewriter and explained that Sir Sam would have been out of the Cabinet a year before if it had not been for Sir Robert. The rest of his colleagues had long since grown weary of his performances and felt that he was an embarrassment to the Ministry. The Prime Minister alone had stood by his Minister. Finally he had reached the conclusion that a change would have to be made, and when Sir Sam in a pique had offered his resignation it was immediately accepted. I wrote that it was a piece of ungratefulness for Sir Sam to attack the only man who had stood by him.

The next day the angry Sir Sam came into the Press Gallery and I was the subject of a fine round of abuse for my article. He charged that Sir Thomas White, whom he blamed largely for his fall, and quite correctly, had inspired me to write the article. I was cut off from the list of Sir Sam's friends. Afterwards he never more than growled at me if he passed me in the corridors or on the streets.

Chapter XVI

Formation of Union Government — Borden's persistence and patience — Laurier's suggested resignation — Part of Sir Clifford Sifton.

As A member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, representing the now long defunct *Toronto News*, the *London Times*, and a number of Western papers, I had an unusual opportunity to observe the political interplays which surrounded the formation of Union Government and to learn something of the intrigue and wire-pulling which went on behind the scenes.

Almost from the opening of the First Great War there had been agitation for the formation of a National Government to unite the country in its war effort. The movement was principally supported by patriots, who knew nothing of the difficulties of government, or the political exigencies which made a coalition extremely difficult. It did not reach the practical stage until the return of Sir Robert Borden from Great Britain and the Front in May, 1917. He made his first speech in the House on May 18th, explaining the seriousness of the war situation and announcing his belief that conscription was necessary if Canada was to put her full effort into the war. From that time until the new Cabinet was finally formed Sir Robert never wearied in his determination to form a Union Government. There were four stages in the negotiations, and three times when the opponents of a coalition Ministry—and at Ottawa there were almost as many Conservatives as Liberals opposed to the plan—were convinced that the scheme was dead.

The first period consisted of the negotiations between May 18th and June 6th, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier definitely and finally refused to accept Sir Robert Borden's proposal. After this date negotiations were carried on with Liberals apart from Laurier. The second stage ended with the Western Liberals' convention at Winnipeg on

August 7th when the idea of coalition with the Conservatives was rejected, and a resolution passed endorsing Sir Wilfrid. Thanks largely to the efforts of Sir Clifford Sifton, talks were resumed, and the third stage ended with a wire from the Western Liberals agreeing to Union Government but only under the leadership of a new Premier. This proposal was placed before the Conservative caucus of August 29th as the session was drawing to a close. Sir Robert suggested that he retire in favour of Sir George Foster, one of those mentioned as successor. Sir George, in what was described by those present as one of the greatest orations of his career, rejected the suggestion, and the caucus enthusiastically endorsed Sir Robert as leader. They would serve under no one else. The caucus broke up and the members dispersed to their homes convinced that Union Government was at last dead and prepared to line up on straight party lines for the election which was pending. This was on September 28th.

Then came the final stage. Up to this time Sir Robert had had the support of a number of his colleagues, particularly Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, who with the late Hon. J. D. Reid were his chief confidants. But even these two Ministers felt that further negotiations were useless, and expressed doubts as to the good faith of the Liberal negotiators. They feared that political opponents were playing politics with Sir Robert, and that on the very edge of the election he would find himself with his own Cabinet disorganized and his party without political machinery to enter a campaign. But Sir Robert persisted single-handed, and finally, on the evening of October 12th, came the announcement of the formation of a new government. It is no wonder that Hon. Dr. Reid the next day said that he would back Borden against Job in a patience contest.

Towards the end of the various stages, when everyone thought that Union Government was dead, Sir Robert urged me to keep alive the idea in the papers I represented, and to insist that he would ultimately accomplish his object. The late T. H. Blacklock, a well-known Ottawa newspaperman, and I were the only two members of the Press Gallery who followed this line. I recall that on one occasion Sir John Willison, then editor of the *Toronto News*, wrote to me pointing out that practically every paper in the country was stating the Union Government scheme was killed and suggesting that I was making the *News* look rather foolish by my attitude. I replied that I was acting on the word of Sir Robert, who was persistent in his

belief that he would finally form a coalition Ministry. Sir John agreed that under the circumstances he would leave the policy of the *News* on the subject, as far as Ottawa was concerned, entirely in my hands.

In the Conservative ranks Hon. Robert Rogers was the bitterest opponent of Union Government. He was the party campaign manager, the "Minister of Elections," as he was termed by the Liberals. Early in the war he had advocated an election, believing that the Conservatives could successfully capitalize on the patriotic sentiment abroad in the country. He was shrewd enough to know that if a coalition was formed he would be the first Minister to be dropped, since the Liberals would never accept him as a colleague. He was popular, however, with the rank and file of his own party and, controlling considerable patronage as Minister of Public Works, he kept alive the sentiment against coalition amongst Conservative members. What is more, he was intensely jealous of Arthur Meighen, realizing that the latter's influence and prestige were steadily increasing. Should Union Government be formed, Meighen was sure to be included as a leading Conservative Minister from the West, and Rogers' political light would then be extinguished. Consequently, as long as he remained a member of the Cabinet he was a stumbling block in the way of coalition. The Liberals mistrusted him and steadfastly refused to enter any Cabinet with him as a member. His resignation on August 17th paved the way for the successful negotiations.

On the Liberal side, Hon. Charles Murphy was the most active opponent of coalition. He was intensely partisan, and a great admirer of Sir Wilfrid. With Celtic fervour and the hate an Irishman is capable of, he never forgave the Liberals who forsook Laurier. Union Government and all its works were anathema to him.

Party lines today are not as strictly drawn as they once were, and it is difficult to appreciate the loyalty of the Liberals at Ottawa both to their party and to their chief. Sir Wilfrid had been leader for some thirty years and his authority had been all powerful. Not only had the members accepted his leadership in the past without protest, but there was also a most sincere affection for him. It was a terrible wrench to break with the veteran leader and to line up with Sir Robert Borden, whose administration they had so often savagely attacked. To Mr. Murphy it was simply not understandable—conscription or no conscription, war or no war.

In July there was held in Toronto a meeting of Ontario Liberal members and candidates. It was an attempt to clarify the atmosphere. Those in favour of Union Government expected that it would pronounce in favour of a national ministry. But hostility developed. The majority present declared against extension of Parliament, against coalition with the Conservatives, and against the enforcement of conscription until after another voluntary effort. They enthusiastically endorsed Laurier.

The meeting was held behind closed doors and was supposed to be secret and confidential. However, Hon. Charles Murphy had arranged to have a report made of the proceedings. Just how the notes were taken has never been made clear. One story is that a stenographer had been concealed and took a full report of the speeches. My own belief is that E. W. Grange, who was the Ottawa correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* and had already been named a Liberal candidate for Lennox-Addington and thus had a seat on the floor, was responsible for the report. He was an experienced newspaperman who, with a few notes, could easily have compiled the report for Mr. Murphy. A number of copies were prepared and were taken to Winnipeg to the Liberal convention which had been called to decide the attitude of the party in the West. The copies were carefully distributed among the members of the Resolutions Committee to show how unanimously the Liberals in Ontario stood against conscription and behind Laurier. The report undoubtedly influenced the committee, the Western Liberals being astonished to find the views expressed by the Ontario Liberal candidates. The Resolutions Committee brought down a report, later adopted, which sidestepped the issue of conscription, and endorsed Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Murphy was jubilant.

The copies of the document which had been sent West were all numbered, in order that they might be traced and returned to Mr. Murphy, but apparently some copies fell into the hands of the conscriptionist Liberals, who took the trouble to have them duplicated. They were passed from hand to hand until they reached some Conservatives. The *Toronto Telegram* secured a copy and published it in full, creating a political sensation. Some amusing speeches were included as Liberal members told of their difficulties. Sir Wilfrid had a curious idea at this time that it was possible for Ontario Liberal candidates to support conscription and yet at the same time be loyal to him. The late Hon. W. C. Kennedy, member for Windsor and

later Minister of Railways, said that he felt like Eliza jumping from one cake of ice to another. He longed to get on some safer ground.

Of the group of Liberals in the House, who favoured conscription, perhaps the most influential was Hon. Frank B. Carvell, an aggressive fighting New Brunswick member. He was convinced that conscription was a necessity but, being brought up in the New Brunswick school of extreme partisan politics and himself a most bitter critic of the Borden administration, he hesitated to the last to accept Sir Robert's invitation. Early in October three Liberal members—there may have been more—Mr. Carvell, F. F. Pardee and E. M. MacDonald—interviewed Sir Wilfrid Laurier and sought another solution. They intimated to him that the leadership of a French-Canadian opposed to conscription would be a handicap and that under a conscriptionist leader the Liberals might win. They suggested that he resign in favour of an English-speaking leader. Of this incident, Dr. Skelton writes in his *Life of Laurier*:

Sir Wilfrid, who had more than once sought to resign, was surprised by this information, but at once replied that if there was any feeling in that direction he would immediately withdraw; he would therefore consult his friends. On the way home one of the visitors stopped at a news agency and stated that Sir Wilfrid had definitely resigned. The blaze of astounded query and indignant protest from every quarter next day revealed the fatuity of the suggestion.

What Sir Wilfrid said to the deputation I do not know. Dr. Skelton is probably correct in his version, but I happen to have been the "news agency" responsible for sending out the report. About one o'clock in the afternoon I met Mr. Carvell in the rotunda of the Chateau Laurier. I put to him the time-honoured newspaper query: "What's doing?"

To my amazement he replied: "Laurier is going to resign."

He then went on to explain that a deputation of Liberal members had waited on Sir Wilfrid and he had agreed to retire. I thought at first that he was joking, but he assured me that it was absolutely correct and gave permission to use the story, but without quoting him in any way. I lost no time in putting the story on the wires to the various papers I represented. The news had scarcely appeared in print when, as Dr. Skelton writes, the wires were hot with messages from Liberals all over the country protesting against any thought of their leader's retirement. By the time the morning newspaper correspondents had reached Sir Wilfrid to confirm or deny

the story, pressure was such that if he had even thought of retiring, he changed his mind. He took the train at once for Montreal and Toronto to consult his friends, and as a result of their insistence he decided to fight out the coming election. The failure of this move decided Mr. Carvell, and from then on he negotiated freely with Sir Robert on the basis of a Union Government.

The entrance of Mr. Carvell into a Cabinet headed by Sir Robert Borden created almost as much amazement and excitement in New Brunswick as if German warships had bombarded Saint John. There had been rumours of a Union Government, and even hints of the entrance into it of Mr. Carvell, but they were regarded as merely Ottawa fairy tales. New Brunswick had never sent to Ottawa a more unrelenting and unrepentant Grit than Mr. Carvell. In season and out he had savagely attacked the Borden Government and had waged a continual Parliamentary duel with Hon. Douglas Hazen, later Sir Douglas. Mr. Hazen, along with the other members of the Cabinet, had placed his resignation in the Premier's hands and it was a bitter pill for him to have to retire in favour of his old enemy. He loved political life and had no desire to retire to the bench.

On the other hand, the very opposite situation developed in the West. When Union Government was in its final stage of formation, Mr. Meighen laid down three provisions. One was that there was to be an equal number of Conservative and Liberal members from the West; a second was that there should be an equal division of candidates; the third was that he should be Minister of the Interior, a post which at that time was regarded as marking Western leadership. Mr. Meighen professed a fear that the Liberal politicians, with their control of Provincial organizations, would attempt to dominate the situation. All three conditions were accepted and lived up to. Hon. T. A. Crerar, Hon. Arthur Sifton and Hon. J. A. Calder were the three Liberal Ministers selected. Sir Robert Borden suggested H. W. Wood, president of the United Farmers of Alberta, as a Minister, but Mr. Wood, who was American born and not familiar with Canadian politics, Canadian history, or Eastern Canada, refused. He had never been East until invited to Ottawa by Sir Robert. The Department of Interior was divided, Mr. Meighen being made Minister of the Interior and Mr. Calder given a new portfolio, Immigration and Colonization. The Conservative Ministers were Mr. Meighen, Sir James Lougheed and Hon. Martin Burrell. Sir James was made leader in the Senate. When it came to British Columbia it was

necessary to have a Conservative in order to maintain the balance. Mr. Burrell, who had been Minister of Agriculture in the Borden Cabinet, was anxious to retire from public life. He was a poor man, and if he were defeated he feared that he would be in an unfortunate position. He wanted a senatorship or some post. However, neither Liberals nor Conservatives could agree on a successor. The names of Hon. W. J. Bowser and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper were suggested but curtly rejected. Mr. Burrell had no political enemies and was the only man upon whom both Liberal and Conservative Unionists could agree. So while Mr. Hazen retired reluctantly, Mr. Burrell, against his own wishes, remained in the government. Later, before the 1921 election, he was appointed Parliamentary librarian, a post for which he was eminently fitted.

Outside of Sir Robert himself, the one man most responsible for Union Government was probably Sir Clifford Sifton. After he had made up his mind that it was the best thing for Canada, he persisted with the same determination as Sir Robert. His work was largely behind the scenes; he seldom appeared in the limelight. On the few occasions that he did so, he did his cause more harm than good. Before the Winnipeg convention he addressed a number of meetings in the West in favour of a national government, but the West regarded him as one who had gone over to the gods of the East. He had opposed reciprocity in 1911 and was looked upon as a betrayer of Western Liberals, who thought of him as the embodiment of Eastern "Big Interests." His attempt to tell the West what it should do in 1917 was resented and had reactions in the Winnipeg Liberal convention.

Dr. Skelton says that Sir Wilfrid had suspicions that Sifton's actions were connected with a desire to have a Parliament favourable to the enactment of legislation to meet the approaching crisis in the affairs of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. There was not, in my opinion, the slightest ground for such a statement. Sir William Mackenzie and Lord Shaughnessy were both frequently in Ottawa, but as John W. Dafoe had pointed out in his *Life of Sifton*, the fate of the Canadian Northern Railway was settled before the Union Government was ever formed.

Sir Robert Borden writes in his memoirs that it was on June 14th, four months before the formation of Union Government, that he had an interview with Sir William and definitely informed him that the government could grant no further aid, but must take over

the Canadian Northern in its entirety. He adds: "Sir William was a man of iron nerve and this was one of only two occasions on which I saw his self-control desert him. Knowing my decision was final, he was silent for a moment and then completely broke down with audible sobs that were distressing."

I agree with Mr. Dafoe who says that the charges made against him were without foundation. Sir Clifford, rightly or wrongly, became convinced that a Union Government was the only means of uniting the country in its war efforts and he sincerely and patriotically worked to this end. The formation of Union Government was primarily the triumph of Sir Robert Borden, but on the Liberal side most credit must be given to Sir Clifford Sifton.

Chapter XVII

Fine record of Finance Ministers — Foster misses being Prime Minister — Fielding and the Press — White's great job during the First Great War.

CANADA should be proud of its Finance Ministers. Not since Confederation has there ever been the smell of a scandal in the administration of the Treasury. In view of the temptations and the opportunities for tips to friends on the annual budget, this is a creditable record.

It sounds as if I were as old as Methuselah when I say I have known personally, or met, every Finance Minister since 1884, the year that Sir George Foster, then a young man in his thirties, assumed this portfolio. However, it was not until 1908 I first met Sir George. From 1884 until 1911 two men dominated the Finance Department—Foster and Hon. W. S. Fielding. They were both of them masters of statistics, brilliant debaters, able Parliamentarians and eloquent orators. There were no speeches prepared in advance those days. With only a few notes Foster and Fielding would give elaborate and lengthy speeches on the financial state of the Dominion and explain their proposed tariff and taxation changes.

When I first went to Ottawa one of the sights was Sir George riding on a bicycle to Parliament Hill, his rather ragged beard blowing in the wind. In later years it was trimmed into a more attractive Van Dyke. Probably no Parliamentarian was ever the centre of more bitter controversies. The possessor of a sarcastic and vitriolic tongue, he never spared it on his political opponents; on the other hand, he was pursued with almost vindictive cruelty. For years he was the stormy petrel of politics, although in later years he mellowed and looked with the eye of an old sage and philosopher from the serene Senate chamber upon the passing scene.

Despite his ability, his eloquence and his Parliamentary skill, Sir George missed being Leader and Prime Minister. He lacked the fine

touches of an expert politician and he had too many enemies. He was no mixer with the boys, and he neither drank nor smoked. He had entered public life as a temperance advocate and orator. Once a year he relaxed to smoke his annual cigarette at the Press Gallery dinner. The Press Gallery programme was issued one year in the form of a Parliamentary Guide; here is the sketch of Sir George which appeared in it:

GEORGE E. FOSTER

They say he could talk before he could walk,
And his words were never few,
And he made a name at the temperance game
Before his whiskers grew.

He could make men cheer, or dribble a tear,
He could wallop the Grits kerflop,
So Sir John took him in to tally the tin
And sit on the Treasury Top.

And he made good there and everywhere,
And at everything he did
But try as he would, and do what he could
He never quite got to the top.

For as Rufe said slow, one night below,
When the boys were having a smile,
"Say, George, ole man, you could run dis lan'
If you'd lick'er up once in a while."

It was written by Bob McLeod for the Press Gallery dinner in 1908. Mr. McLeod died only recently. The "Rufe" referred to was Hon. Rufus Pope, a member of the Senate and a son of Hon. W. H. Pope, who was one of the chief advisers of Sir John A. MacDonald. The doggerel verse is a pretty good size-up of Sir George.

He was a dangerous man to cross, as many a member found to his sorrow. The 1911 election brought to the House a new Liberal member from the West, Dr. Michael Clarke, member for Red Deer. He was an Englishman who had had considerable experience in politics in the Old Country before coming to Canada. He was one of the finest orators who ever sat in the House of Commons. He had a deep mellifluous voice, with a soft English accent, and was a master of well-rounded phrases. He was widely read in English politics and literature. Dr. Clarke was a sincere Free Trader of the Manchester school and a Liberal of the Gladstone tradition. Foster was to him

the high priest of protection and the symbol of the big interests "of the wicked East." One day shortly after he entered the House the eloquent "Red" Michael turned his guns on Foster, who, according to his custom, was sitting hunched up in his seat on the front bench, his hard bowler hat pulled down over his eyes—he was one of the last Ministers to wear persistently his hat in the House—and tugging his beard. When Dr. Clarke finished Sir George straightened himself in his seat, rose on his long lanky legs and pointing his rapier-like finger at Dr. Clarke he proceeded to demolish the new member. From that time Dr. Clarke treated Sir George with respect.

Fielding was the combination of bigness and pettiness. Although he was a newspaperman by profession, he always acted as if he was suspicious of the Press, and seldom took them into his confidence. He was even suspicious of his officials and his colleagues. When he was dictating an important document he would close the transom and almost search under the desk to make certain that no reporter had concealed himself. When Budget changes were being considered Fielding hardly trusted himself, let alone his colleagues.

A hard worker himself, who often kept long hours, he was inconsiderate of his employees. A former secretary of Mr. Fielding told me an extraordinary and almost unbelievable story in regard to him. He said that one evening at closing time Mr. Fielding asked him if he could work that evening. The secretary said it was a little inconvenient as he had arranged to go to the theatre that evening. Mr. Fielding urged him to cancel his engagement as it was important, which he did, 'phoning his wife and arranging for someone else to go with her in his place. Mr. Fielding, before parting, asked him the name of the show, which was starring a well-known actor.

The secretary returned to the office after dinner, but there was no Mr. Fielding. He failed to turn up and the secretary delved into other work. To his amazement, after the show Mr. Fielding walked into the office. "Glad you reminded me of that show," said Mr. Fielding to the angered secretary, "I enjoyed it immensely."

One of the hardest days in the history of the Press Gallery was when Fielding brought down his reciprocity pact. It was a nightmare for the editors and the night editors across Canada. The pact included a revision of the whole tariff set-up, touching the complete industrial life of the country. There was no advance information; there were no arrangements to help the newspaper correspondents.

Sir Thomas White, who succeeded Mr. Fielding, was also an old newspaperman but, on the other hand, was sympathetic to the needs of the reporters and appreciated the value of a friendly Press. He was the first Finance Minister to give to the Press advance copies of his Budget speech—or part of it—a policy which has since been followed by all Ministers. The Budget is divided into two parts, one a statistical review of the state of the nation and the finances of the government, and the other the tariff and taxation proposals. Sir Thomas issued to the Press the first half so that the correspondents could mail or wire it to their papers ready for the moment that he rose to his feet, and he arranged to have officials on hand to release the second half as soon as it was reached in his speech. It was traditional that the part referring to tariff and taxation changes should not be delivered until the stock exchanges should be closed. Officials from the department were stationed in the Press Gallery to answer any questions and explain any tangled points.

When Sir Thomas delivered his first Budget he had never sat in the House. He was without Parliamentary experience. He was naturally nervous, for he knew that critical eyes were upon him. There were many in his own party who were jealous of his appointment, as an outsider and a former Liberal. He asked the Speaker if he might have permission to read his Budget speech—in those days the rule against reading speeches was strictly enforced. Unanimous consent was given by the House and a precedent was established which has been followed ever since by Ministers of Finance.

The present generation has become so accustomed to war and rumours of war on a world scale that it is difficult today to appreciate the feeling in 1914 when it was realized for the first time in a hundred years that hostilities had started which might involve all the powerful nations of the world. We had lived in an atmosphere of comparative peace for so long; Great Britain with her powerful navy had so dominated the European scene and quarrels in the turbulent Balkans had so often ended in nothing more than a little blood-letting, that it was impossible to believe that the twentieth century would see a new world struggle. The financiers, the business men, the public and the government were ill-prepared for war. When it was seen that a world contest was inevitable people wondered if the walls of civilization were crumbling. Only the closing of the stock exchanges and immediate government action prevented a bank panic that would have ended in disaster.

It was fortunate that the Finance Minister was a man like Sir Thomas White, who was an experienced financier and understood international finance. There was no Bank of Canada in 1914; there were no trained economists or financiers in the Finance Department. Appointments were still being made on a patronage basis. Without Sir Thomas there might at the very outset of the war have been a financial disaster. He was holidaying on the coast of Maine when he realized that war was inevitable and hastened to Ottawa. He summoned at once leading officials of the Bankers' Association, who hurried to Ottawa by special train. Action to stop runs on the banks and to prevent a financial panic were taken. There was no legislation to meet such an emergency as a general panic. Under the law banks were obliged to pay depositors either in gold or Dominion notes. To meet the situation an emergency meeting of the Cabinet was called and the night before war was declared an order-in-council was passed which was signed immediately by the Governor-General. A statement was issued to the Press setting forth to the Canadian people that, owing to the necessity of conserving gold, the banks were authorized by the government to make payment of their liabilities in their own notes. It was further announced that the government would, to whatever extent was necessary, make advances in Dominion notes to Canadian banks upon securities pledged by them with the Finance Minister.

In this way Sir Thomas White saved a financial panic. The order-in-council in reality had no validity, but at the special war session of Parliament in August the necessary legislation was passed. Canada had no other bank runs throughout the four years of the war.

Comparisons at times have been made between the job done by Sir Thomas and Hon. J. L. Ilsley, Finance Minister during most of the Second Great War. It is foolish to make comparisons. Conditions were different and the whole set-up under which they worked were incomparable. Canada before the First Great War had never had an income tax. Sir Thomas always felt that on principle the income tax should be left to the Provinces and to the municipalities, and it was felt at Ottawa that it would take years to set up the proper collection machinery. So it was with considerable doubt that Sir Thomas introduced the first income tax measure. It was also with similar hesitation that he earlier proposed the Business Profits War Tax Act. He felt that on principle it was wrong and tended to dis-

courage enterprise and administrative efficiency. It was only justified in a long war when money was sorely needed and large profits should not be made from people's sacrifices.

When the time came that Victory Bonds had to be sold directly to the public there was grave doubt as to the outcome. Sir Thomas built up the first Dominion-wide organization for that purpose. Unofficially I worked closely with Sir Thomas in his publicity and I know his anxiety over the success of the first flotation and his elation when the public over-subscribed the first loan.

When the war broke out there was grave danger of an attack on Victoria and Vancouver by the German squadron in the Pacific commanded by Count Von Spee. Unknown to the people of Canada perhaps the most anxious day for the Cabinet was October 1, 1914, when word was received from the Admiralty that the German squadron after its defeat of Admiral Craddock's squadron off the island of Coronel near Santiago was believed to be heading north and that a bombardment of these two cities was a possibility.

Sir Richard McBride, the Premier of British Columbia, rushed to Ottawa to persuade Ottawa to buy two submarines which were at Seattle, having been built for the Chilean Government. They had not been paid for, and because of the war could not be delivered. They were offered to Sir Richard for the sum of \$1,150,000 in gold. With the consent of the Dominion Government he agreed to buy them. It was against the neutrality laws to deliver them, but they slipped out of Seattle Harbour in the dark and arrived at Esquimalt safely. Sir Thomas White asked Sir Richard when he arrived in Ottawa if there were not Pacific coast defences. He reported: "Yes, and they are good guns, too. Their only drawback is that the breech block of one has been lost and six inches have been broken off the muzzle of the other. But for these defects they are in excellent condition."

It was believed at Ottawa that the purchase of these submarines, having been learned of by German agents, Count Von Spee's squadron was deterred from heading north in consequence. What the German agents did not know was that there was no ammunition for the submarines and they were useless except as bluff. Later Count Von Spee was defeated and his squadron sunk off the Falkland Islands by a British fleet under the command of Admiral Sturdee.

Sir Thomas was perhaps the only Canadian Finance Minister who wrote poetry. Shortly after he assumed office the Banking Act

was before the Banking and Commerce Committee for its decennial revision. The late Peter MacArthur, well-known Canadian essayist and poet, had been advocating in articles in the *Globe* some novel ideas in regard to the Canadian banking system. He was summoned to appear before the committee. Some members, in order to discredit him as a witness on finance, started to cross-question him on his background as an authority on banking.

"You are an author?" asked a member.

Mr. MacArthur admitted the allegation.

"You are a writer of essays on agricultural subjects?" was the query.

Mr. MacArthur again confessed to the charge.

"You also write poetry?"

Again Mr. MacArthur admitted that he was guilty of writing poetry. The witness was being further pressed on the connection between poetry and banking when Sir Thomas, slightly embarrassed, came to the rescue. He confessed to the astounded committee that he had at times in his career written poetry. He thought the cross-questioning along this line was hardly in order. This ended the attempt to discredit Mr. MacArthur. He was deeply grateful to Sir Thomas and never forgot his kindness.

When Sir Thomas insisted on resigning he recommended as his successor the brilliant and handsome Toronto financier, the late Home Smith. Mr. Smith, only in his forties at the time, was already growing deaf and had too many interests in Toronto which would have to be sacrificed. He refused the offer. Sir Henry Drayton was then chairman of the Railway Commission and he was persuaded to enter the Ministry. However, he was caught too late in life ever to make a good politician or Parliamentarian.

It was not generally known that Sir Thomas was a student of the American Civil War. One day a newspaper correspondent slipped into the members' lobby room to see Sir Thomas. He found Sir Thomas and Hon. Hugh Guthrie deeply engaged in making drawings on a sheet of paper and, becoming intrigued in watching them, he finally made inquiries. He found that the two Cabinet Ministers were marking out the plan of the Battle of Gettysburg, for Mr. Guthrie was also a student of the Civil War. Another gifted student of it is the very versatile late John R. MacNichol, who had tramped over many of the battlefields.

Chapter XVIII

Meighen becomes Prime Minister — King elected Liberal Leader — Highlights of Bennett convention — St. Laurent chosen leader.

IT HAS been my good fortune to attend every national convention in Canada since 1919 when Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King was chosen leader of the Liberal Party. This convention was the first in the Dominion at which a party leader was chosen by a gathering of national delegates. Previously, following the English system, leaders were elected by a caucus of members of the two Houses of Parliament.

When Sir Robert Borden retired from public life in 1920 as head of the Unionist Government he followed precedent and called a party caucus. The first choice was Sir Thomas White, but he refused the honour. His health was none too good and he was anxious to return to business life to recuperate his fortune. But his chief reason was a realization that he was not temperamentally suited for the exacting task of Prime Minister of Canada. Sir Thomas told me that he had ambitions once to be Prime Minister. He was thoroughly cured during the six months he was acting head of the government when Sir Robert was in Europe attending the Peace Conference. He carried the worries and responsibilities to bed with him; he could not shake them off. The trials of the post, and the petty tribulations and annoyances, sapped his stamina; a year of it and he would be in hospital. So White rejected the offer, and Mr. Meighen, who was second choice, succeeded Borden. Since 1920 all the Conservative leaders have been chosen by a national convention—Bennett in 1927, Manion in 1938, Bracken in 1942, and Drew in 1948.

Before his death in 1917 Sir Wilfrid Laurier had decided to call together a national convention of the Liberal Party, hand over the leadership to the party delegates, and ask them to select his successor. The war was still in progress, and only preliminary arrangements for such a gathering had been made when the Liberal chieftain died.

His death forced the Liberals to take action. A temporary House leader was selected in the person of D. D. Mackenzie, a dour Nova Scotian, who adored Laurier with all the earnestness of a Scottish clansman, hated Union Government and all its works, was uncompromising in his views, and had been raised on the Shorter Catechism and the Bible.

Hon. Charles Murphy in the meantime had doubtless a great deal to do with persuading the party to follow the American method in the selection of a leader. He was convinced that a national convention could alone engender the necessary enthusiasm in the ranks of the party, shattered by differences over Union Government and conscription. He assumed chairmanship of the organization of the convention, and the success of the convention, which was held in August, 1919, was largely due to his enthusiasm and driving force.

The convention was dominated by the spirit of the deceased leader. An illuminated picture at the back of the platform kept his memory constantly before the delegates. While every effort had been made to heal the breach in the party ranks over the conscription issue and the formation of a Union Government, and the light kept in the window for wandering Liberals, yet those who directed the convention carried on with the determination that no man who had deserted Laurier, or supported conscription, should be the leader of the party. This was particularly true of Quebec delegates, but there was possibly even more bitterness on the part of some of the English-speaking Liberals such as Murphy and Hon. Frank Oliver. There were four candidates in the field, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. George P. Graham, Mr. Mackenzie and Hon. Mackenzie King. Fielding, from the standpoint of ability, political experience and Parliamentary training, was the logical choice, but he had supported Union Government in the election of 1917, even if only in a half-hearted manner. Mr. Graham, despite his qualifications, had flirted with the Unionists and had not run as a candidate in 1917. Mr. Mackenzie never wavered in his allegiance to Laurier, or in his loyalty to the party, but his year and a half as House leader had demonstrated that he was not national leadership timber. Mr. King had youth on his side; he had remained loyally by the side of Laurier in the election of 1917; he had suffered defeat as an anti-conscription candidate. It had been whispered around that he was the choice of Sir Wilfrid—and this is probably correct. In his nomination speech, a brilliant effort, he canonized the old chieftain, and appeared as a young Galahad with spear couched

against all the evils of mankind. It took two ballots to elect him, and it was surprisingly close.

After the defeat of the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen in 1926 and his decision to retire from politics, the Conservative Party followed the lead of the Liberals and held a national convention. The Ontario Conservatives had already become accustomed to the American convention system, as Hon. Howard Ferguson had been chosen leader at a delegate convention. Winnipeg was selected as the place of meeting. There was an able list of candidates in the field—Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, Sir Henry Drayton, Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Hon. Robert Rogers, Hon. C. H. Cahan, and Hon. Dr. Manion. The two outstanding candidates were Bennett and Guthrie. Mr. Guthrie had been selected House leader after the defeat of Mr. Meighen in 1926, and had the support of most of the members of Parliament. He was an impressive figure, tall, dignified, stately, and always immaculately dressed. He looked the part of a statesman. He was a brilliant orator with a mellifluous voice. Guthrie was the first of the Liberals to break with Laurier on the issue of conscription, and likewise the first Liberal to be sworn into Union Government. One of the finest orations ever heard in the Canadian House was Guthrie's speech when he made his decision to leave his leader on the issue of conscription. Dr. John McCrea's immortal poem, "In Flanders Fields," was then practically unknown, and it created a profound impression when he ended an impassioned oration with a recital of this poem by a fellow citizen of Guelph.

It is doubtful whether Guthrie would have been elected in any case at Winnipeg against Bennett, but a slip of his tongue sealed his fate. In the opening remarks of his nomination speech he referred to "this great Liberal convention." He immediately corrected, "Conservative," but it drew attention to the fact that he was a 1917 convert from Liberalism. "Why do we have to pick a former Liberal as Conservative leader?" was the question many a delegate asked.

Mr. Bennett could largely thank Hon. Howard Ferguson for being chosen leader. It was the quiet, behind-the-scenes support of the Ontario Premier which threw the balance in his favour. For a time Ferguson flirted with the idea of entering the contest himself, but decided to remain in the Ontario arena. He came to the conclusion that Bennett had the best qualifications as leader, and the Ontario organization for the most part lined up behind the Bennett campaign. He won on the second ballot.

The outstanding feature of the Winnipeg convention, apart from the election of Mr. Bennett as leader, was the speech of Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen defending his famous Hamilton speech and the clash with Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Meighen in a speech at Hamilton had advocated that in case of another war, before the country finally committed itself, there should be an appeal to the electorate. Before making this announcement he had consulted a few of the party leaders, and amongst them Mr. Ferguson, who advised strongly against the speech and was opposed to the policy enunciated. It led to a coolness between the two—a breach which was never thoroughly healed. Mr. Meighen, as a former party leader, was a delegate at the convention. He asked for a place on the programme to explain his position. Naturally it was granted. He had grave doubts as to the reception he would get. However, he told me a few minutes before he was called upon that he was going ahead, even if he was thrown out of the window.

He was not only not thrown out of the window, but was given a tremendous ovation. It was probably the greatest oration Meighen ever made. He swept the convention off its feet. Meighen had made copies of his speech in advance which he handed out to the newspapermen. I followed his manuscript copy carefully, and although Mr. Meighen spoke without notes and with intense emotion there was hardly a variation from his prepared speech. It was a remarkable example of his amazing memory. The applause for Mr. Meighen was just dying out when Mr. Ferguson, who was seated on the platform, rushed to reply. He was unannounced by the chairman and it is doubtful if the majority of the delegates, outside of Ontario, had any idea who this presumptuous delegate was. He was booed at one stage when he referred to a personal conversation with Mr. Meighen, which many delegates evidently felt was not cricket.

If the election of the party leader had taken place that night Mr. Meighen would likely have been the choice of the convention, so powerfully had he swept the gathering from its bearings. However, overnight the delegates had an opportunity to cool off; they admired Mr. Meighen's eloquent defence of his position, but they doubted the soundness and wisdom of his position. The incident ruined the chances of both Mr. Meighen and Mr. Ferguson if either had any thought of entering the leadership contest.

I noticed that while Mr. Meighen was speaking Sir Thomas White, Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Bennett were in deep conclave on the

platform, and afterwards asked Sir Thomas what they were discussing. He said that he wanted to reply to Mr. Meighen as a former Cabinet colleague, who was now out of politics. However, Mr. Ferguson was insistent and angry and Mr. Bennett and he could not prevent his replying.

That night Mr. Ferguson asked me how he had done in his reply to Mr. Meighen.

"Do you want the truth?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Well," I answered, "I agreed with what you said, but you presented your case badly."

"That was what my wife told me," he answered. Then, as an afterthought, he added:

"A man should never speak when he is angry, and I was angry."

There was an amusing incident during the interim when the first ballot was being counted. Naturally the tension was great. A negro delegate, who curiously came from the Peace River country, had slipped quietly on the platform to ask the chairman, Hon. E. N. Rhodes, some question. General A. D. McRae, who was the organizer of the convention and was sitting on the platform, grabbed the arm of the coloured delegate, brought him to the front, and announced: "At last we have found our dark horse." The convention went into almost hilarious laughter.

On one occasion "Tommy" Church, who was very deaf, was addressing the convention. The chairman called him to order. There was a loud speaker back of him, and "Tommy" thought a spectator in the upper gallery was interrupting him and calling him to order. He turned and shook an angry fist at the loud speaker.

Perhaps the dullest and least inspiring of the five conventions was that held at Ottawa in 1938 when Hon. Dr. Manion was chosen the head of the party. There is not much doubt that Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, although he had stated time and again that he was retiring, would have agreed to take the leadership if it was offered to him. He did not want to enter a contest. Pressure was brought to bear on Dr. Manion to retire in favour of Mr. Bennett. The other contestants would have been agreeable. Dr. Manion told me that before the convention he had gone to both Mr. Bennett and Mr. Meighen and asked them if they were running. They both assured him that they were out of the leadership running, and told him if he was ambitious to throw his hat in the ring. Dr. Manion felt under the circum-

stances in fairness to himself and his friends he could not withdraw.

The Liberal convention of August, 1948, which selected Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent as the leader of the party succeeding Mr. King, was the first held by the Liberals since 1919. There was talk of a convention during the five years the Conservatives were in power, but it never eventuated, and gradually Mr. King strengthened his hold on the party until he decided that age was creeping up on him and that he would have to retire.

The convention was dominated by Mr. King. He was sentimental, and liked anniversaries, and it was on his initiative that the convention was held on the 29th anniversary of his appointment as leader; at it he made his swan-song. There is also not much doubt that Mr. St. Laurent was the choice of Mr. King and that it was his quiet influence at the convention, with the backing of several Cabinet Ministers, which led to his heading the poll. Mr. King had a high appreciation of the ability of Mr. St. Laurent and he was politician enough to realize that the Liberals could only be sure of a return to power by holding their solid Quebec. He felt that Quebec would be proud enough of their own French-Canadian leader to vote for him again, and time proved he was right.

From the standpoint of excitement and enthusiasm the Conservative convention which selected Mr. Drew surpassed the Liberal gathering. Someone sarcastically remarked it was because they had more experience in holding conventions. Perhaps, naturally, because the Conservatives had long been in opposition there was less direction from the platform. It was more of a delegates' convention than the Liberal gathering.

Chapter XIX

Meighen selects Bracken — Negotiations with Manitoba premier — A last minute decision — Dr. Sidney Smith stands by.

AFTER the defeat of the Conservative Party in the election of 1940 and the personal defeat and resignation of Dr. Manion as leader, there was a movement to turn to Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen. The former leader of the party realized that strong pressure would be brought to bear upon him to take up the party standard. Mr. Meighen did not want to undertake the task. He had come to the conclusion that if the Conservative Party was to survive it must get new support from rural Canada. He saw the industrial cities, which in the past had been traditionally Conservative, being carried by the C.C.F.

His eye turned to Hon. John Bracken, the leader of the Coalition Government in Manitoba, who had taken a strong stand on the war and had given that Province unusual leadership for over twenty years. A Conservative gathering of the leaders of the party had been called for late in the fall of 1941 to consider the leadership. Mr. Meighen, on his own volition and without consulting anyone, before the meeting was held, took a trip in November to Winnipeg to consult Mr. Bracken. He had met Mr. Bracken only once before and that was at the funeral of Sir James Aikens, when they walked together in the cortège.

Mr. Bracken expressed tremendous astonishment when Mr. Meighen met him and broached the subject of taking the leadership of the party. He admitted that his background as a youth had been Conservative. His father was a strong Conservative in Leeds County; he remembered as a boy watching the body of Sir John A. Macdonald being taken to Kingston from Ottawa for burial. He pointed out that over the years and as a Westerner he had been in favour of

lower tariffs and had, on occasions, opposed the tariff views of the Conservative Party and of Mr. Meighen, who countered that the world situation had completely changed and he doubted if tariffs would again be an issue in Canadian politics, for world trading would be on a new basis. Mr. Meighen said that theoretically he had never been in favour of high tariffs except on account of our peculiar position next to an extremely high tariff country. Tariffs had been necessary for our very existence. As far as he was concerned he was prepared to accept Mr. Bracken's views after he had made a nationwide survey of Canada. Mr. Bracken doubted whether he had the platform ability and the debating talent to face the Ottawa orators of the Liberal Party. He did not give a positive yes, but he did give Mr. Meighen encouragement. He did not say no to the idea.

Mr. Meighen told me afterwards that he was much impressed with Mr. Bracken's character and his qualifications, despite his modesty as to his platform ability. He returned to the Conservative gathering and proposed the name of Bracken as leader, but they would not hear of it. Instead, he was himself dragooned into the leadership. As he told the Conservative convention of 1942, his earnest wish was to be left alone and to confine his political ambitions to leading the party in the Senate. However, feeling that there would be just criticism at that juncture if he failed and particularly in time of war, he accepted the leadership with reluctance, resigned from the Senate, and prepared himself to take over the post. There followed the South York by-election, where he was challenged by the C.C.F. At that time Hon. Mitchell F. Hepburn was at the height of his quarrel with the federal Liberals and when he endorsed the Meighen nomination there is not much question that word went out to the Liberal organization to support the C.C.F. candidate. The Federal Liberals were killing two birds with one stone—Mr. Meighen and Mr. Hepburn.

After the South York by-election and a by-election in Winnipeg where the C.C.F. also won, Mr. Meighen decided that if the Conservative Party was to be saved from complete disaster and the country was not to go C.C.F., a sane alternative to Mr. King was a Conservative Party headed by Mr. Bracken. He was more and more convinced that he was right and that Mr. Bracken was the man. He was the only leader who could secure the support of the farmers.

Mr. Meighen at this time wrote Mr. Bracken asking him if he was coming to Toronto in the near future. He would like to see

him and talk over the situation. He felt that if he went to Winnipeg to see Mr. Bracken it would be at once known to the Press. Mr. Bracken accepted the invitation, and shortly afterwards came to Toronto. In the meantime, Mr. Meighen had been selling the idea of Mr. Bracken to a number of leading Conservatives, and he arranged that they would see him in Toronto. They were all impressed with the Manitoba Premier. Mr. Bracken at no time said he would take the leadership, but did say that he would seriously consider the idea. He made it clear that if he did allow his name to go to a convention, he would not run against Hon. George Drew or Hon. Murdock MacPherson of Saskatchewan, who had been the leading candidate against Hon. Dr. Manion at the convention of 1938. Mr. Drew was at the time Opposition leader of the party in Ontario, and felt he had a job to do. He was not then interested in the Federal leadership; but Mr. MacPherson was different.

Mr. Meighen sent for Mr. MacPherson, who came to Toronto to talk it over with Mr. Meighen and the other party leaders. They thought at the time he was persuaded to step out of the picture, but later he wrote saying that his friends would not agree to his retiring. Mr. Meighen quietly kept the idea of Bracken as leader alive until the time came for the Winnipeg convention in December, 1942. Twelve days before the convention he went West, along with Gordon Graydon and Hugh Mackay, the leader of the New Brunswick Conservatives, to see Mr. Bracken and meet several Western Conservative leaders. Mr. Meighen kept out of the picture, but the others, along with Ray Milner of Edmonton, who was the convention chairman, and Mr. MacPherson, had several chats with Mr. Bracken. He was never positive that he would run or throw his hat into the ring, but he continued his stand that he would not enter the contest against Mr. MacPherson. They returned to their homes hopeful that Mr. Bracken would go to the convention. When they came to Winnipeg they approached him again several times, but he again insisted that Mr. MacPherson not be a candidate against him, and suggested that the name of the party be changed to Progressive Conservative. There was a debate on the convention floor on the subject of the name, and finally, on the suggestion of Douglas Ross, member for St. Paul's, Toronto, it was decided to leave over the name of the party until after the election of its leader.

It was at six o'clock that Mr. Meighen telephoned Mr. Bracken to tell him what the convention had done. Mr. Bracken said he was

out. The Conservatives had not given him what he asked, and he said he would doubtless be defeated by Mr. MacPherson if he allowed his name to stand. The names of the candidates had to be filed that evening by eight o'clock. Following this the candidates standing were to be heard, and the election was to take place the following day.

A group of those who supported Mr. Bracken met at half-past six to talk over the situation. The feeling was that everything was off and that it was not fair to approach him again. Arthur Smith, of Calgary, later member for that constituency and an ardent supporter of the Bracken idea, said he was going to call on him if only to thank him for all the consideration he had given them. Mr. Meighen, who had not seen Mr. Bracken personally since the time he was in Toronto, said he was going with him. They told Mr. Bracken that they were certain he could win at the convention and that, the election of the leader over, the party would fall in line with the wishes of the new leader in regard to the name. Mr. Bracken called in his wife and asked her opinion. "John," she said, "whatever you decide to do I will stand by you." Mr. Bracken said he would think it over in the next hour. He said not to bother him again. If he decided to stand, he would be at the convention hall by eight o'clock. If he did not turn up they would know that he was out of the running.

There was a dinner before the evening meeting at the residence of Gordon Aikins, son of the late Sir James Aikins, and a Conservative stalwart. The party was so excited about what was going to happen that there was little eating. It was nearly half-past seven when Mr. Meighen turned up at the dinner. There was a rush for Meighen. He admitted that he had no idea what Mr. Bracken would do.

In the meantime Mr. Bracken, after an hour's consultation with himself, decided that he would enter the contest. His son drove him to the convention hall. They were tangled in a traffic jam, and it was drawing close to eight when they reached the auditorium. Mr. Bracken gave his papers to a delegate friend to file, and then wandered down the lobbies to chat. The papers were found to be technically wrong. He had forgotten to sign his name. There was a wild chase for the missing Premier, and it was only a few seconds to eight when the papers in form were filed. Standing by was Dr. Sidney Smith, president of Manitoba University and now president

of the University of Toronto, who was ready to run if Mr. Bracken did not stand. He would not run against his Premier. When the Bracken papers were filed, Dr. Smith was out.

There were five candidates in the field, Mr. Bracken, Murdock MacPherson, who finally decided to enter the field, Hon. H. H. Stevens, John G. Diefenbaker, and Howard Green, M.P. The excitement was intense, so intense that Howard Green fainted in the course of his speech. The only good speech of the candidates was that of Mr. Stevens, who obtained the fewest votes.

This is the inside and somewhat dramatic story of how Mr. Bracken came to be leader of the Progressive Conservative Party.

Chapter XX

Reconstruction Party — Mr. Stevens speaks in Toronto —
Why Mr. Stevens resigned — Formation of new party.

SO MANY things have happened in recent years and the world has moved so rapidly that the Reconstruction Party, headed by Hon. H. H. Stevens, which played such an important part in the Federal election of 1935, is almost forgotten history. This party returned only one member, Mr. Stevens himself, in East Kootenay, but it polled enough votes to defeat many Conservatives. Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett would doubtless have been beaten in any case, but it would not have been as disastrous a defeat but for the Reconstruction Party. It was a tragedy personally for Mr. Stevens, who was practically driven out of the Conservative Party at the time by Mr. Bennett and was regarded by Conservative leaders as a traitor to their party. His forced retirement was a loss to the country and to the Conservatives, as Mr. Stevens had a flare for public life, tremendous industry, and was an excellent Parliamentarian, a fine debater, and a real Progressive Conservative. In the 1949 election he was a Conservative candidate, but went down to defeat in the landslide.

Mr. Stevens was born in Bristol and has always had some of the spirit of adventure which marked the people of Bristol down through the centuries. He came as a boy with his parents to Canada and was raised and educated in Peterborough. He went West as a young man and for a time was a brakeman on the C.P.R. on the mountain section. When the Spanish-American War broke out Mr. Stevens, keen to see life and adventure, enlisted in the American Army and saw service in the Philippines. After the war was over his regiment was sent to China for the Boxer Rebellion. He has many good stories to tell of those days.

His fighting days over, he returned to Vancouver and was soon deep in municipal politics and was leader in a city council clean-up

programme. Then he turned to Ottawa and was elected in 1911 as Conservative standard-bearer for one of the Vancouver seats. He was one of the bright young men behind Sir Robert Borden. He just missed being a member of the Union Government. When the short-lived Meighen Cabinet was formed in 1921 he became Minister of Trade and Commerce, and again was a member of the shadow cabinet in 1926. Stevens was largely responsible for exposing the customs scandals of the King Government, which under ordinary circumstances should have been sufficient to have defecated any Ministry. In the 1930 elections Mr. Stevens went down to defeat, but Mr. Bennett found him a seat in East Kootenay to enter the Cabinet, and he again became Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Here is the story of the Price Spreads Committee and the formation of the Reconstruction Party as told to me by Mr. Stevens. He first thought of the Price Spreads Committee when his attention was called to the serious sweat-shop conditions in the needle trade in Montreal and Toronto. He quietly made inquiries and came to the conclusion that the situation was serious. This was in the summer of 1933. He informed me that he brought the condition of affairs to the attention of Mr. Bennett, who replied: "Well, what can we do about it? It is a Provincial matter." Mr. Stevens pressed the Prime Minister to take the matter up with the Provincial Governments, which he finally did, but nothing came of it.

In July of that summer Mr. Stevens was asked to speak to the Institute of Public Affairs, conducted by the Y.M.C.A., Lake Couchiching. He drove to the summer camp with the late James Walsh, then secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. The day previous Mr. Stevens, as Minister, had issued a statement largely to keep up morale in those dark days, showing that there was a substantial increase in the purchase of certain goods. Walsh, in commenting on this statement, told him that he did not have the whole story. It was true that there had been increased purchases through the large departmental stores. These firms had gone to the manufacturers and offered to buy in large quantities if prices were slashed. In order to keep their plants going and employees at work the manufacturers accepted orders below ordinary costs, and then to meet the costs they cut wages. Thus there had developed sweat-shop conditions. The banks also, he said, were forcing many manufacturers to accept these sweat-shop conditions so as to prevent bankruptcy. Walsh said that he had a list of two hundred manufacturers

hit by such conditions. Mr. Stevens informed me that on his return to Ottawa he drew the attention of Mr. Bennett to the situation, but he insisted that he was powerless to act.

In January of 1934 Mr. Stevens was in Winnipeg when he received a long distance call from Mr. Bennett at Calgary, saying that he had accepted an offer to speak to the annual convention of the Shoe Manufacturers' Association and Retail Shoe Dealers' Association at Toronto on January 15. He could not get back in time to fill the engagement; he asked Mr. Stevens to take his place. He agreed, and wondered what he would talk about. He finally decided he would open up this situation which had been on his mind so long. He went to Toronto, and on the night of January 15th made his speech to a gathering of some 1,500 people. Without giving any names, he attacked the big mass buyers for their methods which had brought about intolerable sweat-shop conditions.

Mr. Stevens, telling me the story, said that a couple of days later a representative of one of the big departmental stores walked into his office at Ottawa and wanted to know why he had attacked their firm and demanded an apology. Mr. Stevens pointed out that he had not mentioned by name the firm he represented, but if the cap fitted, well and good. The representative said that he proposed to see the Prime Minister. Mr. Stevens retorted: "Well, see him. His office is in the East Block."

Later in the day he got a 'phone call from Mr. Bennett, who said he wanted to see him. He walked over to Mr. Bennett's office, where Mr. Bennett angrily demanded to know what right Mr. Stevens had to set Cabinet policies or to attack any firm. Mr. Stevens replied that he had not set policies, and asked him if he had read his speech. Mr. Bennett said he had not, but had heard all about it.

"Well, read my speech. I have it in my pocket," was the reply.

According to Mr. Stevens—I have only his side of the story—they had it hot and heavy. Mr. Stevens had a speaking engagement that night and said he must leave. The parting shot of Mr. Bennett was:

"Do you understand the doctrine of Cabinet solidarity?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Stevens.

Mr. Stevens did not hear from Mr. Bennett the next day and, after thinking it over, on January 18th he wrote out his resignation, which he sent to Mr. Bennett.

"Let us go to a show," he said to his wife. "Bennett will be trying to get me."

They went to an early show and as soon as he returned his 'phone rang. It was Hon. Dr. Manion, who lived near Mr. Stevens and was a close friend.

"Where the hell have you been?" asked Dr. Manion. "Bennett wants to get hold of you. What have you done? He is all excited."

Mr. Stevens told what had happened and why he had sent in his resignation. Dr. Manion swore, and asked him if he would talk to Mr. Bennett.

"Certainly," he replied.

A few minutes later Mr. Bennett called up. He was mild and apologetic. He pointed out that the House was meeting the following week and he said he could not meet the House with this resignation in his hands nor did he feel he could take it to the Governor-General. He might even ask for his resignation. Mr. Bennett said he had to go to Toronto that night—a Friday—and he would have to cancel his Saturday night engagement. He asked him if he would hold it over until Monday and say nothing about it in the meantime. This he promised to do, and Mr. Bennett thanked him and added softly:

"It is so good of you."

The following Monday Mr. Stevens had a long conference with Mr. Bennett. He explained that it was eight months since he had first broached this subject to him and nothing had been done. He did not propose to stand idly by any longer. Finally Mr. Bennett asked what they could do. Mr. Stevens suggested a Royal Commission. Bennett said:

"No! We have had several Royal Commissions." He continued. "We will appoint a committee of the House with yourself as chairman."

Mr. Stevens told me he was not in favour of a committee. He was afraid it might become a political football and it would be difficult to have a proper inquiry, but he felt he could not very well refuse, so he said, "O.K." Mr. Bennett told him to go ahead and draw the order of reference. In the meantime Bennett had been receiving a lot of letters commending Mr. Stevens' speech in Toronto, and he had come to the conclusion that it was a good idea. He later came to Mr. Stevens and said he felt that he, as Prime Minister, should move the resolution, which he did in a thundering speech.

Mr. Stevens, preparing for the House inquiry, approached Mr. Walsh and asked him to provide a list of the two hundred manu-

facturers he had mentioned to him whom he could call as witnesses. Later, after the inquiry got under way, the Manufacturers' Association, according to Mr. Stevens' story to me, decided that they would have nothing to do with the committee. When Mr. Stevens next approached Mr. Walsh for aid he was told he was sorry but he could not help.

The Conservative members, or a group of about seventy of them, at that time organized a study group which met every Wednesday evening the House was not sitting. At this club Deputy Ministers and high officials were invited to explain various problems of the country and their particular departments and proposed legislation. It was an excellent idea, and one that Parliamentarians of today might well follow. After the Price Spreads Committee had been meeting for some time this study club asked Mr. Stevens to speak to them. The session was drawing to an end. He agreed, and in the course of this speech attacked the late Sir Joseph Flavelle, who was at the time president of the Robert Simpson Company and president of the Bank of Commerce.

Mr. Stevens went West immediately afterwards and had nothing to do with the incidents which followed. The chairman of the study group was James Stewart, one of the Conservative members from Alberta. A number of members had asked him for copies of the speech of which a stenographic report had been made. He arranged with James Muir, an old Press Gallery journalist, who was at the time employed in the Trade and Commerce Department, to have copies edited and mimeographed, apparently for the private use of the members. Mr. Muir, who was an enthusiastic soul, was so interested in the speech that on his own initiative he sent copies to a number of newspaper friends, not for publication but for their private and confidential information. I was one of those who received a copy. A copy was sent to a member of the editorial staff of the *Mail and Empire* who, unknown to Mr. Muir, had recently transferred his affections to the *Toronto Star*. It was readdressed to him at the *Star*. He took the speech to his new boss, Joseph Atkinson, publisher of the *Star*, who immediately got in touch with some of the individuals whom Mr. Stevens attacked. Mr. Bennett at once received some hot telephone calls from Toronto on the subject. He called up Mr. Muir to see what it was all about. He advised him that as the copies he had sent out had been confidential, he should have them recalled. The first I knew that the fat was in the fire was when I received a

long distance telephone call from Ottawa from Mr. Muir asking me to return my copy. As Muir was an old friend and I did not want to see him in trouble I reluctantly mailed back the copy. Some editors evidently did not accede to the request, as two papers later published the text of the speech.

On Mr. Stevens' return from the West he was questioned by Mr. Bennett as to the incident, but as he had been away at the time and very evidently had nothing to do with the broadcasting of the speech, the matter was dropped and Mr. Stevens felt that the matter was closed. When the House adjourned the committee was set up as a Royal Commission, but did not meet in the summer. It was called to meet in early October.

At the first fall meeting of the Cabinet several members, led by Hon. C. H. Cahan, brought up the subject and demanded that Mr. Stevens should make a retraction to Sir Joseph Flavelle who was one of those attacked. This he refused to do. The next day stories appeared in the Press giving an account of what had taken place at the Cabinet meeting and saying that Mr. Stevens had been asked to apologize to Sir Joseph or else resign. Mr. Stevens felt it was a breach of Cabinet confidence and blamed Cahan for giving out the story. Bennett, however, refused to say who was responsible. Under the circumstances Mr. Stevens felt that there was nothing he could do but resign, particularly as he was not backed by the Prime Minister. W. W. Kennedy, M.P. for one of the Winnipegs, was made chairman of the committee and Mr. Stevens remained only as a private member.

When the House assembled Mr. Bennett gave instructions to Tom Simpson, the Conservative Whip, not to send Mr. Stevens a caucus notice. In other words, Mr. Bennett read him out of the party.

Mr. Stevens is authority for the statement to me that no less than seventy-two members signed a petition, which he still has in his vault in Vancouver, asking him to come to the caucus and stating that if Bennett persisted in his stand they would throw him out and put him in as leader. This he refused to do.

In the meantime Mr. Stevens was being deluged with letters from all parts of Canada—27,000 in all—commending him for his stand. He was approached to form a new party. No less than sixteen Conservative members promised their backing. Mr. Stevens said that it was on July 3 he was approached by Tom Bell, a big Montreal

printer; Warren Cook, Toronto, and Tom Lisson of Hamilton, to form a new party. It was then he decided to go ahead. His only satisfaction from the election was that the Reconstruction Party obtained some 400,000 votes, and the things he advocated were largely embodied in the Winnipeg convention of 1942 of the Conservative Party. Mr. Stevens told me that if he was doing it over again he would have run as an Independent or as an Independent Conservative.

Chapter XXI

Laurier at the zenith of power – Laurier and Foster clash
– Introduction of Closure Bill – Attitude on conscription
and fear of Bourassa – Laurier's love of nature.

WHEN I joined the Press Gallery at Ottawa Sir Wilfrid Laurier was at the zenith of his power. He was the undisputed leader of his party. Such men as Tarte, Blair and Sifton, who had dared to question his authority, were no longer Cabinet Ministers, or even members of the House. His following both in and out of Parliament were loyal and zealously faithful. He had already become a Canadian tradition as a party leader, like Sir John A. Macdonald before him. Tall and straight, with his plumes whitening and always faultlessly garbed, there was a dignity and a courtliness about him which called for respect. He had an air of distinction.

Like Sir John A. he had the touches of a politician. A new member had the floor; it was his maiden speech. Sir Wilfrid would turn, listen with interest and size him up. Afterwards he would slip around and congratulate him. He had made a friend for life. Sir Robert Borden, bored with the proceedings and the dull speech, would stalk out of the House to spend an hour in his office catching up with business. I remember meeting a former member of the House in the lobby. This was after the Conservatives had come into office in 1911. He was denouncing Sir Robert. It seems when he was a member Sir Robert had spoken in his riding and been entertained in his home. He had just come from calling on the Premier; Sir Robert had not only forgotten him, but had carelessly shown it. Sir Wilfrid would never have been caught in that manner.

When Sir Wilfrid was out campaigning, before he reached a new riding he had himself posted on the situation and the men he should know and call by their first name. John Tolmie, for many years member for one of the Bruces, used to tell a story of Sir

Wilfrid visiting his constituency. He was told to make a fuss over a staunch old Scotch Liberal, "Sandy" MacDonald, and when he met him he greeted him like a long lost friend. Sandy was flattered, but much puzzled that Sir Wilfrid would know him. He came to Mr. Tolmie the next day.

"I have got it," he said to John.

"Got what?" asked the member.

"I know now how Laurier remembered me. When I was a young man working on the building of the C.P.R. in Northern Ontario there was a Frenchman working with me called Laurier. It must have been Sir Wilfrid."

Sir Wilfrid seldom lost his temper. I remember only a couple of occasions when he even showed anger. One was an encounter with Sir George Foster in the session of 1909, and the second was when the Closure Bill was introduced during the course of the famous Naval Bill debate. The clash with Sir George occurred during a tempestuous debate on a report which Mr. Justice Cassels had made into the conduct of the affairs of the Department of Marine and Fisheries. There had been brought to light some rather unsavoury scandals. Sir George fiercely denounced the government and asked Sir Wilfrid, sitting in his usual seat on the front bench, what he proposed to do about charges of bribery of public servants. He pointedly inquired if he was going to proceed against those charged. "Why don't you do it?" he asked. "Is it because you share in it for party interest and party advantage?"

Sir Wilfrid, stung to the quick, retorted angrily: "I have never manipulated other people's money; I have never manipulated trust funds." He was referring to the charges against Sir George in connection with an inquiry into insurance affairs.

Foster was at once on his feet demanding a retraction. It was one of the stormiest scenes, if not the stormiest, I ever witnessed in the Canadian House. For a time it looked as if the chamber would become a bear garden, as Sir George, standing in the centre of the aisle by the Clerk's table, and backed up by the Opposition, insisted on a retraction and shook his fist at Sir Wilfrid. The Speaker was Hon. Charles Marcil, a delightful gentleman, but not a strong Speaker. He was unable to control the House and hesitated, perhaps naturally, to rule his leader out of order. In the Press Gallery that day by mere chance was Rev. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the *Toronto Globe*, who had been largely responsible for the charges against Sir

George. His Celtic blood got the best of him and a couple of newspapermen had almost to hold him in his excitement over the scene.

It was Sir Robert who succeeded in pouring oil upon the troubled waters and Sir Wilfrid, although objecting and objecting properly, to the character of Foster's remarks, agreed to withdraw everything he had said.

While I was the correspondent of the *Toronto News*, of which Sir John Willison, former editor of the *Toronto Globe*, was editor, Sir Wilfrid, when he met me in the lobby, would always greet me with the statement: "How is my old friend Sir John Willison? When is he going to finish my *Life*?" It will be recalled that Sir John wrote a *Life* of Sir Wilfrid which only brought his career up to the Liberal victory of 1896. Sir John in the meantime had changed his political allegiance.

I was one day reading in the library when Sir Wilfrid came along. He gave me the usual greeting. We fell to talking about Parliament and parliaments. I asked him if it was correct that the stature of the members of today did not equal that of the House of Commons of the earlier days of Confederation. He replied that the average of the House was below that of the pioneer days. When I asked him why, his reply was interesting. He said that in the early days, when business and industry were on a smaller scale, the chief openings for advancement for a young man were law and politics. An ambitious young man turned to politics as a career. "Today," he went on, "and this is particularly true of Ontario, there are such opportunities in business with large remuneration that politics with its uncertainties has little attraction for young men of ability. In the average rural riding the member had served in township and county councils and possibly been warden. This has brought him close acquaintance with the electorate. He is an honest, faithful, conscientious member, but with no outstanding ability." Sir Wilfrid felt that this was the reason why so many brilliant men in Canadian public life came from the Maritimes—business was still on a small scale there; money was scarce; the far-away fields of Ottawa looked green; fame was to be found in this wider arena. The result was that young men of ability turned still to a political career.

Sir Wilfrid and Sir Robert sat opposite each other, leaders of their respective parties for eighteen years. They were political enemies, but always close friends. They had much in common, despite the fact that they were in many ways opposites, but were both

strong for the traditions and the dignity of Parliament. Borden had a much better legal mind and training than Sir Wilfrid. He had been leader of the bar of Nova Scotia when he entered the House in 1896. Sir Robert also had a sound knowledge of business; on business questions Sir Wilfrid was hardly a master. Sir Robert lacked the oratorical touches of Sir Wilfrid with his "silver tongue." Sir Robert had argued too long before the courts. He debated as if he was presenting a brief to the Supreme Court and had a curious way of pulling occasionally at his shoulders as if straightening his gown; Sir Wilfrid knew how to bring his followers to their feet with cheers. Except when stirred by some heckler Sir Robert on the hustings was liable to be dull and prosy, and it was even suggested by one of his supporters during one election campaign that they bring along a couple of hecklers to annoy him and rouse his wrath. Sir Wilfrid needed no hecklers to stir him to heights of oratory, particularly on the stump facing the electorate.

It is doubtful if Sir Wilfrid was ever reconciled to the 1911 election, although he was too tactful and too proud to do anything else but accept gracefully the verdict of the electors. He felt that he had been defeated by a combination of big business in English-speaking Canada and an unholy alliance in Quebec between the Conservatives and the Nationalists. He was particularly resentful and disturbed over the loss of strength in Quebec and the growing possibility that he might be replaced in his old age as the hero of the French-Canadians by Henri Bourassa. As time passed this became an obsession with him and was one of the chief reasons for his stand against conscription.

As the Liberals recovered from the 1911 debacle they grew yearly more confident and when the naval question arose in 1913, which split the Conservatives and the Nationalists, they felt here was their opportunity. The Conservatives had forced the government to the country in 1911 on the reciprocity issue by obstruction, and the Liberals decided to use the same tactics. The Borden naval policy, which was based on assurances from British statesmen that an emergency existed, was to build three dreadnoughts at a cost of \$35,000,000 as a part of the British Navy. To satisfy the Nationalist sentiment they were to be returned later to form part of a new Canadian Navy. The Liberals decided to fight the naval bill tooth and nail. When the bill reached the Committee of the Whole it was soon evident that the Liberals proposed to obstruct the measure until the government

either abandoned it or went to the country. For nearly two weeks the House met continuously day and night, adjourning only for Sunday. The whips divided their followers into three eight-hour shifts, but the Conservatives were under a handicap. It was always necessary for them to maintain a majority. If the Liberals suddenly mustered all their supporters the government would be defeated. Conservative members had always to be on call. One night after midnight the Conservatives unexpectedly found themselves in a minority. They were compelled to do the talking and keep the debate going until sufficient of their absent members were rounded up by taxis from all over the city. The late Tom Wallace had slipped his trousers and his coat over his pyjamas and was greeted with cheers when he came rushing into the House still rubbing his eyes.

Those two weeks were perhaps the most boisterous, the noisiest and the most disgraceful sessions of any Canadian Parliament. One member, Herbert Ames, later Sir Herbert, calmly brought a pillow and a nightcap and slept stretched across several chairs. The leader of the Liberal forces—Sir Wilfrid avoided the all-night sessions—was Hon. William Pugsley, an able New Brunswick politician who went by the epithet—behind his back but never to his face—of “Sweet William” or by that applied to him by ruder people of “Slippery Bill.” Pugsley slept in his room in the House of Commons during most of the two weeks’ debate, so that if the Liberal opposition needed him on some rule of the House or some sudden manœuvre he could be summoned at once. As he would walk into the chamber, cool, collected and unruffled in the early morning hours, he would be greeted by cheers from both sides. Bold, resourceful and suave, he was ready for any emergency.

The government decided that there was only one way to break the obstruction tactics, and that was by the introduction of the closure. The youthful Arthur Meighen, still only a private member, but already recognized as a master of the rules of the House, was given credit for drafting the Closure Bill and for the adoption of the tactics which led to the end of the long debate. It was an adroit manœuvre, which finally led to the government’s triumph and its re-establishment of control over Parliament.

Sir Robert moved a resolution providing for an amendment of the rules which would enable the government to end debate and compel division. He quoted from Liberal Ministers and Liberal newspapers to show that at the time of the reciprocity debate they

favoured a change in the rules. When the Prime Minister sat down Sir Wilfrid rose, apparently to move the House into committee and start prolonged debate over again. Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, rose simultaneously. The Speaker, following long custom, courteously recognized the Opposition leader. W. B. Northrup, Conservative member for West Hastings and at one time one of the plotters against Sir Robert, then moved, seconded by Richard Blain, member for Peel, that Mr. Hazen be heard. The motion was challenged but was carried by 105 to 67. Sir Robert then moved that the question be now put. The motion, under an old rule of the House, limited every member to a single speech and prevented further amendment strategy. Sir Wilfrid was white with anger when he found that he had been out-manœuvred and prevented from proceeding with his motion. He denounced in most vigorous language "the gag" of which he was the first victim. It was the destruction, he claimed, of freedom of debate. The Liberals demonstrated and shouted "Shame!" In any case, it ended the debate, and saw the passage of the Naval Bill, even if it was later defeated in the Senate. Never again can there be such scenes as marked the debate on the Naval Bill. The Closure Bill has never been repealed.

If the war had not come Sir Wilfrid would probably have been returned. Hard times were again approaching, and the Nationalist alliance was breaking up. Without some support from Quebec, Sir Robert would have had difficulty holding office. But in the late summer of 1914 a world, grown accustomed to peace, unprepared for war, suddenly found that the emergency was real. In August a four-day session was called. Sir Wilfrid was at his best. He was stunned at the news; he sincerely did not believe any emergency existed. However, he was not the only statesman who shared these views, and when the crisis came he joined with Sir Robert in presenting a united front.

The honeymoon did not last long and partisan politics early showed its ugly head. Both parties were to blame. No one could accuse Sir Robert with playing politics. However, all of his Cabinet Ministers and many of his followers did not take the same lofty position. It took courage for Sir Robert to read out of his party two members who had been found guilty of participating in contracts.

Patronage had so long been a part of Canadian politics that it was difficult to dissociate it from the war effort. Canada was so ill-prepared for war, and everything had to be done in such mad haste,

in order to mobilize the early Canadian contingents that it is not surprising that men who saw nothing wrong in mixing patriotism with profit, frequently entered the picture. Then the Liberals were disturbed by news that a certain element in the Conservative Party, represented by Hon. Robert Rogers, were urging that the government should appeal to the country in the spring of 1915. It was only the stand of Sir Robert against the government capitalizing on the war feeling, and the fearful losses at the battle of Ypres, which ended the proposal for an election. The Liberals after the first surge of patriotic feeling, in view of the possibility of an election, did not lose any opportunity to criticize the government's management of the war. Sir Wilfrid himself took a high stand, but he did not restrain his followers in their attacks on the administration.

In 1916 Sir Robert, instead of favouring an election, proposed that there should be a year's extension of Parliament. He carried on a long correspondence with Sir Wilfrid, who refused to commit himself. Finally when the term was running out Sir Robert introduced a bill to extend the time of Parliament. Sir Wilfrid agreed, but with a reservation that this should be the last time. This meant an election in 1917.

In the meantime the Nationalist Party in Quebec was becoming more and more critical of the war effort. There was a Nationalist movement of ever increasing boldness against the war. Henri Bourassa and his followers attacked Laurier's loyal support of the war and his appeals to the young men of the Province to enlist voluntarily.

Would Bourassa supplant Sir Wilfrid as the hero of Quebec? There was no question that the Liberal leader was dismayed at the growing power of Bourassa. It influenced all his actions and his thinking in the latter days of the war. John W. Dafoe in his fine volume on Laurier says that Laurier feared that he would be displaced from his proud position as the first and greatest of French-Canadians. It was a struggle for a niche in the temple of fame.

At this time there unfortunately broke out one of those spasmodic storms on schools and bilingualism which over the years have bedevilled Canadian politics. With the growing migration of French-Canadians into Ontario the question of the teaching of French in separate schools became acute. It was far from a Protestant versus Roman Catholic controversy. Led by Bishop Fallon of London the Irish Catholics objected to the use of French for instruction in schools,

where both languages were represented. Dr. Merchant made an investigation, at the instance of the Ontario Government, and his report showed grounds for complaint in regard to the failure to use English in school areas where French were in control. As a result there was passed Regulation 17, which limited the teaching of French as a language of instruction. Later somewhat similar action was taken in Manitoba but on different grounds.

The Nationalist platform was fundamentally that Canada was everywhere a bilingual country, French being on a basis of equality across Canada. This gave the Nationalists an issue in Quebec and Bourassa and his allies made the most of it. Regulation 17 was sort of a red rag to a bull in Quebec. It was a symbol of French-Canadian inferiority. I recall at the time disturbed French-Canadian Conservatives arguing with me that if the Ontario Government would only repeal Regulation 17 and redraft it in some other form the day might be saved.

Sir Wilfrid saw Bourassa assuming control in Quebec over this issue. He was in danger of losing his championship of the French people. And so to unhorse Bourassa, Laurier sponsored a resolution in the House of Commons. It was actually moved by Hon. Ernest Lapointe. The resolution stated that parliament "while recognizing the principle of Provincial rights and the necessity of every child being given a thorough English education, respectfully suggested to the Legislative Assembly the wisdom of making it clear that the privilege of the children of French parentage being taught in their mother tongue be not interfered with."

This resolution tore the Liberal Party apart. Laurier had difficulty in whipping his followers into line and even threatened to resign if any considerable number of his supporters deserted him. This held the Ontario and Maritime Liberals, but the Western Liberals were in revolt. John W. Dafoe, editor of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, who always turned up in Ottawa when a crisis arose, appeared on the scene. By mere chance I met him in the corridors one day as he emerged from the office of Sir Wilfrid, his hair more ruffled than usual. It was evident that he was annoyed and deeply upset. It was not hard for me to put two and two together, even if he did not say much, that he had failed in an effort to prevent Sir Wilfrid proceeding with the resolution. I wrote accordingly. Mr. Dafoe in his volume on Laurier tells of this interview. He said that Sir Wilfrid was profoundly moved by what he called "the plight of his people."

They were, he said, politically powerless and leaderless and there was an obligation on him to come to their rescue. Mr. Dafoe writes that Sir Wilfrid brushed aside his suggestion that, while he might be within his rights to express his individual views, he should not make it a party matter in view of the differences of opinion and likewise his observation that the Liberal Party should not identify itself with a resolution, which might throw race and religious differences into a coming general election. He advanced the argument that he must keep control in Quebec or else Bourassa with his extreme views would prevail and might involve the whole Dominion in conflict. Eleven Western Liberals and one Ontario Liberal voted against the resolution.

This position of Laurier, the compulsion which he used on his followers to keep them in line and the revolt of his Western members, undermined the confidence of his supporters. They felt that he was more interested in Quebec than in Canada as a whole. It weakened his hold on his members and made it easier for them to break from him a year later when the conscription issue arose. His old authority over the party was shaken.

I have already written in another chapter on the movement for national government, the emergence of the conscription issue and the formation of Union Government. It is doubtful if Laurier ever expected he would win in the election of 1917. But despite his age he entered the contest with all his old flair. His hopes principally centred on the West and he was cheered by the reception he received on a trip across the Prairies. However, a wave of emotion and almost of religious fervour swept across English Canada and when the campaign was over he found himself with a following of only 82 in a house of 235 and of these 62 were from Quebec.

If there was bitterness of feeling over the election and its result, Sir Wilfrid kept his head high. He never showed it. There were no recriminations against the members who deserted him. The light was in the window for any wayward followers. He talked of resigning and even made arrangements for a convention to elect a new leader, but he remained in harness and only a few months before his death came to London to address a reorganization meeting of the Western Ontario Liberal Association.

The end came soon afterwards. It was in February that the Press Gallery learned that Sir Wilfrid had had a slight stroke in his office.

It was only a few days later that he quietly passed away. Every member of the Press Gallery, even if he had but the slightest acquaintance, felt he had lost a friend. His death marked the end of the grand political era in Canada. There would be no more Macdonalds or Lauriers, who would lead their parties like chieftains of Scottish clans. Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King was Prime Minister longer than either of them, but he never had that fervent and devoted support from the party.

Sir Wilfrid was a kindly, gentle soul, but he had also both moral and physical courage. His moral courage was demonstrated in the early days of his political life when he defied the Quebec hierarchy. After the burning of the Parliamentary buildings in February, 1916, the session was resumed the next day in the Victoria Museum. It was at the height of the First Great War and naturally it was generally believed at the time that the buildings were set on fire by Germans. As a result there was a lot of senseless excitement. A proposal was advanced that the public should be excluded from the galleries of the temporary House of Commons. Sir Wilfrid was approached as to his views. He was adamant against such an idea. He said that the sessions of Parliament were the Grand Assizes of the Nation and the people had an immemorial right to attend these sessions and that right must not be interfered with. "But," pleaded the Speaker of the House, "Sir Wilfrid, some criminal or crazy person may get in the gallery and throw a bomb down on our heads."

Laurier drew himself up and replied: "My dear sir, when you entered politics you took the risk of being hit by a bomb some day and that risk you will have to continue to run." The galleries were not closed.

The Ottawa Improvement Commission which inaugurated the first beautification plans for the capital was initiated by Sir Wilfrid, and he was very interested and proud of the work. He often told his friends that when his political career was over he would like to end his days as a member of the commission. However, he died in harness.

Like Sir Robert, the Liberal leader was a lover of nature, although he was not a botanist like the Conservative leader with an acquaintance of the Latin botanical names. Apart from his books his chief delight was in the quiet contemplation of woods and fields and the birds and the animals, with whose habits and migrations he had been familiar as a boy.

Hon. Charles Murphy, who was probably closer to Sir Wilfrid than anyone else, wrote me a letter shortly after the death of the latter in which he referred to this side of his character. It is so interesting and throws such a light on this unknown side of him that I reproduce it:

One day while waiting to address a political meeting in my behalf he was sitting with a number of friends on the lawn of the late Senator Edward's residence at Rockland, when the song of an oriole in a nearby tree caught his ear. That started him talking about the birds that came to Arthabaskaville when he was a boy. He described their plumage, their different songs, the kind of nests they built, and the colour and number of eggs they laid. Then he explained that some species went away and never returned, and that in their places birds of other varieties came and these he also described. No more delightful reminiscences could be imagined. Had he been a professor of ornithology, he could not have given his group of listeners more information or pleasure than we derived from his chance talk about the feathered songsters that came to Arthabaskaville each spring.

How deeply Sir Wilfrid loved quiet communing with nature was illustrated by the way in which he enjoyed a fishing trip. His Quebec friends often took him to some angler's paradise among the hills of his native Province, and on his return to Ottawa one of us would be sure to ask him what kind of luck he had had. His invariable reply was: "I did all my fishing on the club verandah," and, even now, I can see the twinkle of the eye and the quizzical smile that used to accompany his answer.

Another of Sir Wilfrid's hobbies was his love of trees. He could not bear to see a tree mutilated or cut down if it possibly could be saved. Many a time he telephoned me, saying that linemen of the electric or the telephone company were destroying trees while stringing wires on some street through which he had just passed, and he would insist that my partner, who was then mayor of the city, would at once send some civic employees to stop the vandalism. If I was not prompt in reporting the result of his request, I was certain to get another telephone call from him.

Chapter XXII

Borden enters public life — Cabals against him — Cabinet making in 1911 — Borden as wartime leader — Strong stand at Peace Conference — Correspondence with Audrey Alexandra Brown.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN over the years has grown in stature and prestige, and there are few historians today who are not prepared to recognize his ability, his patriotism, his courage in piloting Canada through the First Great War, and his determination in securing recognition of Canada's national status at the Peace Conference in 1919 and as a member of the League of Nations. Canada's autonomy as a nation has been a slow development over the past eighty years to which all Canadian Premiers have contributed, but Sir Robert, by his sturdy insistence on the rights and position of the Dominion in the face of the hesitant agreement on the part of British statesmen and down-right opposition from certain quarters abroad, first made secure our place as an independent nation.

When he withdrew from public life in 1920 he had been a Member of Parliament since 1896, Opposition leader from 1900 to 1911 and Prime Minister until his retirement. His Parliamentary career stretched over nearly twenty-five years. When he first ran for Parliament in Halifax he was at forty-five the recognized leader of the bar in Nova Scotia. He had no political ambitions and, if he had any ambitions apart from his profession, they were to become some day a member of the bench, for which, with his judicial mind, he was eminently qualified. It was with reluctance he was persuaded to accept the Conservative nomination. It was a tribute to his high personal standing in Halifax that he carried the seat by an increased majority, despite the Liberal landslide of 1896.

It was with grave doubt that he accepted the leadership from the Conservative caucus in 1900 after the defeat and the retirement of Sir Charles Tupper. He felt that he had neither the Parliamentary experience, nor the political qualifications for leadership. It meant,

in addition, giving up his lucrative law practice. He suggested Sir George Foster, but Foster had been defeated in the 1900 election and was not a member of the House. Foster had too many political enemies even in his own party, and it was felt that a new leader, unconnected with the scars of the Manitoba School question, was necessary for success. Sir Robert agreed to the appointment at the time, with the understanding that it was to be temporary, but it was felt that it would reveal political weakness if such an announcement was ever made public.

Borden was leader of the party for the next twenty years, although in Opposition days, when the Laurier star was at its ascendancy, it was an almost hopeless and certainly a thankless task. Borden had his own nest of traitors. Time and again there were cabals against him and several times he threatened to resign. When I went to Ottawa in 1908 there had been a movement under way to replace Sir Robert with some more picturesque and politically-minded leader. The cabal had surveyed the Dominion and their eyes fell upon Sir Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, who looked a statesman with his flowing locks and dignified figure. He was riding high on the Pacific Coast Province. A business visit of McBride to Ottawa was made the occasion of a dinner to introduce him to Conservative members. Borden, as Opposition leader, could not be omitted from the invitation list. It would have been too obvious. Whether Borden sensed something, or made by accident one of his rare fighting speeches, he thoroughly overshadowed Sir Richard, who was in reality a painted lath. That was the end of the McBride boom.

How serious Sir Robert was in his threats to resign it is hard to say. Sir Wilfrid Laurier on several occasions in Opposition days talked of resigning—the last time only shortly before the election of 1896. It was Richard Blain, one of the Conservative whips, who, when asked by the newspapermen if Borden was resigning, replied: "Borden will not resign. He likes the position; he likes the honours and he likes the money."

The leaders of the group who plotted for the removal of Sir Robert were Sir William Price, Hon. J. D. Reid and William B. Northrup, M.P. Sir Robert held no spite. When he won in 1911 he recommended Price for knighthood, made Reid a member of his Cabinet and appointed Northrup Clerk of the House of Commons. He warned Reid that he would expect loyalty if he was to remain

in the Cabinet, and Sir Robert never had a more faithful colleague. He was a sort of chore boy of the Ministry.

Sir Robert was reared in the Liberal fold; his first essay on the stump was in the interests of his cousin, Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia in the Laurier Cabinet. It was disagreement with the secessionist policy of the Nova Scotia Liberals which led him to associate with the Conservative Party. He was never a bitter partisan and the worries of patronage and the petty annoyances of party leadership irked him.

I was in Ottawa for the *Winnipeg Telegram* during the Cabinet making of Sir Robert after the election of 1911. After fifteen years of wandering in the wilderness of Opposition, he had no easy task. Nearly every member of the House felt that his services to the party entitled him to a place in the Ministry. Claimants for Cabinet positions, their friends and wire-pullers poured into the capital. The Chateau Laurier was not yet built, and the old Russell House was abuzz with excitement. Most of these men never got past the lobby or the bar. It was said that one aspirant for Cabinet preferment used to pay to have his name paged loudly a couple of times a day in the lobby to give the impression he was hurriedly desired at Government House by the new Prime Minister.

Sir Robert did his Cabinet making at his beautiful home on Sandy Hill. Here with a few advisers he worked out the Cabinet chess puzzle, which in Canada includes problems of geography, race and religion. George Clare, M.P. for South Waterloo, and George Perley, later Sir George, were his chief advisers. Mr. Clare was a quiet, shrewd business man from Preston, Ontario, who had no ambitions of his own. Perley, a wealthy Ottawa lumberman, had been the capable organizer of the 1911 victory. With a deep black beard and the solemn appearance of what is today called a mortician, Perley looked neither like a business man nor a politician. There was probably no man closer to Sir Robert than Perley. He was a Minister without portfolio and until he went to England as High Commissioner he was always acting Prime Minister, and there were times in the summer dog days when he was acting Minister for a half-dozen portfolios.

The problem of Finance Minister was one of the most difficult. Sir George Foster had occupied this position in the Macdonald Government; he had been the financial critic during the days of Opposition. He was the logical man. He was anxious for the post.

However, there was strong opposition to the appointment. It was felt that Foster had too much political past to live down. The Conservatives had received during the campaign strong support from an element of the Liberal Party, and Borden wanted recognition for this Liberal wing. Thomas White, manager of the National Trust Company and a prominent Toronto financier, had been active on the platform in the fight against reciprocity. After long negotiations he was given the post, and Sir George reluctantly accepted the portfolio of Trade and Commerce. It was a case of history repeating itself, as Laurier in 1896 side-tracked a former Liberal Finance Minister, Sir Richard Cartwright, for Hon. W. S. Fielding.

All of the early Cabinet slates had a veteran member, Andrew Broder, M.P. for Dundas, included in the Ministry. He was called the "Abe Lincoln" of Ottawa, not only on account of his resemblance to the great American President, but also because of his story-telling ability. A dirt farmer, who had been the advocate of agriculture in the Opposition ranks, it was taken for granted by the newspapermen and politicians that he would be the choice for the Department of Agriculture. For reasons and influences that were never clear at Ottawa, Dr. John Reid, who was no speaker and had been prominent in the cabals against Borden, was given the call to the Cabinet. Dr. Reid represented Grenville and, as there was not room for two Ministers from Eastern Ontario, Mr. Broder was dropped. He was a pathetic figure as he broke the news to the reporters that he would not be a member of the Cabinet and, with his little old-fashioned travelling bag, headed back to the farm.

When Broder was dropped Borden had to look elsewhere for a Minister of Agriculture. Martin Burrell, a comparatively new member from British Columbia, a fruit grower in the Kootenay Valley and the editor of a weekly newspaper, was the choice. Mr. Burrell represented the British born, who were a considerable factor in the 1911 campaign. He was a highly educated and cultured gentleman, socially inclined, who knew little, however, of Canada's agricultural problems outside of British Columbia. One newspaperman at the time of his appointment wrote that his knowledge of agriculture was confined to the "Turkey Trot." Before his retirement from public life Sir Robert appointed him Parliamentary librarian, a position for which he was eminently fitted. He wrote for years a weekly book and literary review for the *Ottawa Journal*, and is the author of two books of essays which are delightful reading. He was

a master of English. Through his interest in literature Mr. Burrell was in the English rather than the Canadian tradition of statesmanship. He was a quiet, reserved member of the House, and only on rare occasions intervened in the debates. On one notable occasion in 1916 he became annoyed at the constant and bitter attacks on the war services of the government and on his own department by Hon. Frank B. Carvell, who had a vitriolic tongue. He felt that it was not cricket. He became so angry that he amazed the House by the vigour and the eloquence of his reply, in which he fairly took the hide off the New Brunswick politician. Later Mr. Burrell and Mr. Carvell were colleagues in the Unionist Government. Politics, indeed, make strange bed-fellows.

During the days of Opposition leadership, when duties were not as heavy, or as pressing, as when he became Prime Minister, Sir Robert was in intimate contact with the Press Gallery and particularly correspondents representing Conservative papers. He often regretted to me, after the war broke out, his inability to keep in closer touch with the newspapermen and the members.

Sir Robert was not a successful peace-time leader. He lacked magnetism, personality and imagination. He was not a stirring orator. He was ponderous and heavy in debate; he was dull and often stodgy on the platform. He addressed the House of Commons and his audiences in the country as if he were pleading before the Supreme Court. If the Liberal Party had not handed him the issue of reciprocity on a silver platter—and he hesitated some time before accepting the platter—he would have likely gone down to defeat in 1911. If the war had not intervened in 1914 he would probably have ended his Premiership with one term. Before the outbreak of war hard times were already casting a shadow over the country and the uneasy alliance with the Quebec Nationalists was showing signs of collapsing. The Liberals were thoroughly confident that the country was only waiting to return Laurier to power. This was the reason they fought so long and so tenaciously against the Naval Bill to force the government to the country. However, Sir Robert once told me that the Conservatives were equally confident in 1900 that the electorate would return them to office. He said any party, which had held office for a long period, felt that defeat was only a temporary aberration on the part of the voters.

If Sir Robert was not a powerful peace-time leader he was an ideal war Prime Minister. From the outset he threw his whole heart

and soul into the contest. There was never any faltering on his part. He had tremendous courage, bulldog tenacity and determination, indefatigable industry, a clear picture of the issues at stake, and great patriotism. If he had not been a man of indomitable will, with a powerful physique, he would have collapsed under the strain long before the war was over.

No one can read Borden's memoirs without being impressed by his staunch and sturdy Canadianism and the part he played in the First Great War and the making of peace. He was forthright in his attitude. He objected strenuously early in the war to the lack of information he could obtain as to its conduct and complained that the Dominions were being merely "toy automata." He protested the position of British statesmen, arrogating to themselves solely "the methods by which the war was to be carried on."

After the retirement of Asquith as Prime Minister and the formation of a Coalition Ministry under Lloyd George there was established an Inner War Cabinet of five. Lloyd George, realizing the sentiment of Borden and the Prime Ministers of the other Dominions, felt that this was not sufficient and that the help and advice of the Dominions was necessary. An invitation was issued to the Prime Ministers of the Dominions and a representative from India to join with the War Cabinet. There have been no published reports of this Cabinet, but it played a forceful part in the control of higher strategy and later, when the war ended, in the formation of peace terms. Sir Robert was the recognized leader of the Dominions.

At the time it was felt that the Imperial War Cabinet should become a permanent institution, the idea being that there should be a joint foreign policy for the whole Empire. The policy of equality of nationhood for the component parts of the Empire had come to fruition. In future the Dominions must have a voice in foreign policy. Sir Robert was responsible for a resolution which was passed unanimously that there should be a readjustment of the constitutional relations of the various parts of the Empire.

The war over, the idea of an Imperial War Cabinet was abandoned. The policy of "equality of nations" within the Commonwealth of Nations took a different form, but it was Borden who made the first practical move. Whether, if he had remained in politics, he would have approved of later developments, is another question.

After the war it was Borden who, in the Imperial War Cabinet and again at Versailles, took the lead, fighting to have Canada repre-

sented on the basis of the smaller nations both at the Peace Conference and in the League of Nations. At one stage he even debated with his colleagues returning home, and tells with amusement pleading with Botha to hold their own with Patagonia at the Peace Conference. To Borden more than any other man should be given the credit for first obtaining for Canada national status amongst the powers of the world. When he returned I had a long off-the-record interview with him, and he showed great pride over the success of his fight for recognition.

After the Unionist election of 1917 Sir Robert never learned to know by name, or by sight, half of the supporters of the new government. There was a swarm of new members. Sir Robert, with the burden of the war on his shoulders, had little, or no time, for social amenities, or little opportunity to mingle with the private members even in the caucus room. He was in England, or Europe, nearly half the time. The House was sitting after the Parliamentary fire in the makeshift building, the Victoria Museum, and its environment did not make for close acquaintanceship. The story went the rounds of the Press Gallery that at one time Sir Robert mistook one of the new Unionist members from the West for a Parliamentary messenger and gave him a letter to deliver to one of his colleagues at his office. The amused member, not offended, rather than take the time to explain to the busy Prime Minister his mistake and as he was going in that direction anyway, delivered the message.

Before he studied law Sir Robert taught school for a time. If he had continued following the teaching profession he would doubtless, like many other Nova Scotian educationists, have ended up as a university president. He had every qualification for such a position. Canada never had a more erudite, more scholarly, or more cultured Prime Minister. He could read both Latin and Greek in the original. It was relaxation for him to pick up Homer or Horace. He spoke both French and German. He was interested in botany although he had little time to pursue this hobby. His Ottawa home was on the banks of the Rideau River, and he had planted along the paths of the banks many Canadian wild flowers. He knew all the Latin botanical names.

Sir Robert has been pictured chiefly as a great constitutional lawyer, an austere and almost dour man, but this is far from a true picture. He had a deeply sympathetic and kindly nature. He was fond of good literature and was a lover of poetry. Just how he

became interested in the British Columbia poetess, Audrey Alexandra Brown, I am not aware, but he corresponded with her and encouraged her in her work at a time when she was known by only a few rare souls, who recognized her extraordinary ability.

In December, 1934, I wrote Sir Robert asking him if he would speak to the London Canadian Club. In replying he explained why he felt it was impossible for him to accept the invitation, and at the same time he urged me to give a sympathetic review of Miss Brown's latest book of poems. He enclosed a copy of correspondence he had carried on with her. It throws an interesting and new sidelight on Sir Robert, who had sent her as a birthday present a copy of Keats. Who would think of Sir Robert, the war-time Prime Minister, as a lover of Keats? His letter is as follows:

Glensmere,
Ottawa,
December 13, 1934.

My dear Arthur:

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to comply with your request if it were practicable to do so. I have several such requests and my only safety lies in declining all. You will readily understand the situation. I am undertaking a little more than I can comfortably manage.

Doubtless you know of the poems of Audrey Brown of which a new edition (*A Dryad in Nanaimo*) has just been published. I enclose herewith a little memorandum respecting this wonderful girl together with copies of two letters which are explained in the memorandum. In case you review her poems, I hope you will speak for her as I feel.

With thanks for your letter, kindest regards and Christmas greetings, I remain, my dear Arthur,

Yours faithfully,
R. L. Borden (signed).

I am taking the liberty of quoting the first paragraph of one of her letters to Sir Robert:

The book reached me for my birthday. I still haven't been able to bring myself to put it away, but keep it by me where I can look at it all the while and touch it occasionally. I've always had a rather keen sense of touch: the feel of the lovely smooth leather gives me nearly as great delight as the sight of it, its beauty of colour and texture. *I love beautiful things so:* and this is *from you*—I can't believe it all, but walk as delicately as Agag lest by chance I should wake myself up. I'm so glad now that I didn't die seven years ago when I would have died, if I had known how or where to begin.

I got as far as the back door of death, but it wasn't on the latch so I had to crawl back. Now I'm so glad I did—it would have been such a pity to miss yesterday, which was (I thank you for it) by much the happiest day of my life.

After his retirement Sir Robert visited the House of Commons on only a few occasions. To a letter which I had written him congratulating him on his seventy-eighth birthday in 1932 in reply he said:

Many of my years in active life were tempestuous and my labours exhausting. At the end it became necessary not only in my own interest but (which was much more important) in the interest of the country that I retire. For nearly three years I made slow progress towards recovery of my former health and strength, but in these later years my progress has been more assured and I am thankful that I am able to enjoy life and to find pleasure in the various avocations to which my time and energies are devoted.

I think it is only on three or four occasions since I ceased to be a member of the House of Commons that I have been present in the Chamber while the House was in session. Before retirement it seemed to me that I should greatly enjoy to look on from the gallery while debates were proceeding in the Chamber wherein for 25 years I had played a part. But the personnel of the House had so greatly changed and so many of the outstanding personalities had disappeared that my interest seemed to be lost.

Chapter XXIII

Bennett a curious combination — Quarrel with General
McRae — Strong religious beliefs — Constructive legislation.

PERHAPS the greatest success story in the history of Canada is that of Lord Bennett, who by sheer ability and terrific industry, worked his way up the ladder from a humble New Brunswick beginning to become a multi-millionaire, Prime Minister of Canada, and a member of the British House of Lords. He carried the Conservative Party to success in 1930, but left it a wreck. The party is still suffering from the Bennett regime.

The quarrel with Hon. H. H. Stevens, which led to the formation of the Reconstruction Party, was unnecessary and could easily have been avoided. He broke up the efficient Conservative organization built up by General A. D. McRae for the 1930 election, and it has never been effective from that day to this.

Bennett was a curious combination. He could be dominating and arrogant and again co-operative and even humble; he could be wilful and perverse and yet kindly and soft-hearted. There was only one person I ever knew to whom he would always listen—that was his sister Mildred, later the wife of Hon. W. D. Herridge, to whom he was deeply attached. She had all the tact and diplomacy, graciousness and ability to meet the public which Mr. Bennett often lacked. She toured with him across Canada during the campaign of 1930 and by her charm and winning ways was a tower of strength to her brother.

It was on this tour that she first met Bill Herridge. Their story is an interesting one. It was decided that Mr. Bennett should make a speaking trip across Canada on the eve of the election. It was felt that someone should go along with him as adviser and counsellor and to help him with his speeches. The late Redmond Code, K.C., and Harold Daly, K.C., both of whom were assisting General McRae

at the Conservative headquarters, were approached. They rejected the idea scornfully. They did not like the thought of a trip across Canada in the heat of summer, and they feared that Bennett would be a bear to travel with. General McRae was puzzled what to do when someone suggested, "Why not Bill Herridge? He has offered to help in the campaign any way he can." Everyone was in agreement, and Herridge was assigned the job.

Herridge was the son of a noted Ottawa Presbyterian divine. As a World War One veteran he was a friend, through his interest in the Canadian Legion, with Lord Byng. He had been a lifelong Liberal, although not active in politics, but feeling that Lord Byng had been badly treated by Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King at the time of the election of 1926, he broke with the party and notified the Conservative headquarters that he was prepared to help when the next election rolled around.

And so Herridge, who had only a speaking acquaintance with "R. B.," made the trip across Canada. While they were vastly different in many ways, yet Bennett and Herridge became fast friends. When the trip to Vancouver was over, Bennett asked that Herridge be allowed to continue with him. In that election Bennett made much of a "Canada First" cry. It was Herridge, who was an ardent Canadian, who persuaded him to take this line with his speeches. Mildred accompanied her brother on the trip and naturally she and Herridge were thrown much together. They fell in love and were married shortly after the election. Later he was named as Canadian Minister to Washington, which was not altogether a popular appointment in the ranks of the Conservative Party.

I am not sure, but I am of the opinion that the quarrel between General McRae and Bennett, which was never thoroughly healed, was due to that appointment. General McRae, more than any other man, was responsible for the Conservative victory in 1930. An organizing genius, he put all his talents and his untiring energy into that campaign. He travelled across Canada meeting the party executives; he spent two weeks, for example, in Western Ontario, and it meant a lot to party enthusiasm to have the chief brass hat from Ottawa meet with executives and discuss their problems. The election over, he was offered a Cabinet portfolio, but he did not want to enter the Ministry. He told me that he was offered the High Commissionership in London before it was given to Hon. Howard Ferguson. Owing to his wife's illness he felt he could not accept,

but he intimated to me he would not have been adverse to going to Washington. He was later made a senator, but he was never friendly with Bennett again.

McRae, during the First Great War, was one of the directors of propaganda for the British War Office. He was a great believer in publicity and he organized at Conservative headquarters an efficient publicity department with the late Robert Lipsett, who at the time was city editor of the *Montreal Star*, in charge. Lipsett was a brilliant newspaperman, who belonged to the old Winnipeg *Telegram* crowd. As city editor of that paper I gave him his first job. He had been in the Press Gallery for some time and was so close to Bennett that they called each other "Bob" and "Dick"; there were not many people who were ever intimate enough with the Conservative leader to call him "Dick."

The organization under McRae functioned extremely efficiently. He made a file of 250,000 Conservatives throughout Canada on multi-graph plates so that, with addressograph machines, he was able to issue 250,000 letters, or pieces of literature, in a matter of three days. Copies of Liberal pamphlets and literature were in Conservative headquarters the day they were off the press. Answers were written the same day and in the hands of the printers immediately afterwards. With the high speed mailing equipment they had available the answers would be in the hands of the editors and others often before the Liberal literature had left headquarters.

This Conservative office was closed down almost on election night and the staff paid off and dismissed. It was the idea of General McRae and Mr. Lipsett to keep the organization going from election to election, with a skeleton staff and send out occasional literature. The plates were all scrapped and the headquarters closed. Lipsett became Parliamentary correspondent of the *Toronto Star*. He took revengeful delight in his barbed thrusts at Bennett during the next five years.

During the five years of office Cabinet Ministers and political friends time and time again urged on Bennett the necessity of setting up again the central organization. He never gave anyone satisfaction, although he often intimated something would be done. When the 1935 election rolled around, on the eve of the campaign a new organization was set up under Hon. Earl Lawson, but it was too late. The damage had been done.

It would be interesting sometime for someone to write a treatise

on the influence of the old Canadian Methodist Church upon Canadian economic, social and political life, and particularly in Ontario. The early Methodist itinerant preachers brought religious life to the isolated pioneers. The strong temperance sentiment, which still persists in rural Ontario, came largely from the Methodists, who were puritanical in their views in regard to drinking, smoking, dancing, card playing and the theatres. On the other hand, the Methodists, and especially the Wesleyan Methodists, had strong attachment to Great Britain; a large element of them were Conservatives, believing in traditional British institutions and at the same time ready to support advanced liquor and social legislation. The late Sir William Hearst was a product of this school.

Mr. Bennett was a typical development of the Methodist Church. He was brought up strictly in his old-fashioned New Brunswick home. He took the temperance oath early in life and never broke it, although tolerant of the views of others. He never smoked. He was evangelical in his outlook and in his speeches. He never missed a night that he did not read a few verses from the Bible; he had an encyclopædic knowledge of the Scriptures, and in his speeches called frequently upon them for his illustrations and similes. Hon. Dr. Manion in his book of reminiscences remarks that Bennett would have made a great bishop, and he was correct in this.

When Mr. Bennett was in power in Ottawa he read a volume written by Dr. Wesley Bready on Lord Shaftesbury, the great English social reformer of the middle of the nineteenth century. He was tremendously impressed with this volume, and I am inclined to think that this book influenced him in the social legislation he introduced shortly before the election of 1935, although undoubtedly his brother-in-law, Mr. Herridge, who was Minister at Washington during the days of the New Deal legislation of the Roosevelt regime, was a final factor in his decision.

Mr. Bennett became acquainted with Dr. Bready, and aided him financially in producing his second book, the history of John Wesley and his times. After the book was published he sent a copy with his compliments to all the members of the House of Commons and the Senate who were members of the United Church, into which the Methodist Church had been absorbed. After he went to England and bought his residence in Surrey, he found that as the country squire he was supposed to support the little neighbouring Anglican church. Tradition was too much for him, and he went to the

Anglican church, but at heart he was always an evangelical Methodist.

Shortly before the 1930 election a meeting of the party leaders, along with Mr. Bennett, to discuss organization was held in the Royal York Hotel in the suite of the late Home Smith, brilliant Toronto financier, who had agreed to take charge of the Ontario organization for the campaign. Before the meeting got down to serious business there was discussion over the speech of Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King in which he said he would not give a five-cent piece to a Conservative Government for unemployment. It was felt that he had made a political blunder and that he had played into the hands of his opponents. The meeting agreed that Mr. Bennett had acted wisely in not replying to Mr. King. Mr. Bennett said that he had prepared a blast against Mr. King, but the caucus had taken the stand—he felt wisely—that it was better to let the statement go unchallenged. He regretted that he had not made the speech, as he had one Biblical quotation which he had planned to use and of which he was particularly proud. It had reference to the fact that Mr. King in his speech had quoted at some length from his book *Industry and Humanity* and yet was refusing any help, not even a “five-cent piece.” Bennett then gave the quotation:

And the voice which I heard from Heaven spake unto me again, and said, Go and take the little book which is open in the hand of the angel which standeth upon the sea and the earth.

And I went unto the angel, and said unto him, Give me the little book. And he said unto me, Take it and eat it up; and it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey.

And I took the little book out of the angel's hand and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey: and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter.

Everyone said that they had never heard this Biblical quotation before and asked where it appeared. Bennett at once replied:

“Revelations, Chapter X, verses eight, nine and ten. Get me a Gideon Bible,” he demanded.

There was a scramble for the Gideon Bible, but none could be found in the suite. Mr. Smith, who was very much of a wag, explained that he had had a sad experience with a Gideon Bible and was much prejudiced against them. He never allowed one in his hotel room. His story was that he was travelling on one occasion across the continent to San Francisco. He was expecting some important cables from London, which were to be sent in code, and he had with him

a code book. He stopped off at Denver on the way, but the expected cablegrams did not arrive. It was not until he reached San Francisco that the London cables caught up with him. He went to look for his code book and found that all he had was a Gideon Bible. At Denver the code book and the Gideon Bible had become interchanged. No one got a greater laugh over the story than Mr. Bennett. A Gideon Bible was sent for and it was found Mr. Bennett was right to the chapter and verse.

Now that the figures involved have all passed away I can tell a story of the 1930 election. At the time I was president of the Western Ontario Conservative Association. There was extreme difficulty in securing a candidate in Kent County. The party had suffered a series of defeats and the executive was discouraged. East Kent had been represented in the Drury Government by Hon. Manning Doherty, who was Minister of Agriculture in the Farmer Government. Before attaching himself to the U.F.O. he had been a Conservative, and I had reason to believe, was friendly disposed to Mr. Bennett. When I found some of the Kent executive even talking of giving the Liberals an acclamation, I suggested the name of Mr. Doherty. They were exceedingly favourable to the idea. They said they would call together the full executive and in the meantime I should feel out Mr. Doherty.

I communicated with Home Smith, who was in charge of the Ontario organization. He was favourable to the suggestion and thought it would be a ten strike to secure as a candidate a former member of the Drury Government. He arranged a conference with Mr. Doherty at which there were present Mr. Bennett, General McRae, Mr. Smith and myself. Mr. Doherty fell in line with the plan, but he had not been well lately and he wanted first, before giving any decision, to consult his doctor. This meeting was on a Sunday; on Monday night the Kent executive met at Chatham. The executive as a whole, and particularly those from East Kent, received the idea with icy coldness. Had not Mr. Doherty fought and defeated a Conservative candidate in East Kent? Why should they be asked to support a renegade Conservative? They would have nothing to do with such a nefarious deal. Captain Stonehouse of Wallaceburg was persuaded to allow his name to go to the convention and to stand if nominated. I called up Home Smith when I received this news and explained to him that it was all off and for him to notify Doherty.

"Some job," he remarked. However, the next day Doherty came to Mr. Smith with his doctor's report, which was one of those cautious medical pronouncements which could be interpreted any way. Mr. Smith, after reading the report, told Doherty that as a friend he would advise him not to run. Mr. Smith did not want to offend Mr. Doherty. He did not want to lose his support by telling him the Conservatives of Kent had rejected him. He was in a predicament—he urged him not to take any chances with his health. The same day I received a wire from Mr. Doherty as follows:

"Doctors forbid me accepting nomination and making campaign. Regret this beyond words. Kindly convey to old constituents my sincere appreciation to everyone for the honour they have done me. Hope still help in campaign wherever you want me in July for a few meetings."

Naturally I did not convey this message to Kent County, nor was Mr. Doherty ever disillusioned.

There are not many people who would have predicted when Mr. Bennett was a private member at Ottawa that he would ever become leader of the Conservative Party or Prime Minister of Canada. Mr. Bennett came to Ottawa in 1911 with a great reputation as an orator. He lived up to the reputation. He was aggressive and denunciatory and stirred up political passions. Independent-minded, he was soon a thorn in the flesh to the new Conservative Government. When the government proposed legislation to help the Canadian Northern Railway from collapsing, Mr. Bennett, aided by another bright Conservative, W. F. Nickle, M.P. for Kingston, attacked the measure. He was accused of wanting to help the C.P.R. of which he had been the solicitor—he had resigned on his election to Ottawa.

He was naturally open to suspicion on that score, but I believe that both he and Mr. Nickle were thoroughly honest and sincere in their attitude. Mr. Bennett had been long enough in the West to know something of the tactics of Mackenzie and Mann, "Bill and Dan," as they were best known. They were a remarkable pair of men and, if they had lived in an earlier period and the first war had not ruined them, they might have gone down in history as great railway builders like Lord Strathcona and Sir William Van Horne. He felt that "Bill and Dan" had been evil influences upon governments throughout the country. If it had not been for his stand on this subject and his bitter quarrels with the Conservative administration, he might have been a member of the Cabinet long before he

was. Whatever might be said of Mr. Bennett, he wore no man's collar and he was never the extreme partisan of which he has been accused.

With the recollection of this many Conservatives, while recognizing his great talents, to the last had doubts as to his ability to lead a party successfully. It was felt that he would not work in harness with anyone, and undoubtedly this was one of his chief weaknesses as Prime Minister. He was the whole government. He did not develop his lieutenants. He overshadowed his Ministers. His knowledge of every side of government administration was overwhelming. He had a tremendous memory, and no matter what subject came up in Parliament he seemed to know a little more than anyone else.

A deputation from the Canadian publishers asked one time for an interview with the Postmaster-General on the question of postage. To their surprise when they reached Ottawa they found they were meeting not only the Postmaster-General but Mr. Bennett. The Prime Minister took charge of the interview and the publishers found that he knew more about the question of postage and all of its implications than any of them. He rather overwhelmed them.

A Western Ontario member was making his maiden speech and he decided, as he came from a rural riding, he would talk on a subject with which he was familiar and of which he had made a study—the growth of the beet sugar industry in Canada and the history of the relation of the tariff to this particular product. When he sat down, Mr. Bennett, without any preparation, arose and showed that he had a wide and complete knowledge of the question and corrected the member on a number of points. A hundred such examples could be quoted. His storehouse of information was gargantuan.

He was impatient with the red tape of government. He was not afraid to cut it, and if he wanted information he did not hesitate to call up the humblest civil servant. The story goes that one day, impatient to obtain some information and without waiting for his secretary, he telephoned some minor department for information. A girl answered.

"This is R. B. Bennett speaking," came over the 'phone.

The last thing in the world she expected would be the Prime Minister telephoning her. She thought it was some boy friend kidding her.

"Oh, yeah! This is Greta Garbo," was the reply the astonished Minister heard over the telephone.

There is a tendency on the part of recent historians and political

commentators to make light of the accomplishments of Mr. Bennett as Prime Minister. They treat his term of office as an interregnum in the long reign of Mr. King. This is, of course, true. But Mr. Bennett has to his credit solid achievements which should not be forgotten. It was Mr. Bennett who first organized the C.B.C. with the idea of building up the cultural and educational life of Canada nationally. He appointed to the chairmanship the late Hector Charlesworth, the brilliant editor at the time of *Saturday Night* and Canada's best known musical and theatrical critic. Mr. Charlesworth later was rather shabbily treated by the King Government.

Mr. Bennett organized the Bank of Canada and was the discoverer of Graham Towers, a youthful and almost unknown banker, with unusual talents. He strengthened the Finance Department by bringing in Dr. W. C. Clark from Queen's University as deputy Minister of Finance. He believed in building up a strong civil service. If it had not been for the Bank of Canada and the presence of such men as Graham Towers and Dr. Clark in key posts at Ottawa, the government might not have been in as powerful a position economically and financially when war broke out in 1939.

The value of the Economic Conference of the Empire which was held in Ottawa in 1932 may be questioned, but there is no doubt that it was a great accomplishment. Mr. Bennett, by his force, his power and his indomitable will, almost compelled a hesitating British Government to accept a policy of Imperial preferences, which undoubtedly did much to develop trade between the Commonwealth and the British Empire. At times the agreement has been bitterly criticized. A change in the whole status of world trade has made it rather impotent, yet it is still on the statute books.

Mr. Bennett believed in revitalizing the Senate. He appointed as the Conservative leader in the Upper House, Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen. With the assistance of a number of able men on the Liberal side such as Hon. Charles Murphy, Hon. George P. Graham and Hon. W. A. Buchanan, the stature and prestige of the Senate was raised. Unless it was in the early days of Confederation, we doubt if the Senate ever stood as high in public esteem as during the Bennett regime.

Two important measures, which are to the credit of the Bennett Government, are the re-writing of the Shipping Act and the review of the Insurance Bill, which were first introduced into the Senate. This body through its special committees spent long and arduous

days in studying these measures. Scores of witnesses were heard and these Bills, of inestimable value, were hammered out by the Senate. The House of Commons would never have had the time or the patience to do the job of the Upper House. Mr. King was always indifferent to the Senate and its prestige has been steadily declining in recent years.

Bennett was a great admirer of Great Britain—he was a genuine Imperialist in the right sense of the term. Britain with all its traditions, its pageantry and its history, appealed to the instincts and the imagination of Bennett. When he went to England to retire it was a case of “going home.” It was the climax of a long and successful career to be able to sit in the House of Lords, with all its pomp and glory, and to be able to associate himself with the names of men who had made the Empire. How he must have swollen with pride the day he first took his seat in the Lords!

And yet withal he was a lonely man. His whole life had been devoted to his career. He had no hobbies; he played no bridge; golf or any sports were out of his line; he never danced. *Who's Who* quotes his only recreation as reading. A bachelor who occasionally toyed with the idea of marrying, but relented at the last minute, he had little social life except for the brief period when his sister, Mildred, acted as his chatelaine.

With all his faults he was a great Canadian, who loved ardently his native land and felt intensely that its future was tied up with Great Britain.

Chapter XXIV

Shrewdness of Ferguson — A very human individual —
Hello Fergiel — Ford threatens to sue — Interest in the
University of Western Ontario.

HON. HOWARD FERGUSON was the most human, the most personable, the wisest and the shrewdest politically of all the public men I have known. One of his colleagues once described him to me as a "political David Harum." This was an astute description, but he had in addition many statesmanlike qualities.

My acquaintance with Mr. Ferguson dated back to the Conservative Provincial convention of 1920 when he was chosen leader of the party. The party had been recently overwhelmed by the U.F.O. and Sir William Hearst had resigned as leader. It was the first time that a Conservative leader had been chosen for this position at an open convention, for in the past the selection had always been left to a party caucus. There were three candidates in the field—Hon. W. F. Nickle, Hon. George S. Henry and Mr. Ferguson. The party was none too sure of Mr. Ferguson. He had previously been Minister of Forests in Ontario and his administration had been under fire and subject to an investigation. He was elected leader by only a comparatively small margin.

He handled himself as Opposition Leader during the next three years with great skill. He built up his broken party and undermined confidence in the Drury Administration. He always believed that it was essential for his party to have strong candidates and that success of an election depended upon the personal strength and integrity of the party standard bearer. While he did not interfere with the constituency's right to name its own candidate, yet he made certain by personal visits and influence that the strongest possible men were available when a convention was called. The result was that in the Provincial election of 1923 the Conservative Party probably never had an abler list of candidates.

In one Provincial election, I have forgotten which, when I was president of the Western Ontario Conservative Association, Mr. Ferguson suggested that we should endeavour to secure a woman candidate. This was after Miss Agnes Macphail had entered politics and there was considerable talk of the place of women in public life.

"I would like to have a woman as a standard bearer for the party," he said to me. "I think it would help us with the women's vote throughout the Province. We want a woman of standing who has been a leader in the community. Look over the situation."

I gave the subject some thought and decided that the late Mrs. W. J. Hanna of Sarnia would make an ideal candidate if she could be secured. Her husband had been a prominent member of the Whitney Cabinet and Mrs. Hanna had taken a deep interest in the community welfare of Sarnia. I passed the name on to Mr. Ferguson and he was delighted with the suggestion and asked me to broach the subject to her and the Sarnia Conservatives. I made a trip to Sarnia and talked it over with her. It was something she had never considered, or thought of, and she was rather lukewarm, but she did not say no. The officers of the association, or at least most of them, were apparently favourable. I told Mr. Ferguson that I thought if he saw her his influence would settle the matter. He met Mrs. Hanna the next time she was in Toronto and persuaded her to allow her name to go to the convention.

In the meantime the active party workers secured wind of the scheme. They did not take kindly to the idea of a woman member. They fell in behind another candidate. Hon. W. H. Price was the speaker at the convention. He went to the gathering all primed to make a speech lauding the selection of Mrs. Hanna and discussing the place of women in politics. Mrs. Hanna was defeated at the convention and poor Mr. Price had to switch his speech at the last moment. Mrs. Hanna took the defeat with a smile. She was probably relieved, as she did not look forward to a rough and tumble campaign with much enthusiasm.

Few elections were ever fought with less money than the election of 1923. The Conservative Party, provincially and federally, was never at a lower ebb, and the wealthy men of the party had still little confidence in Mr. Ferguson. He risked everything in this campaign, mortgaging his home and his farm to finance it. If he had lost he would have been ruined. However, he won and this was the begin-

ning of a series of victories until his retirement in 1930 to become Canadian High Commissioner in London.

He was a very human individual, which is shown by his nickname of "Fergie." He told me a story once when I was in England and he was High Commissioner. He had been to call on the King at Buckingham Palace and was riding back through the palace gates feeling very proud and sitting up in his open car majestically. There was a group of tourists standing around the gates when someone shouted out from the crowd: "Hello, Fergie. What the hell are you doing there?" in a very Canadian voice. He said it brought him down to earth with a thud. He halted his car, went back and found it was an old supporter from Kemptville. He invited him to have lunch at Canada House.

The late Home Smith used to tell a story along the same lines. He said he arrived at Victoria Station and wanted to see Mr. Ferguson. He hailed a typical English cab driver.

"Drive me to Canada House," said Mr. Smith.

"Never 'eard of hit," replied the driver.

"Well, I want to see the Canadian High Commissioner."

"Who is 'e?" he answered.

"Hon. Howard Ferguson," continued Mr. Smith.

"Don't know 'im," he replied.

"Well, I must see Fergie some way or other."

"Oh, it is Fergie you want," brightened up the driver. "Certainly I know Fergie."

Mr. Smith doubtless invented the tale. Nevertheless, it is typical of the hold that "Fergie" had on the popular imagination.

One time when I was in Toronto I had to wait the afternoon for the train. I called on Mr. Ferguson at the Parliament Buildings. He was driving that afternoon to see the Bowmanville Boys' Farm in which he was particularly interested, and he asked me to accompany him. On the way I happened to mention the large number of Ford cars we were passing.

"Did you know," he remarked, "that Ford once threatened to sue me?" I replied in the negative.

"It was on the eve of an election," he went on, "and I was campaigning in Essex County. I was invited to speak at a church garden party. I could not talk on politics, and I noticed the large number of cars parked around the grounds. I reminisced on the good old horse and buggy days before cars were known and said that the

automobile had hit particularly the churches and the rural churches. People go automobile riding instead of going to church. The country has lost many things as a result. In fact I even called Mr. Ford an enemy of society for having invented the automobile. I had no idea there were reporters present, but the next morning the *Detroit Free Press* had a streamer head saying I had denounced Mr. Ford. A few days later on my return to Toronto I received a letter from the Detroit attorneys of Mr. Ford, demanding a retraction of this statement or they would sue me for libel."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I prayed that he would start a suit. I figured that a suit at that time on such grounds would make certain of the election. But nothing ever happened."

Mr. Ferguson loved a story on himself. His classic story, which has been told and retold, is perhaps worth repeating. He said that, after the election of 1923 and the campaign was over and he had been chosen Premier, he returned to his home in Kemptville.

There was no delegation of prominent citizens, nor any band to meet him. The only man on the platform when he got off the train was the town nit-wit.

"Well, Bert," said Mr. Ferguson, "I suppose you have read that I have been made Premier of Ontario."

"Yes, I read it," said Bert casually.

"What are the boys saying?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"Oh, they are just laughing."

Mr. Ferguson had rare wit and a delightful sense of humour. He had great political sagacity, sound common sense, a high feeling of public duty and, above all, the human touch.

When Mr. Ferguson was Prime Minister he took a great pleasure in the development of the University of Western Ontario. He always declared that it was unwise to centralize all higher education in Toronto and he was generous in his support of both Queen's and Western. He was very proud of his appointment as Chancellor of the University. He felt after his return from England as High Commissioner that he was a sort of forgotten man, and he appreciated deeply the recognition given to him by Western. Only the day before his sudden death I received a letter from him in which he was making inquiries as to the progress of the building campaign of the University and offering to lend his assistance in helping to collect funds in Toronto.

No Canadian political leader ever had a more faithful helpmate in his wife than Mr. Ferguson. She was constantly at his side; it is doubtful if he ever made any important decisions without consulting her. She had a lot of common sense and sound political judgment. She had ability to make friends. Both in Toronto and later in London, when Mr. Ferguson was Canadian High Commissioner, Mrs. Ferguson was a gracious chatelaine and a wise counsellor.

Chapter XXV

The unlucky Mr. Meighen — Comparison of Blake and Meighen — The C.N.R. legislation — Opposition to Japanese Alliance — Meighen and Lord Byng — Meighen's love of Shakespeare — His great memory.

NO CANADIAN political leader has been more unfortunate, more unlucky, or more maligned than Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen. His public career has been marked by a series of mishaps, bad judgments and political tragedies. He has been the Edward Blake of the Conservative Party. They have many resemblances. Both were of Irish Protestant descent, with all the fine qualities and some of the faults of that race. Both were born in Western Ontario—Blake in Adelaide Township, Middlesex County and Meighen near St. Mary's in Perth County. Blake's parents left the farm when he was young. Nevertheless he had a rural background. Both turned early to law and politics. They both had unusual intellectual attainments and outstanding ability. The late Thomas Owen, who was in the Press Gallery in the early days of Confederation and later was for many years editor of the *Hansard* staff and knew all the Canadian statesmen until the early twenties, once told me, that for sheer mental capacity and for brain machinery, leaving aside other qualifications, Blake and Meighen were the two greatest minds in the Parliamentary history of Canada.

Both men were dogged by misfortune. Blake during his political career faced as his opponent Sir John A. MacDonald. He towered above him intellectually and in debate in the House of Commons, but he lacked his genius for dealing with men, his popular appeal to the public and his political sagacity. He lacked, also, the foresight and the vision of Sir John A. Mr. Meighen, during his time as leader of the Conservative Party, sat across from Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King. In debating talent, in powers of analysis and as a Parliamentarian he overshadowed King. But he lacked the art of compromise, which, in a country like Canada, seems vital for a successful statesman. He

failed to gauge public opinion and lacked political timing. Although Mr. King lived a life apart in many ways, he always had astute friends across Canada who kept him in close touch with the public sentiment. For example, in Western Ontario he corresponded constantly with the late Hon. J. C. Elliott, and anyone who knew Mr. Elliott will admit that there was no man who kept his ear closer to the ground.

Mr. Meighen has been unfortunate in his public relations and particularly with his relations with the Press. He was thoroughly convinced that the Canadian Press organization was dominated by Liberals and that it was being ingeniously used by them against himself and the Conservative Party. He had some unfortunate experiences with the Press, and grounds for grievance against the Canadian Press, but any mistakes which it may have made I am convinced were not deliberate, and it is not good politics in any case to quarrel with such a powerful organization.

It is not by accident that so many leading and successful politicians and industrialists, outstanding professors and scientists have come from Ontario farms. Apart from the training that any rural and agricultural experience imparts, no country was ever settled by a finer type of citizen than the pioneers from England, Scotland and Ireland who came to Ontario. They learned the value of hard work, the meaning of saving pennies and the wholesome religious virtues which make for a sound character. There are still people in St. Mary's who remember when Mr. Meighen covered a milk route for his farmer father. Like so many Western Ontario pioneers, his parents were determined, even if it meant sacrifice, that their studious son should have an education. It was at St. Mary's Collegiate that he obtained his foundation of love of English literature. His interest in Shakespeare dates from that day. When an old teacher, W. H. Riddell, died a few years ago in London, Mr. Meighen attended the funeral rites and paid a tribute to his old teacher.

At Toronto University, like so many boys from the country, who had little spare cash and lived in nearby boarding houses, he took little part in the activities of the university, which were often left to the wealthier occupants of the fraternities. Mr. Meighen was just another student at Toronto, although he made some lifelong friends among students situated somewhat like himself, notably Stanley L. MacLean, president of Canada Packers Limited, and Malcolm Wallace, later principal of University College.

In those days when a student graduated and had to face immediately the question of making a living he turned to teaching, and both Mr. MacLean and Mr. Meighen went to the School of Pedagogy and then into school teaching. Mr. Meighen's first and only school was Caledonia. He had difficulties with the chairman of the board over discipline and at the end of the year decided to retire and join the trek to the West. He went to Winnipeg to study law. To put himself through law he taught at night in a Business College. Having graduated, he hung out his shingle at Portage La Prairie and in 1908 was the successful Conservative candidate for that riding.

He was soon marked as one of the coming young men of the Conservative Party. In those days there was more interest in the Public Accounts Committee than in the sessions of the House. Here the aggressive members of the party hunted for scandals and not without some success. Mr. Meighen, with his analytical mind, his inquisitive brain and his legal ability, was one of the spear-heads in the probe into Liberal wrong doing. By the time the 1911 elections came, Mr. Meighen was already recognized as a power on the platform. While the 1911 campaign in the West was managed by Hon. Robert Rogers, Mr. Meighen was the most popular speaker on the hustings. Rogers naturally had the summons for the Cabinet post, when Sir Robert Borden formed his Government, but it was not long until Sir Robert was constantly calling on the young Westerner in times of difficulty.

It was Mr. Meighen, who from the first, handled the difficult and intricate railway legislation. When the problem arose of assisting the Canadian Northern, with its financial difficulties, two young Conservatives caused the Government a great deal of embarrassment by their criticism, R. B. Bennett, later Lord Bennett, and W. F. Nickle, later Attorney-General in the Ferguson Government. It was in one of the clashes between Mr. Bennett and Mr. Meighen that the former referred to Mr. Meighen as "the gramophone of Mackenzie and Mann." It was many years before Bennett and Meighen were reconciled.

When the Canadian Northern had at last reached the end of its tether the Government had to decide whether to allow the road to go into bankruptcy, with all that it would mean to Canadian finance and business in the midst of war, or to nationalize the system along with the Grand Trunk and the International. It was Mr. Meighen who was given the task of untangling the most intricate piece of

financing in Canada's history. He can justly claim to be the architect of the Canadian National Railway system and it is doubtful, to quote from the *Winnipeg Free Press*, whether, "without his debating power that great publicity owned transportation system would have ever come into effective life." At the time of his retirement as leader of the Conservative Party in 1942, when Hon. John Bracken was chosen head of the party, the *Winnipeg Free Press*, which for years had carried on a ferocious campaign against Mr. Meighen, in paying tribute to Mr. Meighen and particularly to his creation of the Canadian National Railways remarked: "Mr. Meighen in those days fought deeply entrenched vested interests and powerful lobbies with a skill, ferocity and pertinacity seldom equalled in our annals."

Paying a call of respect on John W. Dafoe, editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, the following day, and commenting on the editorial praise of Mr. Meighen, I remarked to him, that, apparently in the mind of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, "the only good Conservative was a dead one." Mr. Dafoe retorted that all of this constructive work was done by Mr. Meighen before his defeat in 1921, which was hardly fair, as he never held office after that period except for a brief and hectic period in 1926.

When the famous naval debate was at its height and the Borden Government was being pressed by a Liberal Opposition, which was determined to force the Ministry to the electorate, as had the Conservatives at the time of the reciprocity campaign in 1911, it was Mr. Meighen, with his knowledge of Parliamentary rules and his legal mind, who drafted the closure bill. He was subject to a lot of abuse at the time over this measure, but no attempt has ever been made to repeal this legislation, and it has often facilitated the expedition of public business without in any way destroying essential freedom of debate.

All through the first war Mr. Meighen was the right-hand man of Sir Robert Borden, perhaps more than any other Cabinet Minister. When the Union Government was formed he was the logical man for the Portfolio of Minister of Interior, which in those days was the senior post from the West. On the retirement of Sir Robert he called a caucus of the members and the Senate to advise him on a successor. The first choice was Sir Thomas White, but the Finance Minister had made up his mind to retire from politics and Mr. Meighen was chosen the head of the Ministry. In the election which followed, Mr. Meighen faced an impossible task. There was a hostile Quebec; the farm move-

ment, as the Progressive Party, led by Hon. T. A. Crerar, former Minister of Agriculture in the Union Government, and inspired by the success of the U.F.O. in Ontario, was at the height of its power; there was all the natural reaction against a war government. Mr. Meighen was not only swept from office, but the Conservatives had less than fifty seats.

During the short period that Mr. Meighen was Prime Minister he attended the Imperial Conference of 1921. It was the first conference since 1912, when the Dominions were only informed about Imperial policy. During the First Great War, largely under the insistence and leadership of Sir Robert Borden, the Dominions took a share in framing foreign policy both in the Imperial War Cabinet and in the peace negotiations which followed.

Mr. Meighen has never been given the credit he deserves for the part he played in the 1921 conference. It was his single-handed fight, against the giants of the British Cabinet, as well as the Prime Ministers of Australia and New Zealand, which prevented renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

This alliance went back to 1902. It was renewed again in 1911 after the addition of a clause which excused either party from the war obligations against a third power with which it should have concluded a treaty of general arbitration. Japan had been an ally in the war just ended. British policy in the Far East was largely based on this policy. Australia, fearing even then Japanese aggression, wanted to keep Japan an ally of Great Britain. The Australian Prime Minister, Hon. W. M. Hughes, with all his experience at Versailles, represented the Commonwealth. He was a doughty fighter and was supported by Massey of New Zealand. The British delegation was composed of such stalwarts as Lloyd George, then Prime Minister; Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, at the time Secretary of State for the Colonies; Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour, Lord President of the Privy Council; Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Privy Seal; and Lord Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor. Mr. Meighen, relatively inexperienced, and almost unknown in Imperial circles, was a minority of one to face this galaxy of impressive personages. The only help he secured was from General Smuts, and it was incidental.

Mr. Meighen with all his analytical and argumentative skill opposed renewal of the alliance in any form. He took the stand that the reasons for its existence were past; such entanglements were incompatible with the ideals of the League of Nations. The United

States, which was suspicious of Japanese motives, would regard the renewal of the treaty with mistrust. Good Anglo-American relations, he urged, were vital and the hope of the world. He suggested a conference about Pacific affairs among the British Empire, China, Japan and the United States. It was a bold and daring stand for the Canadian Prime Minister, who represented a party, which had always stood for close imperial relations, to defy the British Government and Australia and New Zealand. He was vehemently opposed by Hughes. The debate has never been made public, but it was a great triumph for Meighen when renewal of the alliance was shelved. Before the conference ended President Harding had called a Disarmament Conference at Washington, and this bigger issue ended the debate on the Japanese alliance. Mr. Meighen's stand altered history as far as the Second Great War was concerned.

Perhaps there was no speech ever made by Mr. Meighen which was more misinterpreted and which stirred up more controversy than that at Hamilton on November 16, 1925, shortly after the 1925 election and on the eve of a by-election in the County of Bagot. Mr. Meighen made a slashing attack on the Liberal tactics in the 1925 election in Quebec. He had been branded as the man of conscription, who had sent the men of Quebec to fight in Flanders Fields. New wars were prophesied and declared to be part of the Conservative programme; war with Turkey was to come immediately if the Conservatives were elected.

In the Great War, he went on to say, as in every war, the government had to decide its course and submit that course to Parliament. There had been no thought of sending men from Canada until Parliament had approved the government's decision. In the First Great War Parliament had been summoned immediately and gave approval of the decision of the government to send an army overseas. No government would dream of sending troops from Canada without the authority of Parliament. Mr. Meighen then proceeded to propose a new policy. He said that he believed it would be best not only that Parliament should be called, but that a decision of the government, which should be given promptly, should be submitted to the judgment of the people at a general election before the troops should leave Canadian shores. He said this would lead to national unity. It would not lead to delay. He insisted that the proposal did not deal with or affect in the slightest degree the question of proper relations of Canada with Great Britain, nor did it affect in the faintest manner

the historic fidelity of the Conservative Party to British connection.

The speech was not made precipitately, but was under advisement for a long time. Mr. Meighen discussed the subject with a number of outstanding leaders of the party and especially with men who had to do with the conduct of the war, including Sir Robert Borden and Sir George Perley, both of whom agreed with the position taken by Meighen. Hon. Howard Ferguson was consulted and was vigorously opposed to the policy. He told me he urged Mr. Meighen not to make the speech. Mr. Ferguson continued his opposition when Mr. Meighen made his famous speech of defence at the Winnipeg convention which elected Mr. Bennett as leader. They were never reconciled and never became intimates again.

There were continued attacks on the speech even from the ranks of his own followers. Mr. Meighen in December, 1925, sent me a letter from which are taken the following extracts and which probably explains clearly his attitude at that time:

"May I emphasize this very important fact. What was advocated at Hamilton was not so much a policy, indeed not a policy at all, as regards Empire relations, but merely a procedure in order to give, in the best way, effect to a policy. Never would I swerve from the great principle that a government must always assume its responsibility and in the event of a crisis involving the likelihood of war being upon us, must declare its stand and upon that stand must live or die. Nor do I think there are any who know me, or indeed any of the people of this country who would doubt that under circumstances involving peril to the Empire, any government of which I may be the head will not hesitate to declare definitely for Canada taking the honourable part and adhering to that course.

"What the Hamilton speech involves is this, that without subtracting in the least from governmental responsibility, which responsibility of course would involve the immediate making of preparations, mobilization under the existing law, and all other steps necessary to carry out the declared intention of the administration, there should as a condition previous to the despatch of troops from our shores, be a submission of the government's policy to the people in the regular constitutional form of a general election. This should not, and would not involve delay. In 1914 we could have had two general elections before troops were actually despatched. Had we done so I believe much of the disunion which afterwards developed would have been avoided.

"In 1917 the crisis was even more perilous than at the outbreak of the war. Had the Government at that time undertaken to enforce conscription even in the face of such a crisis without an appeal to the people there is no telling what might have happened to this country. In this Dominion we absolutely must have regard to the composition of our people. I feel certain that the very assurance of their being consulted, as can without great inconvenience be done, will have a steadying and quieting effect and will tend rather to strengthen the faith of each section in the fairness of their fellow citizens and predispose them to join with the others in any necessary steps to make certain ultimate security and peace.

"The talk about surrender to Bourassa is utter nonsense. Such a mistake arises through confusing policy with procedure."

Mr. Meighen did a great job in building up the Conservative Party between 1921 and the elections of 1925. In the election of 1921 the Conservative Party was overwhelmingly defeated. The rout was almost as bad as in the election of 1949. They emerged as the third group with only 50 members, while the Progressives and Independents had 68 and the Liberals 117. In the election of 1925 Mr. Meighen increased the party's standing to 116, the Liberals having 101 and the Progressives and Independents 26. One seat, Peace River, was lost to the Conservatives by methods which were reminiscent of earlier political contests in Canada. Without going into detail, it was proven in court that at one poll the returning officer, James Robb, a well-known Liberal worker, had destroyed a number of ballot papers and had fraudulently placed in the ballot box papers other than those authorized by law. At the trial which followed, 111 voters swore that they cast ballots for the Conservative candidate, although he was credited with only 21 votes. The successful candidate, the Progressive, was elected by only 17. Mr. Robb was sentenced to five years imprisonment, but owing to technicalities the Conservative candidate failed to sit in the House at a time when majorities were dropping often to one.

It was the experience in this riding, along with the charges of "telegraphing" in Montreal by Hon. C. H. Cahan, which undoubtedly influenced many of Mr. Meighen's lieutenants, to advise him to assume office at the time of the so-called Byng incident in 1926.

As this is a book of reminiscences, rather than a political history, and I was not in Ottawa at the time, I do not intend to go into the full story of the crisis in 1926 when Lord Byng, refusing a dissolution

to Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King, when he was facing almost certain defeat in the House of Commons on a resolution moved by Hon. H. H. Stevens, condemning the government for the customs scandal called upon Mr. Meighen to form a government. Lord Byng took the ground that, as Mr. Meighen had the largest group in the House, he should have the right to form a Government and carry on if possible. He refused Mr. King dissolution and sent for Mr. Meighen. Apparently, after the election of 1925, Lord Byng had given assent to Mr. King to form a government on the understanding that, if he failed, Mr. Meighen, who had the largest group, would be given a chance. After consulting the Progressives, who promised him independent support to wind up the session, then drawing to a close, Mr. Meighen decided to form a Ministry.

Most writers, taking their cue from the Liberal speakers of the time and from Mr. King himself, have stated that Mr. Meighen was eagerly and greedily grasping for office. Mr. Reginald Hardy, of the Ottawa Press Gallery, in a recent book on Mr. King, in defending the position taken by him at this time goes on to say:

"Had Mr. Meighen been wise he would have joined in the latter's demand for dissolution. Instead, against his better judgment, and upon the advice and insistence of some of his closest advisers he clutched at the straw provided by Mr. King's resignation, and accepted Byng's invitation to form a government."

This Mr. Meighen has since categorically denied and says that the formation of a government was taken on the dictates of his own judgment, in which all other Ministers concurred. Mr. Meighen felt that Lord Byng had taken the right and sound constitutional ground and that it was his duty to form a government. Here are the facts as Mr. Meighen saw them.

Mr. King had resigned because he was refused dissolution. There was no government. He rejected Mr. Meighen's request to consult with him. There is no question that it was the Governor-General's duty, when dissolution was applied for to ascertain first if Mr. Meighen was ready to undertake the formation of a Government. I am writing with authority as to the views of Mr. Meighen when I say that he felt when the Governor-General expressed his view, if Mr. King had awaited such consultation by Lord Byng himself, then he, Mr. Meighen, would have been quite free to have decided as to the best political strategy.

Mr. Meighen's feeling was that Mr. King had thrown down the

gauntlet to Lord Byng and challenged the right of the Governor-General to consult Mr. Meighen on this subject. Either Mr. King was right or Lord Byng was right. If Mr. King was wrong and Lord Byng was right, as Mr. Meighen firmly believed, he was of the opinion that he had no option. Mr. Meighen consulted many of his followers and particularly Sir Robert Borden, who was an authority on constitutional law. I recall that he telephoned me at the time, and, without giving too much thought to all the implications and certainly, I will confess, underestimating the constitutional question as an issue, I approved of the stand taken by Mr. Meighen and advised him under the circumstances to accept the responsibility of forming a government.

In a copy of a letter to a friend which Mr. Meighen has given me he sums up:

"Surely one must have regard not only for his own self-respect, but for the second thoughts of a nation and for the unerring pen of history, written after the passions and confusions of the time have passed."

Whether Mr. King was right or wrong the Byng incident undoubtedly saved him at the forthcoming elections. Mr. King never played his cards more shrewdly. When Mr. Meighen assumed office Mr. King refused to hold a conference with him to arrange for the orderly closing up of the session. In those days—the law has since been changed—no member could sit in the House of Commons after accepting a portfolio. The Cabinet Ministers had to be re-elected. Mr. Meighen formed a temporary government, called a "Shadow Government" to carry on in the meantime, consisting of a half-dozen Ministers who were Ministers without portfolio and hence drew no emolument, while he resigned as Prime Minister in order to seek re-election. Mr. King never showed more astute handling of a political situation than in his devastating attacks upon the "Shadow Government." Sir Henry Drayton was Acting-Prime Minister and lacked the Parliamentary experience and the political sagacity to meet the situation. The "Shadow Government" was quickly defeated in the House, although the final defeat was the result of a Progressive member breaking a tie.

Up until this time the tide had been running against the King administration. The party had been discredited because of the customs scandals. Here was a new constitutional issue made to Mr. King's liking. He could appeal to the growing national spirit in

Canada, which resented interference on the part of Downing Street. Mr. King was able to place Mr. Meighen on the defensive on an issue which was complicated and difficult to explain on the platform. The customs scandals were forgotten.

However, the constitutional issue was not the only factor in the election. There was the popular Robb budget which reduced duties on automobiles. The death of Hon. George Boivin, who had succeeded Hon. Jacques Bureau on the eve of the elections, as Minister of Customs, did not help the Conservatives. He had been bitterly, and many felt unjustly, attacked. He was the head of the Knights of Columbus at the time and a lot of resentment was stirred up in powerful circles.

I am convinced that time will prove that both Lord Byng and Mr. Meighen were right. Dr. Eugene Forsey, who is the economic adviser of the C.C.F. Party and ran twice against Hon. George Drew, so that he can hardly be called prejudiced in Mr. Meighen's favour, has written a book in which he deals at great length with the whole subject. His argument is overwhelmingly in favour of the stand taken by both men.

Two things stand out in my mind which have never been emphasized enough in all the debate and discussion on this subject. One is that when Lord Byng refused Mr. King dissolution, Mr. King immediately resigned and left the country without a government and the Governor-General representing the King without an adviser. He refused to hold a conference with Mr. Meighen to make arrangements for winding up the business of the session to prevent Parliamentary and government chaos. There is no precedent in all Parliamentary history, as far as we are aware, for such action.

The other was that Mr. King and his lieutenants made the welkin ring with their denunciation of the stand taken by Lord Byng. It was described as Downing Street interference. Today it is clear that Mr. King himself suggested to Lord Byng that he ask the British Secretary of State for his advice, which certainly could have been interpreted as interference. Lord Byng quite properly refused.

While Mr. Meighen's life was devoted to politics until he entered business there is another side which is not generally appreciated. He has been deeply devoted to his family. His family life has been ideal. He has been a lover of English literature.

Mr. Meighen is one of the greatest authorities on Shakespeare in Canada, although he would deny that he is a student of the poet

—he is only a lover of his works. In any case, it is doubtful if there is any man in Canada with such an acquaintance of Shakespeare, or who can quote so extensively and so widely from his writings. He has an almost uncanny memory and “thereby hangs a tale.”

Several years ago Mr. Meighen visited Australia. On his return by boat the Vancouver Canadian Club decided that it would ask Mr. Meighen to speak to the club, presuming he would talk on his impressions of Australia. A Marconigram was sent to him extending to him an invitation and asking for the title of his address. He replied, accepting the invitation and adding that his subject would be, “The Greatest of all Englishmen.”

Naturally the club was surprised and a little disappointed at his subject. They wondered who was “the greatest of all Englishmen.” The club was even more surprised when he appeared before them and spoke on the subject of Shakespeare. Without a note he gave an oration which held them spellbound and made extensive quotations from his plays and poetry.

It turned out afterwards that he did not even have a copy of Shakespeare with him on the boat, nor was there one in the ship’s library. His numerous quotations were stored in his amazing memory.

Later he gave the same speech in Ottawa to the Canadian Club and again swept the members off their feet. The newspapermen were unable to report correctly his speech, and afterwards they approached him in his office for a copy. He did not have a copy, but he offered to dictate it to them, and sitting at his desk gave the speech again exactly as it was delivered to the Canadian Club. It has since been printed in book form, and will go down as one of the great Canadian orations. This is a side of Mr. Meighen that few people know or realize.

Referring to his memory is this story. Several years ago when Mr. Meighen was still in politics he was campaigning in Western Canada. Gratton O’Leary, associate-editor of the *Ottawa Journal*, accompanied him on the trip covering the tour. Mr. O’Leary had with him a book, a copy of the great orations of English statesmen. Mr. O’Leary was reading Peel’s speech on free trade.

“I know that,” said Mr. Meighen. “Try me out.”

Mr. Meighen began to quote the speech. By the end of a page Mr. O’Leary called quits. Although it turned out that it was several

years since Mr. Meighen had read this oration of Peel's, with a few minor errors he quoted it word for word.

Mr. Meighen's place in Canadian history will be hard to assay. He has been the centre of so much bitter controversy that it would be difficult for any fair or honest appraisal. His actual term of office as Prime Minister was brief. He was one of the closest advisers of Sir Robert Borden during the First Great War. He was his right arm. He was largely responsible for the complicated legislation which led to nationalization of the C.N.R. He blocked the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. He led his party to the very edge of success, to be baffled by defeat on a doubtful constitutional issue. He has the reputation of being cold and hard, but he is a delightful companion who enjoys a good story and his own share of political tales. He has a deep feeling for old friends. When Tom Blacklock, famous Press Gallery correspondent died, Mr. Meighen attended the funeral and gave a touching oration. Canada has had few orators the peer of Mr. Meighen. A collection of his best speeches have been issued in book form. When these speeches have been read, either for their light on Canadian affairs or for the beauty and mastery of their language, historians may have a different picture of a man who played such a prominent part in Canadian public life. When Mr. Meighen retired as head of the Conservative Party in 1942 and handed over his trust he said in his peroration:

"Whether now judged right or wrong, whatever I have said, whatever I have done, is going to remain unrevised and unrepented."

His volume of speeches is fittingly termed "Unrevised and Unrepented." It is typical of Mr. Meighen. He stood for certain principles in Canadian public life and he maintained them unswerving come what may. I have had the pleasure of hearing many of Mr. Meighen's best speeches. His powerful legal defence of the Closure Bill which he framed; his stirring patriotic speech when he supported the conscription measure in Parliament; his great and emotional utterance in Winnipeg when he defended his famous Hamilton speech, which almost swept the Conservative convention from its moorings; his frank speech at the farewell banquet to Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett; his speech at the Winnipeg convention when he finally retired as Conservative Leader and his address in London to the Toronto University alumni, when he discussed the trends of modern education.

Meighen was not a successful politician. He had none of the

arts of compromise of a politician. He was ever "unrevised and unrepented."

I believe with Mr. O'Leary in his brilliant foreword to Mr. Meighen's volume of speeches that judgment of posterity will be more favourable than that passed by his contemporaries and that history will be more kind to him than the times in which he lived. Certainly he will rate with Howe, McGee and Laurier as one of the greatest orators which Canada has produced.

Chapter XXVI

King a political enigma — Shrewdness in picking lieutenants — His political philosophy — Not a good source of news — His sentimental side — His last appearance.

RT. HON. MACKENZIE KING is a political enigma. He had apparently none of the qualities to make a great political leader. He was not a hail-fellow-well-met; he was never close to his followers. He had few intimates; he lived a sort of ivory tower existence. He lacked the political touches of Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who won such faithful, clannish support from their followers; he did not have the tremendous industry of Sir Robert Borden; he had not the analytical mind of Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, nor the driving force of Lord Bennett. And yet he was Premier longer than any one of them, and dominated the Canadian political scene for some thirty years.

It will take the perspective of time to assess properly the qualifications and the characteristics which have made Mr. King such an outstanding figure in Canadian political life. That he had more than his share of luck is undoubted, but this is far from the complete answer to the King conundrum. He held over most elections a solid Quebec, thanks largely to the resentment stirred up by the formation of the Union Government and the conscription issue. This also does not solve the King puzzle. I am not going to attempt to explain his long political success. One of the secrets undoubtedly was his ability to surround himself with excellent Ministers and his willingness to give them full responsibility. Mr. King seldom, unless he felt it necessary, interfered with his Ministers. They were the bosses in their own departments. On the other hand, he expected unswerving loyalty. He was unforgiving and hard to followers whom he thought had not stood staunchly behind him.

As an example of his shrewdness, almost genius in picking

Cabinet Ministers, before his retirement he brought into public life two men who are today the outstanding figures at Ottawa—Hon. Louis St. Laurent and Hon. L. B. Pearson. When Hon. Ernest Lapointe died there was naturally much disturbance in Liberal ranks as to a successor to the French-Canadian war leader. There was no one in the House of Commons with his stature or near it, and no French-Canadian leader in sight. *Maclean's Magazine* in an article several years ago gave the credit to "Chubby" Power for suggesting the name of Mr. St. Laurent to Mr. King on the train. This may be correct, but the late Georges Pelletier, editor for many years of *Le Devoir*, the mouthpiece of the extreme Nationalists, told me that he was the first to suggest the name of Mr. St. Laurent.

Mr. Pelletier informed me that at the funeral of Mr. Lapointe he was gossiping, as men do, with several Liberal politicians. They were perplexed as to a successor to the Minister of Justice. Mr. Pelletier remarked: "Why not Mr. St. Laurent? He is the most brilliant lawyer in Quebec. He has all the qualities to make an excellent Minister."

A few days later he told me he was approached and asked if the post was offered to St. Laurent would he agree not to oppose him. *Le Devoir* at the time was carrying on a violent campaign against the government's war policy. Mr. Pelletier said that he was, of course, not prepared to change his policy, but that he would not oppose or criticize the appointment, but instead would commend it. A few days later came the announcement from Prime Minister King that Mr. St. Laurent had accepted the post.

It is no secret that it took a lot of persuasion on the part of Mr. King and his colleagues to obtain Mr. St. Laurent's consent to enter the Ministry. Mr. St. Laurent had one of the largest corporation practises in Canada. He was a director of half a dozen large companies. He was past president of the Canadian Bar Association. He naturally hesitated to make the change, particularly as it meant a great monetary sacrifice. It was only on high patriotic grounds that Mr. St. Laurent finally entered the Cabinet. He entered with the firm intention to withdraw from politics when the war was over. It was Mr. King again who was largely responsible for persuading him to throw his hat into the ring at the Liberal convention as head of the Liberal Party. He used behind the scenes his influence to secure his election. It was Mr. King who saw the political possibilities of Mr. Pearson and persuaded him, although he might not have been hard

to persuade, to leave his assured position in the External Affairs Department to enter the uncertainty of public life.

Mr. King has been criticized down the years for his extreme caution. His speeches on many occasions have been notable for the difficulty in interpreting them. He usually left himself a loophole for escape. He had a theory that time would settle most disturbing problems.

Only once did I ever hear him express his philosophy on this subject; this was at the time of the San Francisco Conference in 1945 to form the United Nations, where Mr. King headed the Canadian delegation. I was there in my newspaper capacity. During the conference there was a Press conference held daily at which Mr. Pearson, not yet a member of the Cabinet, presided. One day Mr. King unexpectedly turned up at the conference. He took his seat with the newspapermen, rather than on the platform. He had just been made an honorary member of the Press Gallery and he jokingly remarked he was taking his place as a newspaper correspondent.

Australia, in particular, at the conference under the leadership of that aggressive statesman, Hon. Dr. Evatt, was taking a prominent part in the proceedings and was urgently advancing certain views. The newspapermen were endeavouring to find out the position of Canada and why she was being overshadowed by Australia. Mr. Pearson naturally was side-stepping the questions, and finally I remarked that the policy of Canada was apparently one of "watchful waiting." This brought Mr. King to his feet. He denied that this was their policy, but at some length and to the surprise of the newspaper correspondents off the record he explained the danger of rushing in hurriedly. It was better to allow the conference to develop its ideas and Canada at the proper time would intervene with its constructive views. He quite frankly said that over the years he found this was the wisest policy. Timing was as essential in the adoption of policies as the policies themselves. The newspapermen present felt Mr. King had clarified his own political strategy.

Mr. King started his career as a newspaperman and has always been proud of his connection with the profession. He told me once that during the famous campaign of 1896 the *Toronto Globe* issued for six months an evening paper. The staff consisted of the late Joseph E. Atkinson, for many years publisher of the *Toronto Star*; the late M. O. Hammond, the late Senator John Lewis, F. A. Acland, who was city editor and was later for many years deputy Minister of

Labour, and Mr. King. He was proud of the fact that he had appointed so many newspapermen to the Senate, including Senator W. A. Buchanan, publisher of the Lethbridge *Herald*, Senator Rupert Davies, publisher of the Kingston *Whig-Standard*, Senator Nichol, publisher of several Quebec papers, Senator John Lewis, for many years on the *Globe* and Senator Charles Bishop, the dean of the Press Gallery. In connection with the Lewis appointment he took considerable amusement in telling me that he announced it during the course of a political meeting in North York at which Mr. Lewis was present. Mr. Lewis, he told me, had no previous intimation of his appointment.

While Mr. King was an old newspaperman and liked to meet with the men of the Press, he was never a good source of news. His Press conferences were few and far between and as a rule were not conducive to much news. During the war, on the occasion of the visit of Winston Churchill to the White House, the British Prime Minister was induced to give a Press conference in the famous study of President Roosevelt, where the President met the newspapermen regularly twice a week. It was an innovation for Churchill, as in England Press conferences are seldom held.

The White House study is small and the newspapermen are always crowded close around the desk. Churchill began the conference seated beside the President. The reporters behind could neither see nor hear. There was a call for him to stand up. Churchill is not a tall man, and still the correspondents in the rear had difficulty seeing and hearing. Someone shouted to him to get up on a chair. He readily responded, and he met with such a cheer as had never been heard in the White House study before.

Shortly after this Mr. King visited Roosevelt in Washington. The capital correspondents, having the Churchill interview in mind, asked for a Press conference. They wanted to meet another Prime Minister. The Canadian Press liaison officers at Washington and the high officials at the embassy were all keen for the interview. They felt that here was an opportunity to obtain a lot of publicity on Canada's war effort, of which little was known in the States. To their chagrin Mr. King stoutly and adamantly refused. He agreed to meet with the Canadian newspapermen in the capital, but as there were only three or four this meant nothing, and certainly did not provide publicity for Canada in the States. This was Mr. King's constant attitude on his visits to Washington. On one occasion I was in

Washington, the correspondents at the National Press Club, when Mr. King's name was mentioned, responded with:

Here comes Mr. King
He hasn't got a damn thing

The only explanation that the Canadian officials at Washington could give for his attitude was that he was actually nervous over meeting a brigade of keen and alert American newspapermen. With his usual caution he was afraid that he might make some blunder or be misinterpreted. A few days after Mr. King had refused to meet the American correspondents I spent a late evening with some Canadian newspapermen in the American capital along with some high officials. Mr. King was the chief topic of conversation and one irritated official christened him "Fighting Mac."

I have mentioned that Mr. King was unforgiving to supporters whom he thought had failed him. On the other hand, hundreds of occasions could be quoted of his unfailing kindness to friends or to political opponents. When Gordon Graydon was made the House leader of the Conservative Party, Mr. King called on him to congratulate him and gave him a lot of sound advice from his long experience as a Parliamentarian and a political leader.

Mr. King never overlooked weddings, funerals or special functions. I was in Ottawa one stormy winter day when a high official, and old friend of Mr. King, was being buried. Despite the blizzard weather King marched in the funeral procession. He was meticulous in answering letters, and during the war he had for a long time a special secretary who looked after writing letters to parents who had lost their sons in the war. This secretary had to pay scrupulous attention to the proper titles and decorations.

Many writers closer to Mr. King than I have been have written often of his close attachment to his family and particularly to his mother, whose portrait has an honoured place in his home, Laurier House. When I first went to Ottawa, I lived for a time in the Elgin Apartments on Elgin Street. In the basement was a doctor's office, that of Dr. MacDougall King. My children were young and when they were ill naturally I called in the most convenient doctor. I had no idea at the time that he was the brother of Mr. King. He became my family doctor and, as often happens with a family doctor, we became good friends. Later Mr. King was stricken with tuberculosis and went to live in Denver, Colorado, where he wrote a book on the subject. When he died, as a matter of courtesy, I dropped a note of

sympathy to Mr. King, with whom I had only a speaking acquaintance at the time, saying that I had a high regard for his brother, both as a doctor and man.

The next day Mr. King called me up, thanking me for the note and saying he would like to see me. Several days later I met him on the street and he took me around the block several times in order to have me tell all I knew about his brother. It was very evident that he had a deep affection for him. This all happened before I came to London, but Mr. King never forgot the incident and nearly every time I met him, and that was not often, he remarked: "You were acquainted with my brother."

Mr. King lived a rather cloistered life. On one occasion, when I was president of The Canadian Press, I had occasion to see him in his office in Ottawa, along with Senator Buchanan, in regard to some business in connection with the C.P. Our business was over in ten or fifteen minutes and, as the House was sitting and it was in the midst of war, we excused ourselves.

"Sit down," said Mr. King. "I seldom get an opportunity to meet newspapermen. I will admit I lead a rather isolated and lonely life." And so he talked on newspapermen and papers and the war, which was at one of its worst stages at the time. Finally he got around to the Senate, and he said that one of his most worrying jobs was his Senatorial appointments. He said that he would like to name to the Senate some literary men, some college presidents and some scientists, men who could contribute more to Parliament, but that pressure was so great politically that it was difficult to appoint the men he would like. He referred to one member of his Cabinet who had served long and faithfully both his party and his country, and who wanted, and probably needed, a Senatorship. He did not see how he could refuse him, yet, he added, he was only going into the Senate to secure a pension for the rest of his life. Since then this particular gentleman has been named to the Upper House.

Mr. King had a very sentimental side. When the San Francisco Conference was held, the train on which Mr. King was travelling, as well as the special newspaper train, were held over a day in Chicago. He asked the newspapermen to be his guests for afternoon tea and cocktails in his private car. Mr. King had spent the day visiting Chicago University and the scenes of his student days when he was taking a post-graduate course at the university. He had stayed in college days at Hull House, presided over by Jane Addams, one of

the first great social workers. He spoke with warmth and feeling of those early days and said it was there he first became interested in social problems.

Mr. King had a genius for compromise, which, in a country as difficult as Canada is to govern, is probably one of the chief secrets of his success. During the twenties when he had a clear majority he was always able to keep in line the Progressives sufficiently to retain power. At a time when Mr. King needed every vote the late James S. Woodsworth, leader of the C.C.F., told me that he had no more love for Mr. King than he had for Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, but that the uncompromising attitude of Mr. Meighen compelled him to vote with Mr. King, which may or may not be to his credit.

Someone some day will write an impartial life of Mr. King—certainly none has been written up to the present—and will attempt to analyze this baffling figure, who has left his stamp on Canada in a period which will be known as the King era. Despite the fact I have seldom agreed with his politics and have at times been highly critical, it never interfered with our friendship. I saw him just as the Liberal Convention of August, 1948, had adjourned. Mr. King was leaving the hall when I ran into him. I had made the Thursday night of the convention a broadcast on the C.B.C. in which I recalled the convention of 1919 at which Mr. King had been selected Liberal leader. Mr. King had evidently remained at home that evening listening to the broadcast.

"Hello, Ford," he said, "I enjoyed your broadcast of the convention of 1919. You gave a very accurate story—in fact, you recalled to my mind some things that I had forgotten."

"How does it feel to be out as leader?" I asked.

"It is a relief. It was a relief when I was elected. The strain of a convention when you are a candidate is great. I felt sorry for Mr. St. Laurent sitting on the platform. Now again it is a relief to be able to give up the responsibility of the office."

The last time I saw Mr. King was at the conference of the Empire Press Union—now the Commonwealth Press Union—in Ottawa, June, 1950. Mr. King had planned to hold a tea and reception on Sunday for the delegates at his country residence, Kingsmere. However, his health was such this had to be cancelled, but to the surprise of everyone he turned up at the Government reception at the Country Club. I was shocked as was everyone at his appearance and how he had failed.

Only a few weeks before as Chancellor of the University of Western Ontario I had bestowed on him in absentia an honorary degree. He told me he was deeply appreciative to the university for the degree and expressed his regret that his doctors had not allowed him to attend. He said that he would preserve the wonderful citation read by Dr. Hall, the president. I confessed that I had not been responsible for the citation and that it was so flattering it was a little embarrassing to me as one who had often opposed him politically.

He laughed, and turning to Col. John J. Astor, of the London *Times* and chairman of the conference, he remarked: "Curiously some of my best newspaper friends are Conservatives."

Chapter XXVII

Crisis over conscription – Retirement of Ralston and appointment of McNaughton – Mr. King executes a somersault.

IN HIS long political career Mr. King faced many crises, and his success in extricating himself was almost uncanny. Of all the crises the most crucial was that in the fall of 1944, when the conscription issue finally came to a head. Only by quick side-stepping and a complete and sudden change of front did Mr. King save his government from breaking up.

Mr. King was deeply opposed to conscription for overseas service. Politically he realized that it was dangerous to the Liberal Party, which ever since the First Great War had held an almost solid Quebec with its basis, opposition to conscription. Mr. King had as one of his fundamental political beliefs the necessity of Canadian national unity and of goodwill between English and French Canada. He felt that this could not be maintained by any programme of conscription. It would tear Canada apart. It was Mr. King's determination and hope to pilot the country through the war, if at all possible, by avoiding conscription. Early in the war Mr. King and the government placed itself on record that there would be no resort to conscription. Other parties as a matter of fact took the same stand.

Early in the war in 1940 there was passed the National Resources Mobilization Act, requiring all Canadians to place their persons at the disposal of the state. Under the provisions of this act compulsory military training for service in Canada only was introduced and in October, 1940, the first group of men were called up. Gradually there was built up a large force in Canada—the Zombies.

By 1942 the war situation was becoming so serious that there was a growing demand for conscription and an increasing feeling that the time might come when it might be necessary. To meet this

sentiment Mr. King had a national plebiscite which asked this question: "Are you in favour of releasing the government from any obligation arising out of any past commitments restricting the methods of raising men for military service?"

This plebiscite was held in April, 1942, and was approved by every Province except Quebec. Late in June the next step was taken when a bill was introduced amending the National Mobilization Act giving the government authority, by order-in-council, empowering it to call up men for compulsory service outside of the Dominion.

The government now had the authority and the power for conscription, but Mr. King continually hoped that he would be able to see the end of the war by making use of voluntary methods, for enlistment.

After the invasion of Europe and the beginning of the drive into Germany, Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of National Defence for the army, was disturbed by the reports he was receiving as to the situation in regard to reinforcements for the Canadian troops.

In the fall of 1944 he went overseas to see the situation for himself. He was alarmed over what he discovered. He cabled Mr. King that he was returning immediately and indicated that he would like to meet the Cabinet on his arrival giving his reasons. It was on October 13th that he reached Ottawa and for the next two weeks there were almost daily Cabinet meetings on the subject.

I was in Ottawa during this crisis and it was a hectic time in the capital with newspaper and political circles full of rumours. There have been various and contrary stories as to what took place, but the correspondence which was published between Mr. Ralston and Mr. King, the debate later in the special session of Parliament, the statement issued by Hon. Angus Macdonald, and an article written by Grant Dexter, editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, who was in Ottawa at the time and close to many of the Cabinet Ministers, all clarify what happened and are in accord with the information I gathered at the time from what I regarded as unimpeachable sources.

Mr. Ralston backed by Mr. Macdonald felt that the time had arrived when it was necessary to enforce conscription and to send to Europe as reinforcements to the Canadian Army the men in Canada trained under the National Mobilization Act. Mr. King, on the other hand, argued against the use of conscription and urged another voluntary appeal. Mr. Ralston finally agreed to this policy, but asked the pointed question what would happen if the appeal failed, what

would be the next step. He could obtain no assurance from Mr. King that if the call for volunteers failed then there would be conscription.

It was at a Cabinet meeting on the evening of October 31st when the question was being debated and Mr. Ralston was asking again for reassurance that Mr. King pulled his proverbial rabbit out of the hat. He astounded the Cabinet Ministers, who had not the slightest idea that he was carrying on negotiations with General Andrew McNaughton, by announcing that the former commander of the Canadian troops believed that the men could be obtained by voluntary appeal. What was more he was prepared to take the responsibility and enter the Cabinet. Mr. King intimated that he had in his pocket an old resignation of Mr. Ralston, which he had given him in 1942 and at the time was refused.

Mr. Ralston in the special session of the House called a few weeks later gave his version of what took place. He said that at the Cabinet meeting he asked what would happen if a voluntary appeal failed. He asked:

"Is the policy of the government that if the appeal is made, and fails; in other words, if there are not sufficient general service men to send the number, 15,000, I had asked for, is it the policy of the government that N.R.M.A. men be sent? And I could get no assurance on that point at all.

"Further than that, I found that the government as a whole, certain colleagues excepted, did not consider that the government was bound to that policy by the Prime Minister's speech in 1942. The Prime Minister interjected here, I think, or indicated that it was all a matter of the heart that a man put into it, that was really what was the important thing, that he had been consulting General McNaughton and that General McNaughton felt that he could get these men by voluntary means, and he mentioned something about a previous resignation of two years ago which had not yet been withdrawn. I rather got the impression that he thought he might accept that, but he did not say so in so many words and went on to speak of General McNaughton again and that he was willing to take on and that he thought he should be invited to do so. Of course, I promptly indicated to him that I would send my resignation at once."

If that was not dismissal we do not understand the meaning of words. Colonel Ralston had no alternative but to retire, which he did immediately.

Mr. Macdonald would have followed Colonel Ralston into retirement if it had not been for the persuasion of the Colonel and other friends. It was two days before they induced him to remain in the Ministry, although it is doubtful if he was ever reconciled to the situation. He was happy when he left the Ottawa atmosphere and returned to the Premiership of his native Province of Nova Scotia.

General McNaughton entered the Cabinet. It soon became apparent that his appeals and those of Mr. King, who made a national broadcast for volunteers, had failed. In his broadcast Mr. King announced a special session of the House called for Wednesday, November 22. Again I was in Ottawa to watch the developments. A full Cabinet meeting was held on Monday, November 20. The Cabinet was still divided. Something had to be done as Parliament would meet within forty-eight hours. Some of the Cabinet Ministers took the position that they could not meet the House and still support the voluntary system. They said that they would have to express their opinions when the party caucus was called for Wednesday afternoon after the House opened.

When the House met on November 22 it soon adjourned. The caucus that afternoon did not discuss the problem. Mr. King, after explaining the situation, said that he would prefer to have another Cabinet meeting and call the caucus again the next morning (Thursday). Following the caucus there was a hurried meeting of the Cabinet Ministers, who were in favour of conscription, in the room of Hon. T. A. Crerar. There were present in addition to Mr. Crerar, Mr. Macdonald, Hon. C. D. Howe, Hon. Colin Gibson, Hon. W. P. Mulock and Hon. J. L. Ilsley. They decided that at the Cabinet meeting that night they would place their position before Mr. King and, if necessary, would retire.

Whether Mr. King learned of this move in advance, or sensed the feeling, that night he executed a complete somersault. He said that he had been advised by General McNaughton that the call for volunteers could not succeed. The General felt it was necessary to resort to conscription. Mr. Dexter, who had inside knowledge of what went on, writes that Mr. King said that with reluctance he had decided to support this recommendation. The necessary order-in-council was passed calling for the conscription of 15,000 men.

Next morning the caucus of the Liberals was held. Men who were there told me that Mr. King, as coolly as if he always supported conscription, read the new order and appealed for support. Any

rebellious French members were held in line for the time by being told to wait and hear him in the House. This was a Thursday and it was not until the following Monday that Mr. King defended his position. It was one of his finest speeches. It was one of the greatest orations of the Canadian Parliament. I have heard in my time Laurier, Foster, Meighen, Dr. Michael Clark, Bourassa and Lemieux, but parts of Mr. King's speech equalled any of them at their best.

It was an appeal to his own followers as he turned his back on the Speaker and on the Opposition, and, with arms extended, like an evangelist, harangued his followers. It was one of the few times in Canadian history where a speech actually made votes. Even so, it is doubtful if he would have succeeded if Mr. Ralston, although extremely critical, had not announced that he would support the government policy. Mr. Ralston, who had only one aim in view, the winning of the war, saved the government. Mr. Dexter gives to Hon. Louis St. Laurent credit for keeping the French-Canadian members in line and this is doubtless correct.

Looking back now it is fortunate that things turned out as they did. The Conservative Opposition at that time was not only weak in numbers, but weak in ability and in no position to form a government. A coalition would have been almost impossible. There might have been political chaos at a critical juncture in the war.

Leaving aside any controversy over the conscription issue, even his political opponents must confess that Mr. King and his Ministry did a great war job. No country which was in the war handled the economic and financial problems which arose with as much skill as Canada. Under the leadership of Hon. C. D. Howe, Canada took leadership in the production of munitions of every variety. Hon. C. G. Power, as Minister of Air, mobilized and built up an air force which played a large part in the winning of the war. The Canadian Navy, which was presided over by Mr. Macdonald, was an epic of its own in its protection of the line of merchant marine taking men and supplies to Europe across the Atlantic. Hon. J. L. Ilsley did a magnificent task as Minister of Finance.

On my visits to Washington and Australia I found nothing but admiration for Canada's handling of its share of the war.

Chapter XXVIII

Royal Commission to study cancer — Visit to Germany
and rise of Hitler — Are there no Presbyterians?

WHEN Hon. Dr. Robb was Minister of Health in the Ferguson Government, and later in the administration headed by Hon. George Henry, he became disturbed over the growing mortality from cancer and the lack of any concerted methods to fight this dread disease. The medical profession differed widely as to the use and value of X-ray and radium. Dr. Robb persuaded Mr. Henry to set up a Royal Commission to make a thorough study and report on the subject.

It was the feeling of Dr. Robb and Mr. Henry that doctors were so prejudiced on the subject that it was best to have several non-medical members on the commission. Hon. Dr. Cody, at the time rector of St. Paul's Church, was made chairman of the commission. I was also asked to be a member. The other members were Sir John MacLennan, distinguished Canadian scientist and physicist; Dr. John Connell of Kingston, and Dr. McCullough of Toronto, who acted as secretary, along with Dr. Robb. This was in 1931.

After visiting New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia, as well as consulting Dr. G. E. Richards in Toronto, who was a recognized authority on radiology we went to England and Europe. We saw the leading hospitals of England, which were at that time using radium, and then went to Paris. Chief interest lay in the visit to the Curie Institute, although Mme. Curie, co-discoverer with her husband of radium, was absent at the time.

In 1931 France had recovered from the First Great War, had no worries about Hitler and a second Great War and Paris was the traditional lighthearted and gay capital. It was the first visit of Dr. Robb and myself to the French capital and after visiting hospitals and interviewing doctors all day we spent the evenings seeing the sights

of Paris. Dr. Cody, being a clergyman, generously said he would not handicap our style and refused to make night sallies, while Dr. Connell and Mr. McCullough had little interest in French gaieties. Sir John did not join us on the continent until we reached Berlin.

At that time there was being held in Paris a Colonial Exhibition. The French people and Parisians had only discovered that they had a colonial empire of vast extent. With Hon. Mr. Roy, Canadian Agent-General in Paris as guide, we visited the exhibition. It was the first time I had seen wide and artistic use of modern indirect lighting and it was a thing of beauty. Mr. Roy also took us to a magnificent club, which at one time had been the home of one of the Rothschilds. Another club where we dined, as the guests of Paris doctors, had been at one time the residence of the mistress of one of the Louis'. The cuisine was something to dream about.

From Paris we went to Brussels, Louvain and Belgium, where we saw the production of radium. Belgium at that time had a monopoly of radium through its control of the Belgian Congo, the only world source of the precious mineral from which it was produced.

Then we visited Germany—Cologne, Frankfort, Hamburg and Berlin. Conditions were exceedingly bad in Germany, thousands out of work and inflation so high that it took something like a million marks to make a dollar. The banks were closed and conditions were chaotic. Hitler was on his way up and had just fought his first election, and while he had not won a majority in the Reichstag he was evidently a growing force to be reckoned with. Thoughtful men and doctors we met were concerned over the future. It was evident that democratic government was breaking down.

I recall having dinner at Frankfort with a prominent and internationally noted doctor, a supporter of the Republic and a thorough-going democrat. He was disturbed about Hitler and Communism. He said that the Germans were not the kind of people out of which Communism is made and doubted whether Communism would make progress. But Hitler was another matter. He said that while in ordinary times Hitler would have no consideration in Germany, yet, he added, that when people are out of work and have empty stomachs they would turn to any possible help and listen to any big mouth. Hitler, he said, had a big mouth. He was an orator and he had splendid organizing ability.

The doctor went on to point out that ordinarily he had a very large income, as people came to him from all over Europe. Since

the close of the war he had lost two fortunes through inflation. Now the banks were closed. His wife, who was at the seaside, had wired him for money. He did not know whether he was worth a cent or not.

I referred to the fact that in France there were complaints that the Germans at the casinos and the racetracks were the largest spenders of money. His reply was that unfortunately the old traditions of thrift in Germany were being lost. What was the use of saving? People said we may as well spend a mark when it is a mark because tomorrow it may be nothing.

He felt strongly that if the Allies did not come to the aid of Germany and help in her distress to get her on her feet economically anything might happen. How right he was!

From Berlin, at that time a delightful modern city, despite the financial difficulties, we went to Stockholm where we found Sweden far the most advanced of any country we visited in its war against cancer and in its whole health organization. When our report was finally drafted we drew largely from the experience of Sweden and our recommendations were chiefly based on the policy and programme of that progressive country.

We were interviewing one day the head of the Cancer Treatment Centre in Stockholm. His English was indifferent and occasionally he had difficulty with our terminology. He was explaining that there were three Therapeutic Cancer Centres in Sweden, connected with the three medical schools. Doctors were trained to send to these centres any patients they found whom they thought might be suffering from cancer. He went on to say that even the clergymen on their rounds had been encouraged to report any cases where they had any suspicion of cancer. Someone happened to ask what were the religions of Sweden. He explained that about 90 per cent. of the people were Lutherans, probably five per cent. Roman Catholic and the rest various small denominations.

Sir John jokingly asked: "Are there no Presbyterians?"

This was a new word to the Swedish doctor. He had never heard of Presbyterians. After puzzling for a minute he replied:

"I never heard of that kind of cancer."

Dr. Cody must have laughed five minutes. He never let up joking Sir John on that score.

Returning to England we spent more time visiting English hospitals and seeing London, which is always fascinating to me. Under

the patronage of Hon. Howard Ferguson, who at the time was High Commissioner, we went to the King's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. What an opportunity this was to see and meet the leading public men of England! Baldwin was at the time Prime Minister and Ferguson introduced us to him. The garden party was a rather strange contrast of the new and the old. There were tall and stately English aristocrats, with their ladies dressed in the height of fashion. On the other hand, Labour was gaining in strength. Labour members, most of them with hard bowler hats and their wives looking a little out of place in all the grandeur, were mingling with the nobility. It was a sign of changing times.

Perhaps the most interesting and striking character of all was Harry Lauder with his Scotch tam, his plaid and his crooked cane.

The commission was the beginning of a valued friendship with Hon. Dr. Cody, who later became president of the University of Toronto. He has an amazingly keen mind, stored with an encyclopædic knowledge on all sorts of things. No subject on this trip could be raised on which he did not seem to be a little better informed than anyone else. Before our tour was ended he could discuss scientific and medical problems in technical terms with the most learned experts in a manner which astounded me.

Most reports of Royal Commissions are pigeon-holed to gather dust over the years, but the report of our commission has been largely implemented. It has been a pleasure to me to have some hand in carrying out the recommendations as chairman of the Ontario Cancer Research and Treatment Foundation.

Chapter XXIX

Roosevelt Press Conferences — How he dealt with Senator Wheeler — Hull meets with the Press — Stettinius in Washington and San Francisco — Molotov and the newspapermen.

DURING the war I visited Washington on several occasions and had an opportunity of meeting some of the leading figures of the American scene—two of whom stand out—Roosevelt and Hull. The Press conferences of Roosevelt held in his oval study in the White House were unusual affairs and gave one an opportunity to study at close hand this remarkable man and amazing personality. The study itself was a revelation of the man and particularly his love of the sea. There were many marine pictures on the wall; his desk was covered with curious gadgets.

Roosevelt had a genius for publicity. Twice a week when he was in the capital he saw the newspaper correspondents regularly. On Tuesday he met in the morning the correspondents of the evening papers and on Friday at four o'clock the correspondents of the morning papers gathered with the President. There were times when it was suggested in the strain of war that he should drop this routine, except when he had important announcements. However, the President believed in keeping in touch with the Press, and it was apparently a mental relaxation, for he enjoyed the play of wits with the newspapermen, most of whom he knew by their first name.

The first conference I attended was in 1940, before the United States had entered the war. At the time there was a bitter controversy over the Lend-Lease Bill then before Congress. Senator Wheeler, recalcitrant isolationist, was leading a tough opposition. The day before was the President's birthday and on the same day Hitler made a savage attack on Roosevelt in an address in Berlin.

After a certain number of preliminary questions a noted correspondent asked the President if he had anything to say about Hitler's

speech. "I have not read it," he replied with a laugh. "I have been too busy. You know, yesterday I celebrated my birthday."

"Perhaps it was intended for your birthday," a correspondent quipped. "I have not opened all my birthday presents," rejoined the President, as he leaned back with a hearty laugh.

Liberty Magazine was running at the time the diary of the former ambassador to Germany, William Dodds. In the previous week's issue the ambassador had told of a dinner he had attended at the residence of Rexford Tugwell, then Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. Dodds quoted an unnamed senator, who was at the dinner and expressed his opinion that his attitude seemed to be based on hatred of Britain and a complete lack of understanding of what Britain stood for.

A correspondent asked the President if he had read the article. "I have," he answered.

Everyone pricked up his ears when the next question came: "Do you know who was the unnamed senator?"

"I do," he replied.

"Would you mind telling us?"

"You seem to know so much about it. You might tell me."

There followed a play of wits between the President and the Press as they endeavoured to force him to name the senator.

Finally someone said: "I heard it was Senator Wheeler."

"Correct," said the President. "Mr. Dodds told me all about it."

"Did the question of Nazi domination come up in your conversation with Mr. Dodds?" he was asked.

The President said it did, and quoted Senator Wheeler as saying that in such a probability the safety of the republic lay in the taking over of Canada, Mexico and the five Central American republics by the United States.

The President was asked if Senator Wheeler favoured the Nazis dominating all of Europe. He replied that Senator Wheeler had said that domination was inevitable.

The reporters persisted in asking if Senator Wheeler favoured domination. The President retorted that any person who regarded Nazi domination as inevitable favours its effect since he is not disposed to oppose it.

"Have you any comment to make?" the President was asked.

"Is it necessary?" he replied. "I am what you might call corroborative evidence." He wound up by quoting from the Bible,

saying that Wheeler, like St. Paul, had found it hard "to kick against the pricks." He was very evidently pleased with himself and delighted at the opportunity of dealing a body blow at the leading isolationist senator.

An American newspaper friend asked me if I would like to meet the President, which was, of course, what I wanted, and he suggested that we remain behind after the conference was over.

He spoke to Secretary Early and said he had a Canadian newspaperman who would like to meet the President. As soon as the President heard the word "Canada" a broad grin crossed his face. "O! Canada," he remarked.

After discussing Canada and expressing his warmth of feeling for the Dominion, I remarked that Canadians had been all for him the last election.

"Yes, I heard that," he replied. "I am told that the Canadians elected me," and he leaned back with one of his hearty laughs. He was evidently pleased over the Press conference and the way he had succeeded in embarrassing Wheeler. Senator Wheeler was at the time the leading isolationist and bitterly attacking Lend-Lease. Turning to my American friend he said: "I handled the boys pretty well today, didn't I?"

The second time I saw the President at one of his conferences was in the spring of 1943. This conference was as dull as the one the year before was lively. It was one of the nights that the President was giving a fireside chat. He evidently did not want to spoil that chat with any previous news. He was anxious to get to work on his speech. He announced as soon as the conference opened that he had no news and he skilfully parried all questions. The conference was over almost before it began.

The third attendance at a Press conference was in May of 1945, shortly before his death. The President, it will be recalled, had been ill for some time during the winter and had gone to the south to recuperate. This was the first conference on his return. The White House study was crowded with correspondents, both to see how the President looked after his illness and with the possibility of some interesting news. The President was bronzed after his holiday. He was growing thinner and even after the holiday had a wearied look. Nevertheless, he was in high spirits as he greeted correspondent after correspondent by his first name. This was at the time of the controversy over Montgomery Ward. He was annoyed at the newspaper

criticism of his action in this case and did not hesitate to strike out at newspaper editors. The correspondents were none too pleased over his attitude, even those most friendly to him, and frankly felt that the war was getting on the nerves of the President.

The President on account of his physical disability was always seated before the newspapermen were ushered into his study. Standing at the back beside the broad windows overlooking the White House grounds were three or four secret service men. There were generally Stephen Early and one or two secretaries present. A stenographer took a report of all questions and answers. Much of the discussion was off the record and usually the President was not supposed to be quoted directly. If a correspondent broke faith his report was checked up with the stenographic account and a correspondent always ran the risk of being barred. There were not many breaches of confidence.

He gave me the impression, and particularly at the early conferences, of a man bubbling over with vitality, despite his physical handicaps, who enjoyed life thoroughly and loved the zest of conflict. His smile was infectious and his laugh deep and hearty.

Cordell Hull, Secretary of State at the time, held a daily Press conference at noon when he was in the capital and I attended a number of these conferences. One could not imagine two men so different as Roosevelt and Hull. While Roosevelt was vivacious, bubbling over with good humour, with a happy smile and an infectious laugh, Hull was grave, serious and had a real poker face. Incidentally, he had the reputation in Washington of being a top poker player.

The conference was held in a reception room off his office in the old Victorian State building. It was a long rectangular room decorated with pictures of former secretaries of state. There was a long table down the centre with a high-backed chair at the head. Hull stood behind the chair surrounded by newspaper correspondents.

"Any questions today, gentlemen?" was always his opening of the conference. He either gave a sharp yes or no to any questions or answered them in a brisk and businesslike manner. There was not a glimmer of an expression on his face as to what he was thinking. Only once did he show the slightest signs of his feeling. Someone asked him if he had any comment to make on the evidence of the day before of ex-Ambassador Gerhard at the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "It would not be fitting for me to make any comment

on the testimony of witnesses before the Senate." Then he paused, a smile flickered across his face, and added: "If I had time I could make a good stump speech on the subject."

I met Edward Stettinius, Jr. twice and both on unusual occasions. Shortly after his appointment as Secretary of State, Stettinius visited England where he held a series of conferences with Churchill, the British authorities and various exiled governments in London. I happened to be in Washington when he returned. He called a Press conference in the old State Building which I attended. It was his first big conference of this character and he was frankly not sure of procedure. He was a friendly, handsome man with a great shock of prematurely white hair and rosy cheeks. He had an infectious smile. He obviously wanted to win the goodwill of the newspapermen. He had with him as his aide and his adviser the veteran Press liaison officer of the State Department, Michael MacDermott, who at times was rather shocked at the freedom with which he talked to the Press in regard to what he had seen and heard overseas.

He answered cordially and frankly all questions he was asked, and it was obvious that many of the things were confidential and should not be made public. The interview over, Mr. Stettinius candidly admitted that he was not sure what should be printed and what not. Mr. MacDermott went into a huddle with Mr. Stettinius, while the newspapermen patiently waited. Finally it was announced that the notes of the official stenographer, who was present, would be transcribed and later there would be issued what could be used. The newspapermen were warned that in the meantime they were not to send out stories in regard to the interview. The disappointed Press correspondents accepted the situation in good grace. The notes must have been finally destroyed as this was the last which was heard of the interview. I never saw any mention of it in any American paper. The interview emphasized largely his determination to secure co-operation in the war effort between the United States, Great Britain and all the Allies. The second time I met Stettinius was at San Francisco Conference in 1945. He was the head of the American delegation. He was open to much criticism on the part of the American newspapermen, but I thought he did a good job under difficult circumstances.

Molotov was naturally the centre of attraction at San Francisco. When he suddenly decided to hold a Press conference there was a mad rush on the part of the newspapermen to hear and see the

mystery man of the conference. This was the first of three conferences he held. On the occasion of the first conference he was surrounded by a group of strong armed men. He was nervous and under restraint. However, by the third conference he realized that the newspapermen were not as fearful as he apparently expected. He had with him only his interpreter. He quipped back at the correspondents and apparently enjoyed himself. The parting question was a rather foolish one from Earl Wilson, the "saloon" columnist of the *New York Post*. Wilson asked him how the word "vodka" was pronounced.

Molotov shot back: "I like your pronunciation." That ended the conference.

The Russians were housed in the luxurious St. Francis Hotel, where they had two floors. Here they lived to themselves. They had a telephone connection with a Russian ship in the harbour and it was believed that a short-wave radio set gave them an opportunity to consult with Moscow on every move.

Karsh, the photographer, had an amazing and characteristic interview with Molotov. He was anxious to secure photos of all the leading figures. He was unable to secure one of Molotov and he felt his task was uncompleted without the Russian Foreign Minister. His secretary had abruptly brushed him aside and said that Molotov would not have his picture taken.

Karsh in desperation became acquainted with a Russian official photographer and told him his troubles. He said that he would ask Molotov. He approached the Foreign Secretary and pointed out that Karsh, the world's greatest photographer, wanted to take his picture.

"No one ever asked me," replied Molotov, and he willingly agreed to pose for Karsh in the Russian quarters at the St. Francis Hotel.

Karsh is particular as to his pose and he rushed from corner to corner and wall to wall. Finally he obtained the pose he wanted and when he went to take the picture he found on his knees beneath him the Russian photographer attempting to secure the same pose as the great Karsh.

Apart from the adventure of sitting in at such an important conference it was an opportunity to see and to meet some of the outstanding figures of modern history. There was General Smuts, the only high standing official delegate who had attended at Versailles when the League of Nations was formed. He refused adamantly to

hold a Press conference. He regarded it as an undesirable, modern American development. There was Anthony Eden, the most experienced diplomat at the conference, who was a power in smoothing out difficulties. His great speech at the opening plenary session did much to raise the whole moral tone of the conference. Then there was pipe-smoking Clement Attlee, rather dull and colourless, whom no one ever imagined would be the next Prime Minister of Great Britain. He held the first British Press conference and he gaped with amazement when he walked into the room and found he was facing over 500 inquisitive newspapermen. They left, however, with a high regard for this rather shy man. There was George Bidault of France, who looked like a departmental store clerk and never impressed the newspapermen, although he was at the time in a difficult position. There was Vandenburg, Stassen, Mrs. Pandit, attractive sister of Nehru, at the time vigorously anti-British; the square-shouldered Lie, since the Secretary of the United Nations, and a score of other great figures. And above all there were present most of the outstanding newspaper figures of the continent—all gathered to cover the opening of what was hoped would be a new historic era.

Chapter XXX

Visit to Australia — Fire at sea — Australian slang —
Australians fond of horse racing — The famous shark story.

ONE day in the late summer of 1943 I was surprised to receive a 'phone call from the Department of External Affairs at Ottawa asking me, if, as president of the Canadian Press, I would be willing to head a goodwill delegation of three newspapermen to Australia. It was explained that the Australian Government was anxious to have Canadian representatives see and report on their war job. We would be the guests of the Commonwealth in Australia. It did not take me long to make up my mind, even if it meant flying the Pacific and I had never been up in a 'plane in my life. The other two members of the delegation were: B. T. Richardson, at the time Ottawa correspondent of the *Winnipeg Free Press* and today one of the editors of the *Ottawa Citizen*, and Lorenzo Pare, Ottawa correspondent of *L'Action Catholique*, Quebec City.

As it turned out, we did not fly over the Pacific, although we did return by 'plane. The war was at its height at that time and the Americans had no room for civilians in 'planes, even if they were on a semi-war mission. We spent nearly a week in San Francisco waiting for accommodation on a freighter going to Australia. I can imagine no place more attractive than San Francisco on this continent to be stranded for a week.

There was a lot of mystery about our passage. We were finally notified to report one evening at the downtown office of one of the steamship agents. It was a strange and assorted group of passengers. There was the Bishop of Armidale, an Australian-born Anglican churchman, returning from a tour of this continent. There were three French-Canadian nuns assigned to Australia. They never expected to see their native Quebec again. There were three Dutch brides on the way to Australia to meet their husbands, assigned to war duty in the South Pacific. There was an American bride, travel-

ling with them who had married a Dutch flyer; she was from Kansas City and this was the first time she had ever seen the ocean. There were a half-dozen Australian business men returning from various war missions in the United States, including Lawrence J. Hartnett, at the time manager of General Motors-Holden, the chief automobile corporation of Australia and a subsidiary of General Motors, and Director of Ordnance Production in the Munitions Department; there was a Canadian executive from Toronto going to Australia to manage a Canadian branch in Sydney; there was Dr. Ralston Patterson and his doctor wife of Manchester, England, on the way to Australia to study and report on the cancer situation in the Commonwealth; there was an evangelist who was a disciple of Premier Aberhart of Alberta, a Canadian by birth, who had lived many years in Australia; there was a young American officer who had never been outside of his native village in Pennsylvania until he enlisted, the naivest individual I ever met. He was on a secret mission of some kind, which to him was world-shaking in its importance. Altogether, there were twenty-six passengers, including three babies, who were travelling across the Pacific in war-time on a ship of which at the time we knew neither the name nor the nationality.

We were gathered together in a bus and very secretly taken across to Oakland, where we found we were to be passengers on a small but sturdy Swedish ship, loaded with war armaments of various kinds almost to the top of its masts.

Early next morning we started out from San Francisco Bay and through the narrows of the Golden Gate Bridge into the Pacific. An American blimp followed us for several hours to see that we were well away. For fourteen days we saw neither ship nor land, until we reached the Tonga Islands, then protected by New Zealand flyers, who followed us for several hours. There was no stop until Sydney was reached after eighteen and a half days' passage—a fairly fast and smooth passage.

The chief excitement of the long days was a fire at sea which lasted eight hours. The Swedish captain assured the passengers that there was no danger, but it was not altogether a pleasant sensation to feel that your ship is on fire, and particularly when one looked at the size of the lifeboats and realized that you were two thousand miles from any known land. The night before we arrived at Sydney the captain told me in confidence: "We were lucky in regard to that fire." He added, "I am going to tell you something

else which I have told none of the passengers. A ship was sunk only a hundred miles away from us. I was damn nervous for twenty-four hours." It was not until we reached Sydney Harbour and pulled in beside the big boats and the warships there that one realized how small was the boat on which we had crossed the Pacific.

We were met at the dock at Sydney by Hon. Arthur Calwell, Minister of Information in the Curtin Government. According to the Australian newspapermen, Mr. Calwell, who belonged at that time to the left wing of the Labour Party, was *persona non grata* with the Prime Minister, Hon. John Curtin, who, if he had had his way, would not have included him in his Ministry. The Prime Minister of the Australian Labour Party, unlike the Canadian or British Prime Ministers, has no say as to his colleagues; a caucus of the party votes upon the Cabinet Ministers, and Mr. Curtin had Mr. Calwell wished on him. However, the Prime Minister is left the privilege to assign the portfolios, and Mr. Calwell was given the post of Minister of Immigration and of Information. It was regarded as one of the minor portfolios. There was no immigration, naturally, during the war, and the job of public information had hardly developed. As a matter of fact, arrangements for our delegation was one of Mr. Calwell's first major projects, and he did the task well. A most strenuous programme had been arranged, which not only took us to every capital city of the six states, but to far away Broome on the Indian Ocean, before the war the pearling centre of the world, and to Port Darwin in Northern Australia, which was devastated by Japanese bombers and where it was expected at one time the Japanese would land. Later also we flew to New Zealand.

At the time Mr. Calwell was a curious appointment as Minister of Information, as he had a low opinion of the Press and the newspaper publishers of the Commonwealth and was carrying on a vendetta with them. Sitting next to me at a dinner at Canberra, the capital, he warned me to be careful of what some of the newspaper publishers told me as to the Australian picture, and warned particularly in regard to one publishing magnate who was, according to Mr. Calwell, a very dangerous individual. Several days later I sat next to this same gentleman at another banquet, and in the course of the conversation the name of Mr. Calwell came up.

"He is a wooloomooloo larrikin," he burst at me.

"A what?" I asked.

"A wooloomooloo larrikin," he repeated.

"What in the world is that?" I inquired.

"Well," he said, "Woolloomooloo is the toughest and most notorious harbour area in Sydney. A larrikin is an Irish term for a scoundrel, which was brought to Australia by the early settlers."

I came to like Mr. Calwell and found out, despite all the warnings I received about him as a wild leftist, he was not so wild and not so leftist as he had been painted. His chief obsession was the Australian newspapers, some of which had attacked him bitterly. After the war he did an excellent task as the energetic Minister of Immigration, has mellowed in his attitude, and is said to be in line as a possible next leader of the Labour Party.

My first education regarding Australian slang took place on the boat crossing the Pacific. My steward was a rough, tough, good-natured Australian, with the broadest kind of Australian accent. He had been a sheep-shearer before taking to sea, so that he was a liberal education on certain phases of the country's life. One day he was telling me about his experiences at Singapore. A ship he was on left Singapore only five days before its fall.

"We had on board," he said, "a lot of women and children and a number of bloody pommies."

"Bloody pommies?" I inquired. "What in the world are pommies?" He was amazed at my ignorance.

"Why, Englishmen," he replied. He explained that they were called "pommies" after pomegranates, which have a ruddy shell like red-faced Englishmen.

I learned all about "coves" and "cobbers" and "diggers" from him.

The night we arrived in Australia we were entertained by the publishers of the Commonwealth, who were holding their annual meeting. Lloyd Dumas, now Sir Lloyd, managing director of the Adelaide *Advertiser*, started telling me a story on the Americans. Then he paused and evidently thought, possibly this chap has American connections, or an American wife.

"Are you a dinkie day Canadian?" he asked—the word "day" being pronounced harshly "die."

"What's that?" I asked.

"An honest to goodness Canadian," he explained.

I assured him that I was, and he went ahead with his story.

"Dinkie," which corresponds possibly to our "O.K.," with variations, was the favourite Australian slang word when I was there.

Another variation was "dinkie oil," which apparently applied to a racehorse. The overwhelming interest in horseracing on the part of Australians fascinated us all. The day of the Melbourne Cup is a holiday in the State of Victoria. No one would work, anyway, so that it was the practical way of meeting the situation.

One night I was gossiping with several Australians and mentioned the fact that horseracing seemed to be the dominant factor in Australian life. One man replying said:

"Yes, that is so. The day that Phar Lap, the famous Australian racehorse, died of poisoning in the United States everyone on the streets was in a state of gloom. One would have thought the King was dead. It was like a national disaster."

Another Australian in the group spoke up, and with emphasis corrected: "It was a national disaster."

Incidentally, the bones of Phar Lap were brought back to Australia and can be seen, I was told, in a museum in Melbourne.

In newspaper circles I heard many rare stories, but the one which I heard most frequently when newspapermen were gathered together was the tale of the murder case which involved a monster shark. At Sydney there is a large aquarium, where one tank was devoted to sharks. For some reason the sharks in custody died and the fishermen off Sydney were offered a bounty to capture a live shark for the aquarium. A couple of fishermen captured a huge shark which was placed in the aquarium. The next day the waters were found to be muddy and the shark had apparently been ill. The waters were drawn off and in the bottom of the tank was found the arm of a man, heavily and strangely tattooed, which the distressed shark had thrown up. The police were called in and they recognized the arm, through the tattoo, as that of a well-known sailor and habitué of the Woolloomooloo district. The police made inquiries and found that he had disappeared several days before the shark was captured. The detectives started on the trail and found that he was last seen with two tough characters of the harbour area. They built up a strong case that he had been murdered and the body taken out to sea and dropped in the ocean, where the shark had bitten off the indigestible arm.

Arrests followed and a famous trial took place, but the prisoners were finally released on the grounds that the arm was not sufficient of the human body to base a charge for murder.

Chapter XXXI

Meeting Curtin and Chifley — Blamey and the Australian soldiers — A tragedy of the war at Broome — Famous trial over lost diamonds.

It was at Canberra, the capital of Australia, that I met Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, and most of his Cabinet. Mr. Curtin impressed me tremendously—a man who took his job and the war seriously. He was a pacifist in the First War and was even jailed at one time, but there was no question as to his attitude in this war. A man of delicate health, serious minded and hard working, he was a victim of the war, as much as any Australian soldier who died at the front.

We had an interview with Mr. Curtin in his office, overlooking a bowling green for the members and the civil servants, and, in the distance, the ring of blue mountains which surround Canberra. Off the record, he discussed the war and the future. He was disturbed over the future of the British Commonwealth of Nations—this was long before the term "British" had been dropped. While he was opposed to setting up a super-state, he did favour a permanent secretariat for the Commonwealth which would keep the various Commonwealth governments informed and would provide a means for co-operation. He felt strongly that in future they should work together, and the various governments should be kept up-to-date as to foreign policies. What was disturbing him, as it had so many Australians, was that the Commonwealth Government had not been consulted as to the situation in the Pacific until a crisis was upon them and the Japanese were marching southward. Subsequent events have altered this situation, and presumably Mr. Curtin would be in sympathy with the policy and attitude taken today by Australia in world affairs.

Mr. Curtin was a newspaperman by profession and for a long time edited a weekly Labour paper in Western Australia. He was proud of the fact that he held a card in the Journalistic Union. He was a

quiet, retiring man, and loved the peaceful life of Canberra, avoiding the big cities of Australia as much as he could. It was on the boards that he was to make a flying visit to this continent and to England. He was not looking forward to the trip with any pleasure, for he disliked flying.

The Prime Minister who succeeded Mr. Curtin on his death, Hon. Joseph B. Chifley, I met at a dinner given by the government and sat next to him. He was at the time Minister of Finance. He is an old railway man and a deep student of financial subjects. He had been a member of a Royal Commission appointed to study the monetary and banking system of Australia. Although he might have lacked the education of Hon. J. L. Ilsley, he struck me as a man of somewhat the same characteristics as Canada's War Finance Minister—sound, cautious, level-headed and not a man whom anyone could push around. He wore his own collar. He had at that time the confidence of the business men of the country. Curtin and Chifley were men of somewhat the same type, and it was the confidence which the public generally had in them which kept the Labour Government in power so long, despite their socialistic views.

In Melbourne I had the opportunity of seeing Sir Thomas Blamey, commander of the Australian forces and commander-in-chief of the allied land forces under General MacArthur. I had heard so many stories of this tough soldier, many of them none too flattering in regard to his personal behaviour, that I was surprised to find a quiet, white-haired soldier with none of the apparent hard qualities with which he was credited. He shuttled back and forth between Melbourne, the headquarters of National Defence, and New Guinea, and flew on an average 6,000 miles a month. He emphasized the terrible character of the fighting in the jungle. He said that there had never been anything in modern warfare like what the Australian troops had to face. The advance over Kokoda trail through the heart of New Guinea, he said, saw the vilest fighting ever known.

"Men," he said, "had to clamber through gorges and over mountain heights on their hands and knees in places where not even a donkey could get up, and cut their way through jungle, all the time being sniped at by the Japanese." General Blamey said that the best trained Australian soldiers, veterans of North Africa, had to be trained for this fighting. "It would be the same," he said, "as if we sent the best Australian rugby team to the United States and asked them to play against an American team under American rules."

General Blamey paid a great tribute to the militia of Australia. When the Japanese reached New Guinea and the enemy was at the very gates of Australia, there were no veteran soldiers available—they were all in Africa and Asia. Green militia troops, untrained in warfare and with most of the officers equally inexperienced, were rushed to Port Moresby to hold that vital port. They advanced into the hills of New Guinea, but were driven back by the Japanese and were only able to make a stand and stop the Japanese advance in the tough country around Port Moresby. He said that they literally saved Australia until the hardened troops could be brought back from overseas.

The Australians took us by plane to Perth in West Australia and thence north to Broome on the Indian Ocean, and over land by plane to Port Darwin, still being bombed by the Japanese. Broome was a fantastic, tropical outpost. Before the war, during the pearling days, there were, in addition to the few Australians, natives from every part of the Pacific—Chinese, Malaysians, Japanese, Javanese, Indo-Chinese, etc. There were still quite a few Chinese, or what looked like Chinese. It was sticky hot when we landed there by plane, and we rushed to a pub for some refreshments—the bar-tenders apparently Chinese. Outside the pub was one of the most beautiful flowering trees I ever saw. It was umbrella shape with a mass of red bloom.

Next to me at the bar was a tough-looking Australian. I asked him what kind of a tree it was. I doubt if he ever noticed the flowers before. He took a look at the tree, looked back at me, then took another look and said, "They are kind of bloody beautiful, ain't they?" I found out afterwards that he was a notorious beachcomber, a recognized business on that coast. Typhoons at certain times of the year are responsible for many wrecks, and the beachcombers apparently carry on a lucrative business.

Broome was the scene of one of the worst tragedies of the war. Here a hundred odd Dutch women and children were killed by Japanese in the harbour shortly before they were scheduled for a flight south to Perth for safety. When the Japanese drove south and overran Java, the Dutch began to evacuate the women and children. Many stories are told of what happened. Here is the eye-witness story as he told it to me from the only white man who saw the raid from the beginning, Bartram E. Bardwell, who had been in the pearling business at this exotic outpost for forty years, and was

standing by chance on the town flagpole site at the time. Refugees from Java had been arriving for several days and then sent south. On the night of March 2nd, 1942, flying boats arrived filled with exhausted and frightened women and children. The people in Broome looked after them all night. Normally they would have been away at dawn, but there was delay on the part of the Dutch pilots. The passengers were on the flying boat ready to start when seven or eight Japanese Zeros appeared. They came in tight formation and began executing figure eights between the bay and the airdrome where a number of American airships were grounded.

With cannon blazing they soon blasted all the helpless flying boats, which turned into flaming torches. The nearest help was on the bay jetty, crowded with townspeople who were present to witness the take-offs. These escaped injuries and soon were busy with rescue work, but most passengers were trapped in the flaming aircraft. Two pearling luggers in the harbour rushed to the rescue successfully defying the raiders.

In addition to the flying boats the Japanese destroyed a number of American planes stationed at the Broome airport. Only one American bomber succeeded in getting into the air after the Japanese struck, and it was destroyed. Only one man of the crew escaped. The only aircraft that did escape was a tiny plane from the United States cruiser *Houston*. The *Houston* was later lost in action off Java.

The raiders did not escape unscathed. An American and a Netherlands officer both stood in the open at the airport and blazed at the Zeros. They scored one kill.

It was thought at Broome that invasion by the Japanese was imminent, and twenty-four hours later the port was almost deserted. Some townspeople sought shelter in the bush for the time being and others were flown to Perth. Bardwell was one of the few who remained. When we were at Broome there were only forty civilians left, including one woman, in what was once one of the most cosmopolitan centres in the South Pacific. Next morning when it was still stygian dark we drove out to the Broome airport. We stopped at the little cemetery overlooking the harbour, turned on the automobile lights and saw the rows and rows of crosses. It was an eerie sight.

There was a curious aftermath of the Broome raid. The story as it was told to me was that when the Germans overran Holland a large parcel of diamonds was smuggled into England. When it looked as if the Germans would invade Great Britain, the diamonds were

taken to the Dutch East Indies, which seemed at the time as the safest place in the world. When the Japanese marched southward into Java the diamonds were being moved again, and were being smuggled into Australia at the time the Dutch planes were destroyed. The parcel was washed ashore and picked up by chance by a well-known beachcomber, James Palmer, who was walking down the beach to Broome to enlist.

Later Palmer, and two associates, were arrested on a theft charge, and a trial took place at Perth which created considerable sensation. There were many variations of the story in Australia, but it was hushed up at the time for war reasons. Out of curiosity I have made exhaustive inquiries as to the correct story, which was finally furnished me through the Australian War Information Department as that given to them by a Perth newspaperman.

Amongst the pilots who were carrying the Dutch refugees to Broome was Captain Ivan Smirnof, an internationally known pilot, presumably of Russian extraction. As he approached the Australian coast he received a radio warning of the attack on Broome. He steered away until he got the all clear and then made for Broome again, but at Carnot Bay, sixty miles north of Broome, he encountered the home-going enemy raiders. They swooped on Smirnof's machine and, although he was badly wounded, he succeeded in landing his aircraft in four feet of water on a receding tide. Several of his passengers, among them a woman and her infant, were fatally wounded.

Two of the survivors of Smirnof's crew set out on foot for Broome. They walked twenty-five miles when they encountered friendly natives who notified the missionaries at Beagle Bay of their plight. Beagle Bay Mission despatched a rescue party accompanied by Lieutenant L. O'Neill and Warrant Officer F. Clinch. The victims were buried at Carnot Bay and the survivors taken to Broome.

Some time after this Palmer appeared at Broome and confronted Colonel Gibson, Commanding Officer North-Western Area, at his headquarters. He told Gibson he had come from north of Carnot Bay, produced a set of outsize salt and pepper shakers, and spilled on Gibson's table a cascade of diamonds estimated shortly afterwards as being worth £300,000. This figure was subsequently found to be exaggerated, but the actual value was never disclosed at any stage of developments. Palmer's story was that he was hunting for dugong in the tidal mud when he saw a brown paper parcel. He kicked it

out of curiosity and to his amazement the diamonds were uncovered.

Smirnof had been handed a package, just prior to departure from Java, which he was given to understand was valuable and which he thought contained jewellery. Before he left the plane he despatched one of his crew to salvage the parcel, but it could not be found. After the survivors had been flown from Broome to Perth there came a hue-and-cry for the missing package. Warrant Officer Clinch was sent back to the stricken plane to make an exhaustive search. Underneath a spare tank he found seals and string and part of some wrapping with an incomplete address, "The Common . . ."

Alarmed at the turn of events, the Dutch authorities sent Special Investigator W. Van Oosten to Broome. Meanwhile Palmer had lodged the diamonds with Lt.-Colonel Gibson, who deposited them with the Commonwealth Bank, Perth. .

Subsequent developments indicated that the diamonds Palmer surrendered did not comprise the whole of the original consignment. An army party some time later made a routine visit to a point on the coast north of Broome. A native woman named Connie apparently assumed they were on a mission to search for diamonds. She scooped a shallow hole in the ground and astonished the military party by handing them a small tube containing diamonds estimated to be worth £10,000. Until then the army knew nothing of the existence of this collection. Connie's story was that she happened upon the cache accidentally when searching in the ground for cigarette butts.

It became evident that there had been a leakage of other stones from the original consignment, and it is common knowledge that a large number drifted into illegal channels and were never recovered. Suspicion took a more concrete form, and civil police with Detective-Sergeant Blight of the Criminal Investigation Department, Perth, were called in to unravel the mystery. They questioned a large number of natives of both sexes as well as white men. These investigations led to the discovery of further diamonds.

Prosecuting their investigations with increasing vigour, the police finally arrested and charged three well-known north-western identities with illicit dealing in the diamonds. These were: John Palmer, the man who surrendered the diamonds to the army and who had enlisted voluntarily in the Australian military forces; James Arthur Mulgrue and Frank Archibald Robinson. They subsequently faced Chief Justice Sir John Northmore in the Criminal Court, Perth, on the joint charge of having stolen and unlawfully received a number

of diamonds near Broome between March 8 and April 14, 1942. All pleaded not guilty. At one stage of this colourful trial there were produced in court 6,500 cut diamonds. After a protracted hearing the jury found the three accused not guilty.

One of the principal witnesses for the Crown at the trial was Captain Smirnof, pilot of the diamond-carrying plane. When he recovered from his injuries Smirnof entered the Dutch air service and made a name for himself as a valiant pilot of transport aircraft flying supplies to Australian, American and Netherlands forces in New Guinea and other Pacific areas. Earlier in his career he could have flown the Atlantic with the late Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, Australia's greatest ace, as second pilot, but his commitments forced him to reject Smith's offer, and his place was taken by one of his (Smirnof's) closest friends, A. Van Dyk.

Chapter XXXII

Interview with MacArthur — His views on the war and politics — American commander born in Nova Scotia — Change in Australian policy and outlook.

ONE of the highlights of the visit to Australia was an hour and a half interview with General Douglas MacArthur at his office in Brisbane the day before he was leaving for new headquarters in Port Moresby, the next step in his drive northward against the Japanese.

The people of Australia are not hero-worshippers; they are quite the opposite; but they view the United States through the eyes of Hollywood, and General MacArthur was everything that Hollywood painted an American hero. He was handsome. He was masterful. He was courageous. He was an orator. Australia accepted him with enthusiasm; the people cheered him and the government co-operated with him. It is no wonder that he went by the name of "The Great White Chief." He had landed in Australia at a time when the country was in a desperate plight. The flower of the Australian army and air force, with all their equipment, were in Britain or in the Middle East. The Japanese were triumphantly marching southward. The city of Sydney had even had some shells from a Japanese submarine hurled into the metropolis. It seemed as if nothing could stop their onward march. Australia feverishly prepared to meet the enemy, but realized the outlook was dark. MacArthur told me that he firmly believed that, as at Dunkirk, Providence intervened. "There was nothing," he said, "to stop them from landing in Australia."

He had a plain office in a Brisbane office building. Behind his desk was a fine picture of Washington, and facing him was an engraving of Lincoln; on one of the side walls was a picture of the Fathers of the Republic signing the Declaration of Independence. He received us cordially as Canadians and paid tribute to the fighting qualities of the Canadian soldiers, saying that he would welcome a

division of them, which apparently General Victor Odlum, Canadian High Commissioner in Australia when he arrived, promised to try and secure. However, he said, he knew this was very unlikely, and he understood the reason.

During our leisurely interview General MacArthur sat beside me on a chesterfield and occasionally, when he waxed eloquent, he would slap me on the knee and, as if he were addressing a public audience, would start off, "My friends." He had a remarkable command of English. Not even Churchill has a much better mastery of the language.

After preliminary introductions, I asked him if he would give us his views on the progress of the war and explain the strategy in the Pacific. Making it clear that he was talking off the record, he launched into a comprehensive and intimate discussion of the whole war situation at that time. I was looking only for a review at best of the Pacific situation, but he started in Washington, went to Europe, crossed Asia, and thence to the Pacific and Australia. It is, I think, no breach of confidence to say that he felt at that time that it would be better to hit at Germany through the Balkans rather than a second front in France. He agreed with Churchill in regard to hitting at the soft under-belly. He was afraid that the losses in a frontal attack in France would be colossal and defeat would be disastrous.

His chief criticism in regard to the Pacific was that he was not getting enough aid and that there was no unified command. At times when he warmed up he spoke with eloquence and vigour. At that time the American elections of 1944 were being warmly discussed in the United States and MacArthur's name was being mentioned as a possible opponent of Roosevelt, as it was again four years later. "I am not interested," he said emphatically. "I have a job to do here." Then to show that he was not interested he engaged in a twenty-minute discussion of American politics and had some pretty sharp things to say about some of the American politicians, including Roosevelt himself. I came away from the interview convinced that "Barkis is willin'" and that he would not be hard to draft.

We also met at Brisbane General George Kenney, the commander-in-chief under General MacArthur of the Allied Pacific Air Force. The first question he asked when we were introduced was: "By any chance, are any of you Bluenoses?" He went on to explain that he was born in Nova Scotia and proud of the fact. Like

so many families in New England at the time of the Revolutionary War, they were divided in their sympathies. His branch were Loyalists and settled in Nova Scotia. His father, like so many Nova Scotians, joined the exodus to New England and had married a Boston girl of the name of Churchill—distantly related to the English Churchills.

His mother was visiting with his grandparents at Yarmouth when he was born. He was a rather sickly child. The Nova Scotian air apparently agreed with him and he spent most of his life in Yarmouth until he was twelve years of age and obtained his early education. Then he went back to Boston. There was even a question, although his father was a naturalized American citizen, when he came to cast his first vote, as to his citizenship. However, it was ruled that he was an American despite the fact that he was born in Canada.

General Kenney proved to be a cocky little fellow, who was proud of his air force and had supreme confidence in its ability to overcome the Japanese. At that time there was considerable doubt cast on the figures which were being given out as the number of Japanese Zeros which were being destroyed in combat. He hotly defended the figures, the method of compiling them, his men and his machines, which he claimed were vastly superior to the Japanese Zeros.

Kenney and MacArthur, after their first interview and bout, worked closely together. They were both men who had no doubt of their mission and its ultimate success. They were both egotists and, to a certain extent, showmen. They both had great organizing and fighting talents. They had disdain of red tape. They had confidence in each other, which was half the battle.

The Australians are not the easiest people in the world to get along with, and they do not like to be pushed around. No one could imagine two men so different as Curtin and MacArthur, yet they co-operated closely and had a great admiration for each other. Likewise, Blamey and MacArthur worked well together, and this was true also of the Australian and American soldiers. There was often a lot of friction, and an occasional unhappy incident, largely growing out of women and whiskey. The Americans had more money and were more smartly dressed than the Australian soldiers. One of the most serious clashes between them is said to have started in a Brisbane pub.

Some Australian soldier is said to have referred to the Americans

as "chocolate soldiers." The Americans retorted that they had come over to help them.

"Oh, yeah!" said the Australian. "We thought you were refugees from Pearl Harbour."

This was enough to start the fighting. But, as Sir Thomas Blamey told me, the nearer they got to the front the better they co-operated.

The war altered the outlook of Australia probably more than any other country, outside of those actually invaded by the Nazis. Before the war Australia was one of the most isolationist parts of the world. Its people, and particularly the dominant Labour Party, felt that they were building up an island paradise in the Commonwealth. Not only was it a white Australia, but the Labour Party was opposed to any large scale immigration. There was little fear of attack even from the Japanese. Was there not the defence of the powerful British Navy? While Australia was becoming industrialized, yet it was only on a moderate scale; her large imports of motor-cars, tractors, farm implements, etc., came from abroad.

Pearl Harbour, the defeat of the British Navy off Malaya, the fall of Singapore and the march of the Japanese southwards towards Australia changed the whole picture overnight. The Australians were for the time being thrown on their own resources. They were cut off from the rest of the world. They had to revolutionize their industry. They had to make things for their defence and for their economy which they had never imagined they could manufacture. Fortunately, Australia had a capable steel industry, with plenty of coal and iron convenient to the coast. The outcome has been that Australia today has become a highly industrialized country.

The outlook in regard to immigration has also completely altered. The Labour Party has come to realize that for her own protection the empty spaces must be filled up, otherwise the tide of overcrowded Asiatics would flood into Australia. Hence a vigorous immigration policy has been inaugurated and, at the same time, there has been initiated a programme to develop the resources of the "out-back" and particularly the empty North.

Australia has abandoned isolation. She realizes that she cannot live to herself and, as a consequence, she has taken, not only an active, but also a leading part in the United Nations. With no foreign policy before the war, Australia today is playing a big rôle in world politics and policies.

Chapter XXXIII

World Conference on Freedom of Information – Attitude
of the Russians – An Amsterdam editor – Meeting the Pope
– A philosophic Italian.

IN THE spring of 1948 I attended the World Conference on Freedom of Information at Geneva as one of the Canadian delegates. It was a most interesting experience, with delegates present from fifty-five countries. Most old-time newspapermen from the United States, or Canada, who were present, were inclined to be cynical about the whole gathering. This feeling was intensified by the attitude of Russia and her satellites, who used the gathering as a sounding board for their propaganda. It was hard to keep one's temper as delegate after delegate from Communist nations attacked the press of Great Britain and the American continent as being tools of the capitalists and monopolists engaged principally in war-mongering.

The only free press in the world, the Communists argued, was their own, where the press was owned by the people, where the government was the people's government and published only what the government permitted and felt was in the interest of the people. The points of view were so divergent and the Russians were so adamant that it was impossible to reach an agreement. I never realized until my feet were under the same table with the Russians how widely different were our ideologies and our whole outlook.

If the conference was not an overwhelming success it was at least not a failure. It was the first time in history that such a conference, on such a scale, and under such auspices, was ever held. It was a step forward in laying down principles for freedom of the press, for the prevention of censorship, for the wider dissemination of news and for the greater liberty for foreign correspondents. While the Communistic countries had views absolutely divergent from the rest of the world as to the rights and liberties of the press, the conference was

conducted, at least, without the vituperation which has marked some of the United Nations' conferences. It may have been the friendly atmosphere of Geneva; it may have been that newspapermen the world over have a feeling of comradeship, or it may have been that the head of the Russian delegation, M. Bogomolov, Russian Ambassador at Paris, was not the tough, hard-boiled type of some of the Russian diplomats. Bogomolov was a former university professor and a cultured gentleman, with a better sense of humour than most Russians, although he, too, could be adamant. Whatever the reasons, there was more fraternity and goodwill at Geneva than at any of the other United Nations' conferences I have attended, and there was much more fraternization even on the part of the Russians and their satellite delegates, although the latter simply said "Yea! Yea!" to every lead given by Bogomolov. There was a story going the rounds that one bright sunny day one of the Bulgarian delegates turned up at the Peace Palace with an umbrella.

"Why the umbrella?" he was asked.

"Oh, it is raining today in Moscow," he replied.

I sat next to a delegate from Byelo-Russia. He understood neither English nor French, and even with the aid of an interpreter naturally had difficulty in following the discussions, which were conducted in these two languages. One day there was a vote on some point and not only could he not hear, but he could not see how the Russians were voting. I jogged his elbow when Bogomolov voted. Up went his hand and he turned and thanked me graciously, or I assume that was what he was doing.

One of the great pleasures of Geneva was the opportunity of meeting newspapermen and diplomats from all parts of the world. The Turks, curiously, were particularly friendly with the Canadians and were anxious to find out how we operated our papers and our news services. One of the Turkish newspapermen wanted to find out from me all about our libel laws. I am afraid I was not very enlightening. The Turks, it was clear, wanted to be regarded as Westerners and not Asiatics.

One delightful diplomat with whom I became well acquainted was the charge d'affaires for Ireland in Switzerland, Francis Crenins. He had represented his country there for years and was a mine of information. Several times we had conferences of representatives of the members of the Commonwealth to discuss various points which had arisen. He sat in at these conferences. I asked him how he

reconciled the fact that Eire was a republic in domestic matters and yet on foreign questions regarded itself as part of the Empire. "I do not reconcile it," he replied. "It is simply Irish logic."

He had a collection of lovely Irish stories. Illustrating something which arose one day, he told a story of a judge in Limerick County. There came before him an old and hardened criminal, who had been arrested for a serious offence. The judge sentenced him to fifteen years in prison. The old man arose and pleaded that he was seventy-five and this meant a life sentence. "Oh," said the judge, "serve the best you can."

Of the newspapermen that we met none attracted me more than G. J. Van Heuven Goedhart, a prominent Amsterdam editor, who was head of the Dutch delegation. He was chairman of the committee to which I was assigned. I came to have a high regard for this big, bony Dutchman, who presided with firmness and patience over a difficult committee and won in the end even kind words from the head of the Russian delegation, M. Bogomolov. Later I again met him at the Hague, where I attended the Congress of Europe. While we were at the Hague the Canadian Ambassador, Pierre Dupuy, gave a dinner at his beautiful residence. Mr. Goedhart was among those invited, and when he walked into the ambassador's residence he was the most surprised man in the world to see me there.

Mr. Goedhart was editor of an Amsterdam paper at the outbreak of the war. It was taken over by the Germans and operated and edited by collaborators. For the next four years, under the greatest difficulties and risks, as might be imagined, Mr. Goedhart operated and edited an underground resistance paper. The Germans, despite all their efforts, were never able to suppress it. Mr. Goedhart told me that no less than thirty-seven members of his staff, editorial and mechanical, were caught and executed, but they kept on publishing. In the modernistic office of his present day paper he showed me pictures of many of his staff who lost their lives.

Mr. Goedhart with great amusement told a story of how the Germans visited his home and sternly questioned his wife as to his whereabouts. "I wish I knew," she said. "I am sure he has run off with another woman. If you catch him bring him here. I have some things I would like to say to him." The puzzled Germans gave up the pursuit in that direction.

In 1944 word came underground from the Dutch Government in exile in London that it was felt that someone who was in Holland

and knew at first hand the circumstances and conditions should endeavour to escape to London and join the Dutch Cabinet. Mr. Goedhart was selected. His instructions were to report to the British Ambassador at Madrid as Mr. Blake. Through false passports he succeeded in making his way after many adventures through Belgium and France to the Pyrenees. He nearly lost his life getting over the Pyrenees. Two guides deserting him, he wandered for two days and two nights through the mountains into Spain, where the Spaniards interned him. After three weeks he was released and made his way to Madrid where he reported as Mr. Blake to the British Ambassador.

"Oh, Mr. Blake," said the ambassador, "we have been looking for you for three weeks."

He was told to report next morning at a certain street corner in Madrid. A car, which was described to him, would drive up; he was given the numbers. He was to ask no questions, but get into this car. The next morning when he went to the trysting point sure enough it had arrived. He entered it and was driven five hundred miles to Seville in Southern Spain and turned over to a British agent, who was also waiting for Mr. Blake. He was informed that the Spanish soldiers were searching for him. After hiding him for two days he was smuggled on board a Norwegian freighter, on which he was taken to Gibraltar.

There he reported to a British official who again said: "Mr. Blake, we have been watching for you for weeks. A plane is waiting for you." Without further delay he was whisked off to London, where he was made Minister of Justice in the Government-in-exile for the balance of the war—he was a lawyer as well as a newspaperman. He told me that he asked the Dutch Premier how the British had such an efficient secret service, and how everyone was waiting for Mr. Blake. The Premier told him that all he knew was that he went directly to Mr. Churchill and explained the circumstances and was told it would be arranged. The next day Churchill notified him to have their man go to Madrid and report to the British ambassador as Mr. Blake. From then on the British would take charge of him.

Mr. Goedhart, having lived in London during the latter years of the war, had an immense regard for the courage and the spirit of the British people. He said that he was in a barber shop one day shortly after the Germans started shooting their mystery rocket bombs at London. The twelve barber chairs were all full and Mr. Goedhart joined those waiting. Presently there was a siren call and the warden

poked his head in the barber shop telling them to go to safety. "Not an Englishman stirred," said Mr. Goedhart. "They were not going to be frightened by any German bomb. They would defy Herr Hitler. And so the twelve men stayed in their seats, and the twelve barbers kept on shaving, and the gentlemen in the chairs waiting did not budge. I will confess that I would not have objected to seeking air raid shelter, but I could not have all those stubborn Englishmen calmly sitting there and not sit with them."

In Rome, through the courtesy of Canadian Ambassador Jean Desy, the Canadian delegation had the opportunity of having an audience with the Pope. Like everyone who has met him, we could not help being impressed by his alertness and by his intelligence. We were received in a small hall called "the Small Throne," which is next to the library or study where the Pope does most of his work. Here we had a half-hour wait. One of the officers of the Inner Guard stationed there, noticing that I was English-speaking, introduced himself. He was an Englishman. When he found out that I was from Canada he asked how I came. I told him I had flown over, but was returning by boat. "Oh, I love the sea," he almost sighed. I asked him what were his duties as an Inner Guard, upon which he smilingly drew his sword and said that, if we were attacking the Pope he would be the last guard to defend him.

After a short wait the Pope emerged, a striking figure completely in white, with a white skull cap. He was tall, a little stooped, ascetic-looking and with a tired expression. He wasted no time. He was evidently briefed in regard to us and knew our mission to Geneva. He shook hands with us all and asked at once if I was an English or French-Canadian. When he found I was English he spoke in perfect English and inquired about the Geneva Conference and whether it had been a success. I explained to him briefly what had been accomplished, but said that we had made no progress with the Russians. The differences were too great. "These are difficult times," he commented. "What the world needs today is patience, courage and faith in God." Passing down the line he talked in French with Lorenzo Pare, our French-Canadian colleague, remarking on the high esteem of the Vatican for the French-Canadian church. He finally blessed us and our families and, returning to me, repeated his first message as to the need of the world. He shook hands, presented us with papal medals, and then hurriedly passed on to the other rooms where many pilgrims and visitors were waiting.

Later in the week we had an interview with Mgr. Montini at the Vatican. He is the undersecretary of state, although that is not his exact title. He talked freely and frankly on many world-wide subjects and presumably for publication. However, he apparently became worried about some of the things he said, and that night I received a telephone message not to quote him. It was a good story shot.

The most colourful figure I met in Italy was Count Sforza, the Foreign Minister, whom I with my colleagues interviewed in his office overlooking the Quirinal Plaza. He was a large man, distinguished looking and well preserved for his seventy-five years. A little goatee added to his impressive appearance. He looked the aristocrat he was. He is a freedom-loving, liberal-minded Italian, who from the first was opposed to Mussolini. Finally, when Mussolini came into power, he left the country and did not return until after the collapse of his régime and the liberation of Italy. He spent most of his time during his exile in the United States lecturing at the various universities. His English was excellent. He is somewhat of a philosopher. I had just come from Switzerland, and he remarked that Canada should be interested in Switzerland with three official languages. "The more languages you have the more windows you have to view the world," he sagely commented.

Whatever Sforza's ideas today, at that time he did not look for war with Russia. I asked him, when he said there would be no war did he mean for a year, two years, five years or fifty years? Laughing, he replied:

"Rome, you know, is over two thousand years old and we regard time differently from you in America." Then he philosophically added: "Time is like a winding road. You cannot see the vista ahead. You make a sudden turn and see a completely new picture. So no one can tell."

Count Sforza went on to say that the biggest problem of Italy was over-population. There were too many people in Italy. He pointed out that there was an increase in population of half a million a year. The country has not the land, nor the resources, to feed that many people. There should be an emigration of a million a year. Canada, Australia and the United States did not want Italians in large numbers. He felt that Africa offered the best answer. Central Africa and the old Italian colonies, he believed,

were countries which would suit Italians. The climate was much like Italy.

A few weeks later I was in London and attended a luncheon given by the Association of Empire Press correspondents at which Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin was the guest speaker. The chairman was a South African. He and Bevin discussed the problem of immigration to Africa. Mr. Bevin expressed the opinion that he felt that Central Africa, or parts of it, should be settled by the Italians. He said that he was told the climate was much like Southern Italy and he felt they were the only Europeans who could successfully develop the country.

I intervened and remarked that recently I had met Count Sforza in Rome and that he had expressed the same opinion.

"Did he?" asked Bevin. "Are you sure?"

I assured him that I had sat in at an interview with him in his office when he expressed these views.

"That is interesting," said Bevin. "Only recently I spent an evening with Count Sforza in Paris and I tried to convince him that was the solution of Italy's emigration problem. I did not know that I had converted him."

At the end of Bevin's speech, which was off the record, although he said little of vital importance that could not have been told the world, an aged correspondent thanked him and evidently got him mixed with Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, who is a Welshman. He referred to those great Welshmen, Lloyd George and Mr. Bevin.

To set the record right, before the meeting adjourned Mr. Bevin arose and pointed out that an error had been made by the gentleman who thanked him. He was an Englishman, not a Welshman. He was born, he said, in an unspoiled village in Somerset. "Several years ago," he proceeded, "a journalist went to my home village to write up my history and background. He found that I came from a long generation of sextons and grave diggers."

Chapter XXXIV

Congress of Europe at The Hague — Luncheon with Churchill — Reynaud and Churchill — Stalin very human.

ON THE way from Rome to London I received at Paris a long-distance message from the High Commissioner's office asking me if I would like to attend the Congress of Europe at the Hague as an unofficial observer for Canada. It did not take me long to make up my mind.

The congress was held in the historic "Riiderzall," the Knight's Hall, which was built in 1280 and which is used today for the opening of parliament and for congresses and official receptions. It was pointed out at the opening ceremony that it was fitting the meeting should be held here, as it was in this Hall eight years before, almost to a day, that Hitler with great ceremony installed his "Netherlands" Government.

It was a strange gathering of all kinds and sorts of people, representing every race and party in non-Communist Europe from Greece to Norway. It was an amazing collection of idealists, poets, college professors, practical politicians along with hard-headed businessmen, all interested in forming a Federation of Europe. Winston Churchill, who had been one of the first to advocate such a scheme, was the outstanding figure. He kept away from the committee meetings because he said he did not want to be accused of dominating the gathering, but he did, nevertheless, and his opening speech was hailed as his finest utterance since the war. He revelled in the cheers which he was given whenever he appeared.

In addition to Churchill there were present no less than three former Prime Ministers of France, Reynaud, Daladier and Ramadier. There was a large sprinkling of members of the Chamber of Deputies and many French youth full of enthusiasm. The congress itself may not have accomplished much, but it brought together many of

the brightest minds in Europe, who returned to preach unity in Europe and a revival of European civilization at a time when that continent, from which so much of the world derived its systems of government, its laws, its arts and its culture, was in danger of collapse.

The high spot of the congress, as far as I was concerned, was the opportunity to hear Churchill and to meet him at a luncheon given by Pierre Dupuy, the Canadian ambassador, who represented Canada at Vichy after the fall of France at the suggestion of the British Government, who felt he would be a window in France. The luncheon party included such notables as Reynaud; ex-Premier Paul Van Zeeland of Belgium; Senor Salvador de Madariaga, noted Spanish author and historian; Sir John Anderson; Rt. Hon. Harold MacMillan; the Dutch Foreign Secretary, Van Kleffens; His Excellency A. H. G. Lovink, Permanent Under-Secretary of the Dutch Foreign Office, former ambassador to Moscow, and today ambassador to Canada; the Belgian Ambassador to Holland, and the Foreign Secretary for the Netherlands.

The conversation at the table was conducted in French and at the close Churchill was congratulated on his French. He shook his head, laughed and said, despite their compliments, he knew his French was very bad.

"You made a speech in French during the war over the B.B.C.," someone remarked.

"Yes, but I know it was rather horrible French. Lord Birkenhead told me afterwards that it was the only French speech he had ever listened to that he could understand. It had such an English accent.

"At the closing session of the congress this afternoon," he remarked, "I am going to make a short speech in French." He pulled out of his pocket the manuscript and read it over. Everyone approved of it and congratulated him.

"I know the sentiments are fine," he added, "but France has suffered and sacrificed enough without having to undergo the horrors of my French."

He was the first to leave the party for the congress and, just as he was getting into the car, he started feeling through his pockets.

"My God," he said, "where is my French speech?" Several of the guests ran back into the dining-room, but he finally found his speech.

"The day is saved," he laughed.

After the luncheon we moved into the living-room. The conversation between Reynaud and Churchill was particularly interesting, even historic. It was the first time the two had met since the fall of France.

"Do you remember," asked Churchill, "the time in 1940 I offered joint citizenship between France and England?"

"Oui, oui, yes, indeed," replied Reynaud.

"You were in favour of it," remarked Churchill. "You have been misunderstood and misinterpreted. I was the one that urged you to remain at the time in the Vichy Government. I thought you could do more good by remaining in the Cabinet."

Replying at some length, partly in French and partly in English, Reynaud explained:

"I was so spied upon that it was impossible to do anything." He added that all his telephone conversations were tapped and reported.

Churchill said that he had spent five evenings with Petain and he was not surprised when he followed the policy he did.

Before the conversation on this subject ended, Churchill said to Reynaud:

"I have dealt gently with you in my memoirs. Have you read them?"

Reynaud replied that he had not had a chance to read them.

"Of course not," said Churchill. "The volume in which I deal with that period has not yet been published. When you read them I wish you would send me your annotations."

Churchill was asked about Stalin.

"I found Stalin the most human of all the Russian leaders I met," he replied. He started to chuckle.

"Did you hear the story about Stalin?" he remarked. "He was supposed to have died and they took him to bury him at the tomb of Peter the Great. Peter said he would not have that man buried with him. They took him to the tombs of many of the famous czars and emperors of Russia. They all refused to have Stalin buried with them. Then they took him to the grave of Catherine the Great. 'I will move over and make room,' she said. 'I was never very particular with whom I slept.'" Churchill must have chuckled five minutes over this story.

There was a story going the rounds of England when I was there that Churchill and Stalin met in Moscow for a conference. They made a night of it with plenty of vodka. The next morning

Churchill could not remember just what had happened or what he said. He met Stalin during the day and apologized to him. "I am afraid your vodka was too much for me. I have no recollection of what I said. I would appreciate it if we could start over again with another conference."

Stalin replied that he was afraid he also had too much vodka. His recollection of the meeting was vague. He would be glad to have another conference. Churchill thanked him and then added:

"By the way, what about the interpreter we had?"

"Oh, do not worry about him," replied Stalin. "He has been shot already."

Churchill described the Czechoslovak coup as the worst mistake that Russia had made. He said that it had hardened all Western Europe against the Communists and had altered the attitude of the Socialists in England. "Before Czechoslovakia," he went on, "the English Socialists pointed to Czechoslovakia as a model which showed it was possible to work both with Russia and the Western democracies. It was their ideal. The fall of Czechoslovakia was a shock to the English Socialists and I am sure has changed their whole outlook."

The conversation turned to British humour, and Churchill said that he had been in politics for fifty years and human nature has not changed. "The same jokes," he added, "perhaps brought up to date, which drew laughs then, still bring laughs today."

Someone asked him what papers he read.

"I start in the morning," he replied; "with the *Daily Worker*, the Communist paper. I like to find out what the Communists are thinking and doing. Then I read the *Express*, the *Graphic*, the *Mirror*, etc., and finally the *Times* and the *Telegraph*."

"How long does that take?" someone asked.

Laughing, he replied:

"Forty-five minutes. You know, some of the papers, including Beaverbrook's *Express*, have little more than crime and murder."

The only other time I saw and met Churchill was when he visited Ottawa on December 30, 1941, and addressed the House of Commons, later meeting the newspapermen at a Press conference. It was on that occasion that he made his famous quip, in answer to a French critic that Britain would have its neck wrung like a chicken. Pausing, he looked up from his notes and defiantly declared, amidst peals of laughter and loud cheers: "Some chicken and some neck."

The Press conference was held in a committee room back of the House of Commons chamber. Mr. Churchill answered all questions freely and frankly and obtained great enjoyment out of some of his quips. Italy was still in the war on the side of the Nazis. Mussolini was blustering. He was asked if he thought Italy would continue fighting beside the Germans. He replied in the affirmative and then added with one of his deep chuckles: "Unfortunately the organ-grinder has too great a hold on the collar of the monkey."

He was asked about Turkey and its attitude. He again chuckled as he replied: "Turkey wants to be with us, but when the Turks come out of their tents they see hanging before them the skeletons of twelve smaller nations and they do not want to be the thirteenth. They go back into their tents."

Hess was at the time in the limelight. Here was his explanation of the Hess incident. He said that he had a peculiar mind, sometimes able and sometimes insane. He actually believed that he could convince the British Government to talk peace after he told them how powerful Germany was and that Hitler did not want to destroy Britain, a country he liked and admired. He had chosen to go to Lord Hamilton's because he had met him at an athletic meet in Berlin and also because he had read he was the King's steward. He thought he was very close to King George, so close that he could ask the King to have a second helping of chicken. It seemed incredible, but that was the story.

An amusing incident took place during the interview. Churchill produced one of his famous cigars and then found that he was without a match. Sitting beside him was Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King and Hon. R. B. Hanson, then the Conservative leader. He turned to Mr. King, who does not smoke, for a match. Mr. King hurriedly started in vain to search through the pockets of his morning coat. Mr. Hanson, who was a pipe smoker, came to the rescue with a match.

Chapter XXXV

Changes in newspapers — Less partisanship today —
Improvement in newspapers — Some great editors.

THESE stories could go on endlessly of newspaper days and people I have known, met and seen in the course of a career which covers nearly the first fifty years of this amazing century. Winnipeg was a gay and booming city in the days when I was a reporter in the Manitoba capital. Thousands of immigrants were pouring into the city daily. Winnipeg was truly the Gateway of the West; it was a nation in the making. New railways were being built across the prairies and new towns were springing up everywhere. It was a great experience to see and report the West of those days.

When I first went to the Press Gallery in Ottawa there were still living men who had played a part in the founding of Confederation, and who had been comrades-in-arms with Sir John A. Macdonald or had fought him as a political enemy. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was the embodiment of French-Canadian culture at its best, dominated the House of Commons. Sir Robert Borden, on the other hand, was an ideal representative of the flower of the Canadian Anglo-Saxon. There were giants in those days.

While my experience has been that newspapermen have always been newspapermen first, yet even in the Press Gallery at Ottawa in those earlier days party lines were closely drawn. When I first went to the capital the Liberals were in power and sat, of course, to the right of the Speaker. The representatives of the Liberal press sat in the Press Gallery also to the right. The *Toronto Globe*, as the leading Liberal paper, had the seat of honour. On the other hand, the correspondent of the *Toronto Mail and Empire* was assigned the first seat to the left of the Speaker as representative of what was regarded as the chief Conservative paper. When the Conservatives won in 1911 the Conservatives shifted to the right and the Liberals to the left.

If there were any independent papers in those days they were assigned to the tail end of the Gallery. They did not count.

Politically over the years the chief change has been the development of third parties and the growing independence of the press of political control. At the beginning of the century every person was born a little Liberal or a little Conservative and they were true to their party traditions down the years. It was only an unusual issue, such as reciprocity or conscription, which shook the faith of the ordinary voter.

The First Great War, with the issue of conscription, followed by the formation of Union Government, upset the old parties to their very foundations. It did more than anything else to break down the political traditions of the past. Old party lines since that time have never been as closely drawn. New and strange parties have arisen to challenge the ancient rites.

At the beginning of the century most papers were political organs. Papers, if not owned or controlled by politicians or political parties, were in the hands of publishers and editors, who took their politics seriously, and were zealously faithful in the support of their respective parties. Political changes and economic conditions have altered the whole newspaper situation over the years. There may be some politically-controlled papers in Quebec, but outside of that Province I doubt if there is a daily paper in Canada which is owned or controlled by politicians or political parties. The high cost of newspaper production has forced newspaper mergers so that today there are a large number of one newspaper cities. This has taken some of the colour out of newspaper work, but generally has made for better newspapers.

If anyone imagines that newspapers have not improved over the years let he or she look up the papers of fifty or even twenty-five years ago. There has been a particular improvement typographically; pictures have become as important as news. The chief change has been in the national and international collection of news. When I first joined the staff of the Stratford *Herald* one of my daily tasks was to meet the noon train from Toronto and secure metal matrices of type, which were issued by a Toronto firm and which could be used to fill out and make up the evening paper. It consisted of short features of all kinds. The only wire service was an abbreviated one issued by the telegraph companies and which was a meagre affair compared with the world-wide Canadian Press service of today.

The Canadian Press, which grew out of the old Western Associated Press, which started in a humble way in Winnipeg in 1907, has had more to do with the improvements in the Canadian and world services of the papers than any other factor. The men most responsible for the founding of the W.A.P. were E. H. Macklin and M. E. Nichols, the former business manager of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and the latter at the time editor and publisher of the *Winnipeg Telegram*. Mr. Macklin is now dead and Mr. Nichols recently retired as managing director of the *Vancouver Province*.

I regard Mr. Nichols as one of the best all-round newspapermen I ever knew. He may not have equalled John W. Dafoc, editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, with whom he crossed swords for many years, as a writer, nevertheless, he wielded a vigorous pen. While Mr. Dafoc confined his interests almost entirely to the editorial page, Mr. Nichols was acquainted with every angle of a newspaper—the news end, the advertising, the circulation and the mechanical departments. I have always felt that I was exceedingly fortunate to have obtained an early training under Mr. Nichols, for whom I have retained a lifelong friendship.

I was fortunate, also, to have been connected with two other great newspapermen before I settled down to be editor of the *London Free Press*, P. D. Ross of the *Ottawa Journal* and Sir John Willison. I was twice on the staff of the *Ottawa Journal*. I cannot say that I was intimate with Mr. Ross. He was not such to call for intimacy, except with close friends. Although he was aloof from his general staff they had a profound respect for him. They realized that he was a man of noble character, of high principles and stood always for the best newspaper ethics.

I recall one night when I was night editor there was a rather bad automobile accident, which involved a prominent citizen. He was a friend of Mr. Ross. He called me up and asked that his name be left out and pointed to his friendship with Mr. Ross. I telephoned Mr. Ross for instructions. His answer was sharp and to the point:

"We are publishing a newspaper. If you think the item is news, publish it; if not throw it into the wastepaper basket. That is what you are hired for. Do not call me up again on such a matter."

A difference with Hon. Robert Rogers, who controlled the *Winnipeg Telegram* led to my resignation from that paper and I joined the staff of the *Toronto News* as Ottawa correspondent. When

Sir John Willison, who was editor, engaged me I asked him if he had any instructions. His answer was typical:

"Young man if I had any instructions I would not be hiring you. I am engaging you to instruct me and to keep me informed on Ottawa developments."

And he never did issue me instructions or orders. Occasionally he would make suggestions, or wanted to know why I had taken a certain line, but the policy of the news at Ottawa was left in my hands.

Sir John was very determined that the news columns should be fair and unbiased. He was the first to introduce into the columns of the *Globe* impartial reporting, which often in those days stirred up animosity against him amongst the politicians. He was the Canadian correspondent of the *London Times* and I acted under him as Ottawa representative. It was a pleasure and an education to work with a man like Sir John, who in addition to being an able writer, had deep and inside knowledge of Canadian affairs and politics.

From Ottawa I came to London and the *Free Press* and over the years have watched London and the *Free Press* grow to metropolitan proportions. The *Free Press* has traditions dating back a hundred years to Josiah Blackburn, an outstanding pioneer newspaperman. These traditions are deep in the roots of the family, represented today by Walter J. Blackburn, grandson of the founder and president of the company.

I have not dealt in this book with London or the *Free Press*, but if it had not been for the generosity of the *Free Press* I could not have seen as much of the world as I have. I am a great believer that the editor of a metropolitan paper should not keep his nose at his desk. He loses touch with the public. To see is to know. Many of the reminiscences in this book have appeared at various times and in various forms in the *Free Press*, and I want to thank the *Free Press* for the privilege of publishing them in this volume.

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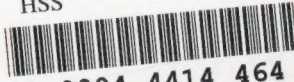
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